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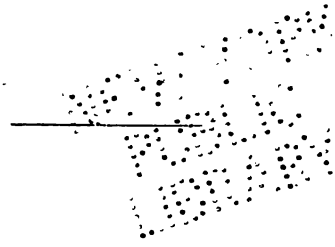
THE TRANSLATION OF A SAVAGE.

BY

GILBERT PARKER,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHIEF FACTOR," "PIERRE AND HIS PEOPLE," "MRS. FALCHION," ETC.



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LIPPINCOTT'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1893.

THE TRANSLATION OF A SAVAGE.

CHAPTER I.

HIS GREAT MISTAKE.

IT appeared that Armour had made the great mistake of his life. When people came to know, they said that to have done it when sober had shown him possessed of a kind of maliciousness and cynicism almost pardonable, but to do it when tipsy proved him merely weak and foolish. But the fact is, he was less tipsy at the time than was imagined; and he could have answered to more malice and cynicism than was credited to him. To those who know the world it is not singular that, of the two, Armour was thought to have made the mistake and had the misfortune, or that people wasted their pity and their scorn upon him alone. Apparently they did not see that the woman was to be pitied. He had married her; and she was only an Indian girl from Fort Charles of the Hudson's Bay Company, with a little honest white blood in her veins. Nobody, not even her own people, felt that she had anything at stake, or was in danger of unhappiness, or was other than a person who had ludicrously come to bear the name of Mrs. Francis Armour. If any one had said in justification that she loved the man, the answer would have been that plenty of Indian women had loved white men, but had not married them, and yet the population of half-breeds went on increasing.

Frank Armour had been a popular man in London. His club might be found in the vicinity of Pall Mall, his father's name was high and honored in the Army List, one of his brothers had served with Wolseley in Africa, and himself, having no profession, but with a taste for business and investment, had gone to Canada with some such intention as Lord Selkirk's in the early part of the century. He owned large shares in the Hudson's Bay Company, and when he travelled through the North-West country, prospecting, he was received

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most hospitably. Of an inquiring and gregarious turn of mind, he went as much among the half-breeds—or métis, as they are called—and Indians as among the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company and the white settlers. He had ever been credited with having a philosophical turn; and this was accompanied by a certain strain of impulsiveness or daring. He had been accustomed all his life to make up his mind quickly, and, because he was well enough off to bear the consequences of momentary rashness in commercial investments, he was not counted among the transgressors. He had his own fortune; he was not drawing upon a common purse. It was a different matter when he trafficked rashly in the family name, so far as to marry the daughter of Eye-of-the-Moon, the Indian chief.

He was tolerably happy when he went to the Hudson's Bay country; for Miss Julia Sherwood was his promised wife, and she, if poor, was notably beautiful and of good family. His people had not looked quite kindly on this engagement; they had, indeed, tried in many ways to prevent it; partly because of Miss Sherwood's poverty, and also because they knew that Lady Agnes Martling had long cared for him and was most happily endowed with wealth and good looks also. When he left for Canada they were inwardly glad (they imagined that something might occur to end the engagement),—all except Richard, the wiseacre of the family, the book-man, the drone, who preferred living at Greyhope, their Hertfordshire home, the year through, to spending half the time in Cavendish Square. Richard was very fond of Frank, admiring him immensely for his buxom strength and cleverness, and not a little, too, for that very rashness which had brought him such havoc at last. Richard was not, as Frank used to say, "perfectly sound on his pins,"—that is, he was slightly lame,—but he was right at heart. He was an immense reader, but made little use of what he read. He had an abundant humor, and remembered every anecdote he ever heard. He was kind to the poor, walked much, talked to himself as he walked, and was known by the humble sort as "a 'centric." But he had a wise head, and he foresaw danger to Frank's happiness when he went away. While others had gossiped and manœuvred and were busily idle, he had watched things. He saw that Frank was dear to Julia in proportion to the distance between her and young Lord Haldwell, whose father had done something remarkable in guns or torpedoes and was rewarded with a lordship and an uncommonly large fortune. He also saw that, after Frank left, the distance between Lord Haldwell and Julia became distinctly less—they were both staying at Greyhope. Julia Sherwood was a remarkably clever girl. Though he felt it his duty to speak to her for his brother,—a difficult and delicate matter,—he thought it would come better from his mother.

But when he took action it was too late. Miss Sherwood naïvely declared that she had not known her own heart, and that she did not care for Frank any more. She wept a little, and was soothed by motherly Mrs. Armour, who was inwardly glad, though she knew the matter would cause Frank pain; and even General Armour could not help showing slight satisfaction, though he was innocent of any delib-

erate action to separate the two. Straightway Miss Sherwood despatched a letter to the wilds of Canada, and for a week was an unengaged young person. But she was no doubt consoled by the fact that for some time past she had had complete control of Lord Haldwell's emotions. At the end of the week her perceptions were justified by Lord Haldwell's proposal; which, with admirable tact and obvious demureness, was accepted.

Now, Frank was wandering much in the wilds, so that his letters and papers went careering about after him, and some that came first were last to reach him. That was how he received a newspaper announcing the marriage of Lord Haldwell and Julia Sherwood at the same time that her letter, written in estimable English and with admirable feeling, came, begging for a release from their engagement, and, towards its close, assuming, with a charming regret, that all was over and that the last word had been said between them.

He was sitting in the trader's room at Fort Charles when the carrier came with the mails. He had had some successful days hunting buffalo with Eye-of-the-Moon and a little band of métis, had had a long *pow-wow* in Eye-of-the-Moon's lodge, had chatted gayly with Lali the daughter, and was now prepared to enjoy heartily the arrears of correspondence and news before him. He ran his hand through the letters and papers, intending to classify them immediately, according to such handwriting as he recognized and the dates on the envelopes. But, as he did so, he saw a newspaper from which the wrapper was partly torn. He also saw a note in the margin directing him to a certain page. The note was in Richard's handwriting. He opened the paper at the page indicated, and saw the account of the marriage! His teeth clinched on his cigar, his face turned white, the paper fell from his fingers. He gasped, his hands spread out nervously, then caught the table and held it as though to steady himself.

The trader rose. "You are ill," he said. "Have you bad news?" He glanced towards the paper.

Slowly Armour folded the paper up, and then rose unsteadily. "Gordon," he said, "give me a glass of brandy." He turned towards the cupboard in the room. The trader opened it, took out a bottle, and put it on the table beside Armour, together with a glass and some water. Armour poured out a stiff draught, added a very little water, and drank it. He drew a great sigh, and stood looking at the paper.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Mr. Armour?" urged the trader.

"Nothing, thank you, nothing at all. Just leave the brandy here, will you? I feel knocked about, and I have to go through the rest of these letters."

He ran his fingers through the pile, turning it over hastily, as if searching for something. The trader understood. He was a cool-headed Scotsman; he knew that there were some things best not inquired into, and that men must have their bad hours alone. He glanced at the brandy debatingly, but presently turned and left the room in silence. In his own mind, however, he wished he might have taken the brandy without being discourteous. Armour had discovered Miss

Sherwood's letter. Before he opened it he took a little more brandy. Then he sat down and read it deliberately. The liquor had steadied him. The fingers of one hand even drummed on the table. But the face was drawn, the eyes were hard, and the look of him was altogether pinched. After he had finished this, he looked for others from the same hand. He found none. Then he picked out those from his mother and father. He read them grimly. Once he paused as he read his mother's letter, and took a great gulp of plain brandy. There was something very like a sneer on his face when he finished it. He read the hollowness of the sympathy extended to him; he understood the far from adroit references to Lady Agnes Martling. He was very bitter. He read no more letters, but took up the *Morning Post* again, and read it slowly through. The look of his face was not pleasant. There was a small looking-glass opposite him. He caught sight of himself in it. He drew his hand across his eyes and forehead, as though he was in a miserable dream. He looked again: he could not recognize himself.

He then bundled the letters and papers into his despatch-box. His attention was drawn to one letter. He picked it up. It was from Richard. He started to break the seal, but paused. The strain of the event was too much. He winced. He determined not to read it then; to wait until he had recovered himself. He laughed now painfully. It had been better for him—it had, maybe, averted what people were used to term his tragedy—had he read his brother's letter at that moment. For Richard Armour was a sensible man, notwithstanding his peculiarities; and perhaps the most sensible words he ever wrote were in that letter thrust unceremoniously into Frank Armour's pocket.

Armour had received a terrible blow. He read his life backward. He had no future. The liquor he had drunk had not fevered him, it had not wildly excited him; it merely drew him up to a point where he could put a sudden impulse into practice, without flinching. He was bitter against his people; he credited them with more interference than was actual. He felt that happiness had gone out of his life and left him hopeless. As we said, he was a man of quick decisions. He would have made a dashing but reckless soldier; he was not without the elements of the gamester. It is possible that there was in him also a strain of cruelty, undeveloped but radical. Life so far had developed the best in him; he had been cheery and candid. Now he travelled back into new avenues of his mind and found strange aboriginal passions, fully adapted to the present situation. Vulgar anger and reproaches were not after his nature. He suddenly found sources of refined retaliation. He drew upon them. He would do something to humiliate his people and the girl who had spoiled his life. Some one thing! It would be absolute and lasting, it would show how low had fallen his opinion of women, of whom Julia Sherwood had once been chiefest to him. In that he would show his scorn of her. He would bring down the pride of his family, who, he believed, had helped, out of mere selfishness, to tumble his happiness into the shambles.

He was older by years than an hour ago. But he was not without the faculty of humor. That was why he did not become very excited;

it was also why he determined upon a comedy which should have all the elements of tragedy. Perhaps, however, he had not carried his purposes to immediate conclusions, were it not that the very gods seemed to play his game with him. For, while he stood there, looking out into the yard of the fort, a Protestant missionary passed the window. The Protestant missionary, as he is found at such places as Fort Charles, is not a strictly superior person. A Jesuit might have been of advantage to Frank Armour at that moment. The Protestant missionary is not above comfortable assurances of gold. So that when Armour summoned this one in, and told him what was required of him, and slipped a generous gift of the queen's coin into his hand, he smiled vaguely and was willing to do what he was bidden. Had he been a Jesuit, who is sworn to poverty, and more often than not a man of birth and education, he might have influenced Frank Armour and prevented the notable mishap and scandal. As it was, Armour took more brandy.

Then he went down to Eye-of-the-Moon's lodge. A few hours afterwards the missionary met him there. The next morning Lali, the daughter of Eye-of-the-Moon, and the chieftainess of a portion of her father's tribe, whose grandfather had been a white man, was introduced to the Hudson's Bay country as Mrs. Frank Armour. But that was not all. Indeed, as it stood, it was very little. He had only made his comedy possible as yet; now the play itself was to come. He had carried his scheme through boldly so far. He would not flinch in carrying it out to the last letter. He brought his wife down to the Great Lakes immediately, scarcely resting night or day. There he engaged an ordinary but reliable woman, to whom he gave instructions, and sent the pair to the coast. He instructed his solicitor at Montreal to procure passages for Mrs. Francis Armour and maid for Liverpool. Then, by letters, he instructed his solicitor in London to meet Mrs. Francis Armour and maid at Liverpool and take them to Greyhope in Hertfordshire,—that is, if General Armour and Mrs. Armour, or some representative of the family, did not meet them when they landed from the steamship.

Presently he sat down and wrote to his father and mother, and asked them to meet his wife and her maid when they arrived by the steamer Aphrodite. He did not explain to them in precise detail his feelings on Miss Julia Sherwood's marriage, nor did he go into full particulars as to the personality of Mrs. Frank Armour; but he did say that, because he knew they were anxious that he should marry "acceptably," he had married into the aristocracy, the oldest aristocracy, of America; and because he also knew they wished him to marry wealth, he sent them a wife rich in virtues—native, unspoiled virtues. He hoped that they would take her to their hearts and cherish her. He knew their firm principles of honor, and that he could trust them to be kind to his wife until he returned to share the affection which he was sure would be given to her. It was not his intention to return to England for some time yet. He had work to do in connection with his proposed colony; and a wife—even a native wife—could not well be a companion in the circumstances. Besides, Lali—his wife's name was

Lali—would be better occupied in learning the peculiarities of the life in which her future would be cast. It was possible they would find her an apt pupil. Of this they could not complain, that she was untravelled; for she had ridden a horse, bareback, half across the continent. They could not cavil at her education, for she knew several languages—aboriginal languages—of the North. She had merely to learn the dialect of English society, and how to carry with acceptable form the costumes of the race to which she was going. Her own costume was picturesque, but it might appear unusual in London society. Still, they could use their own judgment about that.

Then, when she was gone beyond recall, he chanced one day to put on the coat he wore when the letters and paper declaring his misfortune came to him. He found his brother's letter; he opened it and read it. It was the letter of a man who knew how to appreciate at their proper value the misfortunes, as the fortunes, of life. While Frank Armour read he came to feel for the first time that his brother Richard had suffered, maybe, from some such misery as had come to him through Julia Sherwood. It was a dispassionate, manly letter, relieved by a gentle wit, and hinting with careful kindness that a sudden blow was better for a man than a life-long thorn in his side. Of Julia Sherwood he had nothing particularly bitter to say. He delicately suggested that she acted according to her nature, and that in the seesaw of life Frank had had a sore blow; but this was to be borne. The letter did not say too much; it did not magnify the difficulty, it did not depreciate it. It did not even directly counsel; it was wholesomely, tenderly judicial. Indirectly it dwelt upon the steadiness and manliness of Frank's character; directly, lightly, and without rhetoric, it enlarged upon their own comradeship. It ran over pleasantly the days of their boyhood when they were hardly ever separated. It made distinct, yet with no obvious purpose, how good were friendship and confidence—which might be the most unselfish thing in the world—between two men. With the letter before him Frank Armour saw his act in a new light.

As we said, it is possible if he had read it on the day when his trouble came to him, he had not married Lali, nor sent her to England on this—to her—involuntary mission of revenge. It is possible, also, that there came to him the first vague conception of the wrong he had done this Indian girl, who undoubtedly married him because she cared for him after her heathen fashion, while he had married her for nothing that was commendable; not even for passion, which may be pardoned, nor for vanity, which has its virtues. He had had his hour with circumstance; circumstance would have its hour with him in due time. Yet there was no extraordinary revulsion. He was still angry, cynical, and very sore. He would see the play out with a consistent firmness. He almost managed a smile when a letter was handed to him some weeks later, bearing his solicitor's assurance that Mrs. Frank Armour and her maid had been safely bestowed on the Aphrodite for England. This was the first act in his tragic comedy.

CHAPTER II.

A DIFFICULT SITUATION.

WHEN Mrs. Frank Armour arrived at Montreal she still wore her Indian costume of clean well-broidered buckskin, moccasins, and leggings, all surmounted by a blanket. It was not a distinguished costume, but it seemed suitable to its wearer. Mr. Armour's agent was in a quandary. He had had no instructions regarding her dress. He felt, of course, that, as Mrs. Frank Armour, she should put off these garments, and dress, as far as possible, in accordance with her new position. But when he spoke about it to Mackenzie, the elderly maid and companion, he found that Mr. Armour had said that his wife was to arrive in England dressed as she was. He saw something ulterior in the matter, but it was not his province to interfere. And so Mrs. Frank Armour was a passenger by the Aphrodite in her buckskin garments.

What she thought of it all is not quite easy to say. It is possible that at first she only considered that she was the wife of a white man,—a thing to be desired,—and that the man she loved was hers forever,—a matter of indefinable joy to her. That he was sending her to England did not fret her, because it was his will, and he knew what was best. Busy with her contented and yet somewhat dazed thoughts of him,—she was too happy to be very active mentally, even if it had been the characteristic of her race,—she was not at first aware how much notice she excited and how strange a figure she was in this staring city. When it did dawn upon her she shrank a little, but still was placid, preferring to sit with her hands folded in her lap, idly watching things. She appeared oblivious that she was the wife of a man of family and rank; she was only thinking that the man was hers, all hers. He had treated her kindly enough in the days they were together, but she had not been a great deal with him, because they travelled fast, and his duties were many, or he made them so; but the latter possibility did not occur to her. When he had hastily bidden her farewell at Port Arthur he had kissed her and said, "Good-by, my wife." She was not acute enough yet in the inflections of Saxon speech to catch the satire—almost involuntary—in the last two words. She remembered the words, however, and the kiss, and she was quite satisfied. To what she was going she did not speculate. He was sending her: that was enough.

The woman given to her as maid had been well chosen. Armour had done this carefully. She was Scotch, was reserved, had a certain amount of shrewdness, would obey instructions and do her duty carefully. What she thought about the whole matter she kept to herself; even the solicitor at Montreal could not find out. She had her instructions clear in her mind; she was determined to carry them out to the letter,—for which she was already well paid, and was like to be better paid; because Armour had arranged that she should continue to be with his wife after they got to England. She understood well the language of Lali's tribe, and because Lali's English was limited she would be indispensable in England.

Mackenzie, therefore, had responsibility, and, if she was not elated over it, she still knew the importance of her position, and had enough practical vanity to make her an efficient servant and companion. She already felt that she had got her position in life, from which she was to go out no more forever. She had been brought up in the shadow of Alnwick Castle, and she knew what was due to her charge—by other people; herself only should have liberty with her. She was taking Lali to the home of General Armour, and that must be kept constantly before her mind. Therefore, from the day they set foot on the Aphrodite, she kept her place beside Mrs. Armour, sitting with her, —they walked very little,—and scarcely ever speaking, either to her or to the curious passengers. Presently the passengers became more inquisitive, and made many attempts at being friendly; but these received little encouragement. It had become known who the Indian girl was, and many wild tales went about as to her marriage with Francis Armour. Now it was maintained she had saved his life at an outbreak of her tribe; again, that she had found him dying in the woods and had nursed him back to life and health; yet again, that she was a chieftainess, a successful claimant against the Hudson's Bay Company—and so on.

There were several on board who knew the Armours well by name, and two who knew them personally. One was Mr. Edward Lambert, a barrister of the Middle Temple, and the other was Mrs. Townley, a widow, a member of a well-known Hertfordshire family, who, on a pleasant journey in Scotland, had met, conquered, and married a wealthy young American, and had been left alone in the world, by no means portionless, eighteen months before. Lambert knew Richard Armour well, and when, from Francis Armour's solicitor, whom he knew, he heard, just before they started, who the Indian girl was, he was greatly shocked and sorry. He guessed at once the motive, the madness, of this marriage. But he kept his information and his opinions mostly to himself, except in so far as it seemed only due to friendship to contradict the numberless idle stories going about. After the first day at sea he came to know Mrs. Townley, and when he discovered that they had many mutual friends and that she knew the Armours, he spoke a little more freely to her regarding the Indian wife and told her what he believed was the cause of the marriage.

Mrs. Townley was a woman—a girl—of uncommon gentleness of disposition, and, in spite of her troubles, inclined to view life with a sunny eye. She had known of Frank Armour's engagement with Miss Julia Sherwood, but she had never heard the sequel. If this was the sequel—well, it had to be faced. But she was almost tremulous with sympathy when she remembered Mrs. Armour, and Frank's gay, fashionable sister, Marion, and contemplated the arrival of this Indian girl at Greyhope. She had always liked Frank Armour, but this made her angry with him; for, on second thoughts, she was not more sorry for him and for his people than for Lali, the wife. She had the true instinct of womanhood, and she supposed that a heathen like this could have feelings to be hurt and a life to be wounded as herself or another. At least she saw what was possible in the future when this Indian girl

came to understand her position,—only to be accomplished by contact with the new life, so different from her past. Both she and Lambert decided that she was very fine-looking, notwithstanding her costume. She was slim and well built, with modest bust and shapely feet and ankles. Her eyes were large, meditative, and intelligent, her features distinguished. She was a goodly product of her race, being descended from a line of chiefs and chieftainesses—broken only in the case of her grandfather, as we have said. Her hands (the two kindly inquisitors decided) were almost her best point. They were perfectly made, slim yet plump, the fingers tapering, the wrist supple. Mrs. Townley then and there decided that the girl had possibilities. But here she was, an Indian, with few signs of civilization or that breeding which seems to white people the only breeding fit for earth or heaven.

Mrs. Townley did not need Lambert's suggestion that she should try and approach the girl, make friends with her, and prepare her in some slight degree for the strange career before her.

Mrs. Townley had an infinite amount of tact. She knew it was best to approach the attendant first. This she did, and, to the surprise of other lady-passengers, received no rebuff. Her advance was not, however, rapid. Mackenzie had had her instructions. When she found that Mrs. Townley knew Francis Armour and his people, she thawed a little more, and then, very hesitatingly, she introduced her to the Indian wife. Mrs. Townley smiled her best,—and there were many who knew how attractive she could be at such a moment. There was a slight pause, in which Lali looked at her meditatively, earnestly, and then those beautiful wild fingers glided out, and caught her hand, and held it; but she spoke no word. She only looked inquiringly, seriously, at her new-found friend, and presently dropped the blanket away from her, and sat up firmly, as though she felt she was not altogether an alien now, and had a right to hold herself proudly among white people, as she did in her own country and with her own tribe, who had greatly admired her. Certainly Mrs. Townley could find no fault with the woman as an Indian. She had taste, carried her clothes well, and was superbly fresh in appearance, though her hair still bore very slight traces of the grease which even the most aristocratic Indians use.

But Lali would not talk. Mrs. Townley was anxious that the girl should be dressed in European costume, and offered to lend and rearrange dresses of her own, but she came in collision with Mr. Armour's instructions. So she had to assume a merely kind and comforting attitude. The wife had not the slightest idea where she was going, and even when Mackenzie, at Mrs. Townley's oft-repeated request, explained very briefly and unpicturesquely, she only looked incredulous or unconcerned. Yet the ship, its curious passengers, the dining-saloon, the music, the sea, and all, had given her suggestions of what was to come. They had expected that at table she would be awkward and ignorant to a degree. But she had at times eaten at the trader's table at Fort Charles, and had learned how to use a knife and fork. She had also been a favorite with the trader's wife, who had taught her very many civilized things. Her English, though far from abundant, was good.

Those, therefore, who were curious and rude enough to stare at her were probably disappointed to find that she ate like "any Christom man."

"How do you think the Armours will receive her?" said Lambert to Mrs. Townley, of whose judgment on short acquaintance he had come to entertain a high opinion.

Mrs. Townley had a pretty way of putting her head to one side and speaking very piquantly. She had had it as a girl; she had not lost it as a woman,—any more than she had lost a soft little spontaneous laugh which was one of her unusual charms,—for few women can laugh audibly with effect. She laughed very softly now, and, her sense of humor supervening for the moment, she said, "Really, you have asked me a conundrum. I fancy I see Mrs. Armour's face when she gets the news,—at the breakfast-table, of course,—and gives a little shriek, and says, 'General, oh, general!' But it is all very shocking, you know," she added, in a lower voice. "Still, I think they will receive her and do the best they can for her; because, you see, there she is, married hard and fast. She bears the Armour name, and is likely to make them all very unhappy indeed, if she determines to retaliate upon them for any neglect."

"Yes? But how to retaliate, Mrs. Townley?" Lambert had not a suggestive mind.

"Well, for instance, suppose they sent her away into seclusion,—with Frank's consent, another serious question,—and she should take the notion to fly her retirement, and appear inopportunely at some social function, clothed as she is now! I fancy her blanket would be a wet blanket in such a case—if you will pardon the little joke."

Lambert sighed. "Poor Frank! poor devil!" he said, almost beneath his breath.

"And wherefore poor Frank? Do you think he or the Armours of Greyhope are the only ones at stake in this? What about this poor girl? Just think why he married her,—if our suspicions are right,—and then imagine her feelings when she wakes to the truth over there, as some time she is sure to do!"

Then Lambert began to see the matter in a different light, and his sympathy for Francis Armour grew less as his pity for the girl increased. In fact, the day before they got to Southampton he swore at Armour more than once, and was anxious concerning the reception of the heathen wife by her white relatives.

Had he been present at a certain scene at Greyhope a day or two before, he would have been still more anxious. It was the custom, at breakfast, for Mrs. Armour to open her husband's letters and read them while he was engaged with his newspaper, and hand to him afterwards those that were important. This morning Marion noticed a letter from Frank among the pile, and, without a word, pounced upon it. She was curious—as any woman would be—to see how he took Miss Sherwood's action. Her father was deep in his paper at the time. Her mother was reading other letters. Marion read the first few lines with a feeling of almost painful wonder, the words were so curious, cynical, and cold.

Richard sat opposite her. He also was engaged with his paper, but, chancing to glance up, he saw that she was becoming very pale, and that the letter trembled in her fingers. Being a little short-sighted, he was not near enough to see the handwriting. He did not speak yet. He watched. Presently, seeing her grow more excited, he touched her foot under the table. She looked up, and caught his eye. She gasped slightly. She gave him a warning look and turned away from her mother. Then she went on reading to the bitter end. Presently a little cry escaped her against her will. At that her mother looked up, but she only saw her daughter's back, as she rose hurriedly from the table, saying that she would return in a moment. Mrs. Armour, however, had been startled. She knew that Marion had been reading a letter, and, with a mother's instinct, her thoughts were instantly on Frank. She spoke quickly, almost sharply: "Marion, come here."

Richard had risen. He came round the table, and, as the girl obeyed her mother, took the letter from her fingers and hastily glanced over it. Mrs. Armour came forward and took her daughter's arm. "Marion," she said, "there is something wrong—with Frank. What is it?"

General Armour was now looking up at them all, curiously, questioningly, through his glasses, his paper laid down, his hands resting on the table.

Marion could not answer. She was sick with regret, vexation, and shame: at the first flush death—for Frank—had been preferable to this. She had a considerable store of vanity; she was not very philosophical. Besides, she was not married; and what Captain Vidall, her devoted admirer and possible husband, would think of this heathenish alliance was not a cheerful thought to her. She choked down a sob, and waved her hand towards Richard to answer for her. He was pale too, but cool. He understood the case instantly; he made up his mind instantly also as to what ought to be—must be—done.

"Well, mother," he said, "it is about Frank. But he is all right; that is, he is alive and well—in body. But he has arranged a hateful little embarrassment for us. . . . He is married."

"Married!" said his mother, faintly. "Oh, poor Lady Agnes!"

Marion sniffed a little viciously at this.

"Married! Married!" said his father. "Well, what about it? eh? what about it?"

The mother wrung her hands. "Oh, I know it is something dreadful—dreadful! he has married some horrible wild person, or something."

Richard, miserable as he was, remained calm. "Well," said he, "I don't know about her being horrible; Frank is silent on that point; but she is wild enough,—a wild Indian, in fact!"

"Indian! Indian! Good God, a red nigger!" cried General Armour, harshly, starting to his feet.

"An Indian! a wild Indian!" Mrs. Armour whispered, faintly, as she dropped into a chair.

"And she'll be here in two or three days!" fluttered Marion, hysterically.

Meanwhile Richard had hastily picked up the *Times*. "She is due here the day after to-morrow," he said, deliberately. "Frank is as decisive as he is rash. Well, it is a melancholy tit-for-tat."

"What do you mean by tit-for-tat?" cried his father, angrily.

"Oh, I mean that—that we tried to hasten Julia's marriage—with the other fellow, and he is giving us one in return; and you will all agree that it's a pretty permanent one."

The old soldier recovered himself, and was beside his wife in an instant. He took her hand. "Don't fret about it, wife," he said; "it's an ugly business, but we must put up with it. The boy was out of his head. We are old now, my dear, but there was a time when we should have resented such a thing as much as Frank,—though not in the same fashion, perhaps,—not in the same fashion!" The old man pressed his lips hard to keep down his emotion.

"Oh, how could he! how could he!" said his mother: "we meant everything for the best."

"It is always dangerous business meddling with lovers' affairs," rejoined Richard. "Lovers take themselves very seriously indeed, and—well, here the thing is! Now, who will go and fetch her from Liverpool?—I should say that both my father and my mother ought to go." Thus Richard took it for granted that they would receive Frank's Indian wife into their home. He intended that, so far as he was concerned, there should be no doubt upon the question from the beginning.

"Never! she shall never come here!" said Marion, with flashing eyes; "a common squaw, with greasy hair, and blankets, and big mouth, and black teeth, who eats with her fingers and grunts! If she does, if she is brought to Greyhope, I will never show my face in the world again. Frank married the animal: why does he ship her home to us? Why didn't he come with her? Why does he not take her to a home of his own, and not send her here to turn our house into a menagerie?"

Marion drew her skirt back, as if the common squaw, with her blankets and grease, was at that moment near her.

"Well, you see," continued Richard, "that is just it. As I said, Frank arranged this little complication with a trifling amount of malice. No doubt he didn't come with her, because he wished to test the family loyalty and hospitality; but a postscript to this letter says that his solicitor has instructions to meet his wife at Liverpool and bring her on here in case we fail to show her proper courtesy."

General Armour here spoke. "He has carried the war of retaliation very far indeed, but men do mad things when their blood is up, as I have seen often. That doesn't alter our clear duty in the matter. If the woman were bad, or shameful, it would be a different thing; if——"

Marion interrupted: "She has ridden bareback across the continent like a jockey,—like a common jockey,—and she wears a blanket, and she doesn't know a word of English, and she will sit on the floor!"

"Well," said her father, "all these things are not sins, and she must be taught better."

"Joseph, how can you!" said Mrs. Armour, indignantly. "She

cannot, she shall not come here. Think of Marion! think of our position!" She hid her troubled tear-stained face behind her handkerchief. At the same time she grasped her husband's hand. She knew that he was right. She honored him in her heart for the position he had taken, but she could not resist the natural impulse of a woman, where her taste and convention were shocked.

The old man was very pale, but there was no mistaking his determination. He had been more indignant than any of them at first, but he had an unusual sense of justice when he got face to face with it, as Richard had here helped him to do. "We do not know that the woman has done any wrong," he said. "As for our name and position, they, thank God! are where a mad marriage cannot unseat them. We have had much prosperity in the world, my wife; we have had neither death nor dishonor; we——"

"If this isn't dishonor, father, what is?" Marion flashed out.

He answered calmly, "My daughter, it is a great misfortune, it will probably be a life-long trial, but it is not necessarily dishonor."

"You never can make a scandal less by trying to hide it," said Richard, backing up his father. "It is all pretty awkward, but I dare say we shall get some amusement out of it in the end."

"Richard," said his mother through her tears, "you are flippant and unkind!"

"Indeed, mother," was his reply, "I never was more serious in my life. When I spoke of amusement, I meant comedy merely, not fun,—the thing that looks like tragedy and has a happy ending. That is what I mean, mother, nothing more."

"You are always so very deep, Richard," remarked Marion, ironically, "and care so very little how the rest of us feel about things. You have no family pride. If you had married a squaw, we shouldn't have been surprised. You could have camped in the grounds with your wild woman, and never have been missed—by the world," she hastened to add, for she saw a sudden pain in his face.

He turned from them all a little wearily, and limped over to the window. He stood looking out into the limes where he and Frank had played when boys. He put his finger up, his unhandsome finger, and caught away some moisture from his eyes. He did not dare to let them see his face, nor yet to speak. Marion had cut deeper than she knew, and he would carry the wound for many a day before it healed.

But his sister felt instantly how cruel she had been, as she saw him limp away, and caught sight of the bowed shoulders and the prematurely gray hair. Her heart smote her. She ran over, and impulsively put her hands on his shoulder. "Oh, Dick," she said, "forgive me, Dick! I didn't mean it. I was angry and foolish and hateful." He took one of her hands as it rested on his shoulder, she standing partly behind him, and raised it to his lips, but he did not turn to her; he could not.

"It is all right, it is all right," he said; "it doesn't make any difference. Let us think of Frank and what we have got to do. Let us stand together, Marion; that is best."

But her tears were dropping on his shoulder, as her forehead

rested on her hand. He knew now that, whatever Frank's wife was, she would not have an absolute enemy here; for when Marion cried her heart was soft. She was clay in the hands of the potter whom we call Mercy,—more often a stranger to the hearts of women than of men. At the other side of the room also the father and mother, tearless now, watched these two; and the mother saw her duty better, and with less rebelliousness. She had felt it from the first, but she could not bring her mind to do it. They held each other's hands in silence. Presently General Armour said, "Richard, your mother and I will go to Liverpool to meet our son's wife."

Marion shuddered a little, and her hands closed on Richard's shoulder, but she said nothing.

CHAPTER III.

OUT OF THE NORTH.

It was a beautiful day,—which was so much in favor of Mrs. Frank Armour in relation to her husband's people. General Armour and his wife had come down from London by the latest train possible, that their suspense at Liverpool might be short. They said little to each other, but when they did speak it was of things very different from the skeleton which they expected to put into the family cupboard presently. Each was trying to spare the other. It was very touching. They naturally looked upon the matter in its most unpromising light, because an Indian was an Indian, and this unknown savage from Fort Charles was in violent contrast to such desirable persons as Lady Agnes Martling. Not that the Armours were zealous for mere money and title, but the thing itself was altogether *à propos*, as Mrs. Armour had more naïvely than correctly put it. The general, whose knowledge of character and the circumstances of life was considerable, had worked out the thing with much accuracy. He had declared to Richard, in their quiet talk upon the subject, that Frank must have been anything but sober when he did it. He had previously called it a policy of retaliation; so that now he was very near the truth. When they arrived at the dock at Liverpool, the Aphrodite was just making into the harbor.

"Egad," said General Armour to himself, "Sebastopol was easier than this; for fighting I know, and being peppered I know, by Jews, Greeks, infidels, and heretics; but to take a savage to my arms and do for her what her godfathers and godmothers never did, is worse than the devil's dance at Delhi."

What Mrs. Armour, who was not quite so definite as her husband, thought, it would be hard to tell; but probably grief for, and indignation at, her son, were uppermost in her mind. She had quite determined upon her course. None could better carry that high neutral look of social superiority than she.

Please heaven, she said to herself, no one should see that her equanimity was shaken. They had brought one servant with them, who had been gravely and yet conventionally informed that his young

master's wife, an Indian chieftainess, was expected. There are few family troubles but find their way to servants' hall with an uncomfortable speed; for, whether or not stone walls have ears, certainly men-servants and maid-servants have eyes that serve for ears and ears that do more than their bounden duty. Boulter, the footman, knew his business. When informed of the coming of Mistress Francis Armour, the Indian chieftainess, his face was absolutely expressionless; his "Yessir" was as mechanical as usual. On the dock he was marble—indifferent. When the passengers began to land, he showed no excitement. He was decorously alert. When the crucial moment came, he was imperturbable. Boulter was an excellent servant. So said Edward Lambert to himself after the event; so, likewise, said Mrs. Townley to herself when the thing was over; so declared General Armour many a time after, and once very emphatically, just before he raised Boulter's wages.

As the boat neared Liverpool, Lambert and Mrs. Townley had grown very nervous. The truth regarding the Indian wife had become known among the passengers, and most were very curious,—some in a well-bred fashion, some intrusively, vulgarly. Mackenzie, Lali's companion, like Boulter, was expressionless in face. She had her duty to do, paid for liberally, and she would do it. Lali might have had a more presentable and dignified attendant, but not one more worthy. It was noticeable that the captain of the ship and all the officers had been markedly courteous to Mrs. Armour throughout the voyage, but, to their credit, not ostentatiously so. When the vessel was brought to anchor and the passengers were being put upon the tender, the captain came and made his respectful adieus, as though Lali were a lady of title in her own right, and not an Indian girl married to a man acting under the influence of brandy and malice. General Armour and Mrs. Armour were always grateful to Edward Lambert and Mrs. Townley for the part they played in this desperate little comedy. They stood still and watchful as the passengers came ashore one by one. They saw that they were the centre of unusual interest, but General Armour was used to bearing himself with a grim kind of indifference in public, and his wife was calm, and so somewhat disappointed those who probably expected the old officer and his wife to be distressed. Frank Armour's solicitor was also there, but, with good taste, he held aloof. The two needed all their courage, however, when they saw a figure in buckskin and blanket step upon the deck, attended by a very ordinary, austere, and shabbily-dressed Scotswoman. But immediately behind them were Edward Lambert and Mrs. Townley, and these, with their simple tact, naturalness, and freedom from any sort of embarrassment, acted as foils, and relieved the situation.

General Armour advanced, hat in hand. "You are my son's wife," he said courteously to this being in a blanket.

She looked up and shook her head slightly, for she did not quite understand; but she recognized his likeness to her husband, and presently she smiled up musingly. Mackenzie repeated to her what General Armour had said. She nodded now, a flash of pleasure lighting up her face, and she slid out her beautiful hand to him. The general

took it and pressed it mechanically, his lips twitching slightly. He pressed it far harder than he meant, for his feelings were at tension. She winced slightly, and involuntarily thrust out her other hand, as if to relieve his pressure. As she did so the blanket fell away from her head and shoulders. Lambert, with excellent intuition, caught it, and threw it across his arm. Then, quickly, and without embarrassment, he and Mrs. Townley greeted General Armour, who returned the greetings gravely, but in a singular confidential tone, which showed his gratitude. Then he raised his hat again to Lali, and said, "Come and let me introduce you—to your husband's mother."

The falling back of that blanket had saved the situation, for when the girl stood without it in her buckskin garments there was a dignity in her bearing which carried off the bizarre event. There was timidity in her face, and yet a kind of pride too, though she was only a savage. The case, even at this critical moment, did not seem quite hopeless. When they came to Mrs. Armour, Lali shrank away timidly from the look in the mother's eyes, and, shivering slightly, looked round for her blanket. But Lambert had deftly passed it on to the footman. Presently Mrs. Armour took both the girl's hands in hers (perhaps she did it because the eyes of the public were on her, but that is neither here nor there—she did it), and kissed her on the cheek. Then they moved away to a closed carriage.

And that was the second act in Frank Armour's comedy of errors.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE NAME OF THE FAMILY.

THE journey from Liverpool to Greyhope was passed in comparative silence. The Armours had a compartment to themselves, and they made the Indian girl as comfortable as possible, without self-consciousness, without any artificial politeness. So far, what they had done was a matter of duty, not of will; but they had done their duty naturally all their lives, and it was natural to them now. They had no personal feelings towards the girl one way or another, as yet. It was trying to them that people stared into the compartment at different stations. It presently dawned upon General Armour that it might also be trying to their charge. Neither he nor his wife had taken into account the possibility of the girl having feelings to be hurt. But he had noticed Lali shrink visibly and flush slightly when some one stared harder than usual; and this troubled him. It opened up a possibility. He began indefinitely to see that they were not the only factors in the equation. He was probably a little vexed that he had not seen it before; for he wished to be a just man. He was wont to quote with more or less austerity—chiefly the result of his professional life—this:

> For justice, all place a temple, and all season summer.

And, man of war as he was, he had another saying which was much in his mouth; and he lived up to it with considerable sincerity:

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues.

He whispered to his wife. It would have been hard to tell from her look what she thought of the matter, but presently she changed seats with her husband, that he might, by holding his newspaper at a certain angle, shield the girl from intrusive gazers.

At every station the same scene was enacted. And inquisitive people must have been surprised to see how monotonously ordinary was the manner of the three white people in the compartment. Suddenly, at a station near London, General Armour gave a start, and used a strong expression under his breath. Glancing at the "Marriage" column, he saw a notice to the effect that on a certain day of a certain month, Francis Gilbert, the son of General Joseph Armour, C.B., of Greyhope, Hertfordshire, and Cavendish Square, was married to Lali, the daughter of Eye-of-the-Moon, chief of the Bloods, at her father's lodge in the Saskatchewan Valley. This had been inserted by Frank Armour's solicitor, according to his instructions, on the day that the Aphrodite was due at Liverpool. General Armour did not at first intend to show this to his wife, but on second thought he did, because he knew she would eventually come to know of it, and also because she saw that something had moved him. She silently reached out her hand for the paper. He handed it to her, pointing to the notice.

Mrs. Armour was unhappy, but her self-possession was admirable, and she said nothing. She turned her face to the window, and sat for a long time looking out. She did not turn to the others, for her eyes were full of tears, and she did not dare to wipe them away, nor yet to let them be seen. She let them dry there. She was thinking of her son, her favorite son, for whom she had been so ambitious, and for whom, so far as she could, and retain her self-respect, she had delicately intrigued, that he might happily and befittingly marry. She knew that in the matter of his engagement she had not done what was best for him, but how could she have guessed that this would be the result? She also was sure that when the first flush of his anger and disappointment had passed, and he came to view this thing with cooler mind, he would repent deeply—for a whole lifetime. She was convinced that he had not married this savage for anything which could make marriage endurable. Under the weight of the thought she was likely to forget that the young alien wife might have lost terribly in the event also.

The arrival at Euston and the departure from St. Pancras were rather painful all round, for, though there was no waiting at either place, the appearance of an Indian girl in native costume was uncommon enough, even in cosmopolitan London, to draw much attention. Besides, the placards of the evening papers were blazoned with such announcements as this:

"A Red Indian Girl
Married into
An English County Family."

Some one had telegraphed particulars—distorted particulars—over from Liverpool, and all the evening sheets had their portion of extravagance and sensation. General Armour became a little more erect and austere as he caught sight of these placards, and Mrs. Armour groaned inwardly; but their faces were inscrutable, and they quietly conducted their charge, *minus* her blanket, to the train which was to take them to St. Albans, and were soon wheeling homeward.

At Euston they parted with Lambert and Mrs. Townley, who quite simply and conventionally bade good-by to them and their Indian daughter-in-law. Lali had grown to like Mrs. Townley, and when they parted she spoke a few words quickly in her own tongue, and then immediately was confused, because she remembered that she could not be understood. But presently she said in halting English that the face of her white friend was good, and she hoped that she would come one time and sit beside her in her wigwam, for she would be sad till her husband travelled to her.

Mrs. Townley made some polite reply in simple English, pressed the girl's hand sympathetically, and hurried away. Before she parted from Mr. Lambert, however, she said, with a pretty touch of cynicism, "I think I see Marion Armour listening to her sister-in-law issue invitations to her wigwam. I am afraid I should be rather depressed myself if I had to be sisterly to a wigwam lady."

"But I say, Mrs. Townley," rejoined Lambert, seriously, as he loitered at the steps of her carriage, "I shouldn't be surprised if my lady Wigwam—a rather apt and striking title, by the way—turned out better than we think. She carried herself rippingly without the blanket, and I never saw a more beautiful hand in my life—but one," he added, as his fingers at that moment closed on hers, and held them tightly, in spite of the indignant little effort at withdrawal. "She may yet be able to give them all points in dignity and that kind of thing, and pay Master Frank back in his own coin. I do not see, after all, that he is the martyr."

Lambert's voice got softer, for he still held Mrs. Townley's fingers, —the footman not having the matter in his eye,—and then he spoke still more seriously on sentimental affairs of his own, in which he evidently hoped she would take some interest. Indeed, it is hard to tell how far the case might have been pushed, if she had not suddenly looked a little forbidding and imperious. For even people of no notable height, with soft features, dark-brown eyes, and a delightful little laugh, may appear rather regal at times. Lambert did not quite understand why she should take this attitude. If he had been as keen regarding his own affairs of the affections as in the case of Frank Armour and his Indian bride, he had known that every woman has in her mind the occasion when she should and when she should not be wooed; and nothing disappoints her more than a declaration at a time which is not *her* time. If it does not fall out as she wishes it, retrospect, a dear thing to a woman, is spoiled. Many a man has been sent to the right-about because he has ventured his proposal at the wrong time. What would have occurred to Lambert it is hard to tell; but he saw that something was wrong, and stopped in time.

When General Armour and his party reached Greyhope it was late in the evening. The girl seemed tired and confused by the events of the day, and did as she was directed indifferently, limply. But when they entered the gates of Greyhope and travelled up the long avenue of limes, she looked round her somewhat eagerly, and drew a long sigh, maybe of relief or pleasure. She presently stretched out a hand almost caressingly to the thick trees and the grass, and said aloud, "Oh, the beautiful trees and the long grass!" There was a whirr of birds' wings among the branches, and then, presently, there rose from a distance the sweet gurgling whistle of the nightingale. A smile as of reminiscence crossed her face. Then she said as if to herself, "It is the same. I shall not die. I hear the birds' wings, and one is singing. It is pleasant to sleep in the long grass when the nights are summer, and to hang your cradle in the trees."

She had asked for her own blanket, refusing a rug, when they left St. Albans, and it had been given to her. She drew it about her now with a feeling of comfort, and seemed to lose the horrible sense of strangeness which had almost convulsed her when she was put into the carriage at the railway-station. Her reserve had hidden much of what she really felt; but the drive through the limes had shown General Armour and his wife that they had to do with a nature having capacities for sensitive feeling; which, it is sometimes thought, is only the prerogative of certain well-bred civilizations.

But it was impossible that they should yet, or for many a day, feel any sense of kinship with this aboriginal girl. Presently the carriage drew up to the door-way, which was instantly open to them. A broad belt of light streamed out upon the stone steps. Far back in the hall stood Marion, one hand upon the balustrade of the staircase, the other tightly held at her side, as if to nerve herself for the meeting. The eyes of the Indian girl pierced the light, and, as if by a strange instinct, found those of Marion, even before she left the carriage. Lali felt vaguely that here was her possible enemy. As she stepped out of the carriage, General Armour's hand under her elbow to assist her, she drew her blanket something more closely about her, and so proceeded up the steps. The composure of the servants was, in the circumstances, remarkable. It needed to have been, for the courage displayed by Lali's two new guardians during the day almost faltered at the threshold of their own home. Any sign of surprise or amusement on the part of the domestics would have given them some painful moments subsequently. But all was perfectly decorous. Marion still stood motionless, almost dazed. The group advanced into the hall, and there paused, as if waiting for her.

At that moment Richard came out of the study at her right hand, took her arm, and said, quietly, "Come along, Marion; let us be as brave as our father and mother."

She gave a hard little gasp and seemed to awake as from a dream. She quickly glided forward ahead of him, kissed her mother and father almost abruptly, then turned to the young wife with a scrutinizing eye. "Marion," said her father, "this is your sister." Marion stood hesitating, confused.

"Marion, dear," repeated her mother, ceremoniously, "this is your brother's wife.—Lali, this is your husband's sister, Marion."

Mackenzie translated the words swiftly to the girl, and her eyes flashed wide. Then in a low voice she said in English, "Yes, Marion, *How!*"

It is probable that neither Marion nor any one present knew quite the meaning of *How*, save Richard, and he could not suppress a smile, it sounded so absurd and aboriginal. But at this exclamation Marion once more came to herself. She could not possibly go so far as her mother did at the dock, and kiss this savage, but, with a rather sudden grasp of the hand, she said, a little hysterically,—for her brain was going round like a wheel,—"Wo-won't you let me take your blanket?" and forthwith laid hold of it with tremulous politeness.

The question sounded, for the instant, so ludicrous to Richard that, in spite of the distressing situation, he had to choke back a laugh. Years afterwards, if he wished for any momentary revenge upon Marion (and he had a keen sense of wordy retaliation), he simply said, "Wo-won't you let me take your blanket?"

Of course the Indian girl did not understand, but she submitted to the removal of this uncommon mantle, and stood forth a less trying sight to Marion's eyes; for, as we said before, her buckskin costume set off softly the good outlines of her form.

The Indian girl's eyes wandered from Marion to Richard. They wandered from anxiety, doubt, and a bitter kind of reserve, to cordiality, sympathy, and a grave kind of humor. Instantly the girl knew that she had in eccentric Richard Armour a frank friend. Unlike as he was to his brother, there was still in their eyes the same friendliness and humanity. That is, it was the same look that Frank carried when he first came to her father's lodge.

Richard held out his hand with a cordial little laugh, and said, "Ah, ah, very glad, very glad! Just in time for supper. Come along. How is Frank, eh? how is Frank? Just so; just so; pleasant journey, I suppose!" He shook her hand warmly three or four times, and, as he held it, placed his left hand over it and patted it patriarchally, as was his custom with all the children and all the old ladies that he knew.

"Richard," said his mother, in a studiously neutral voice, "you might see about the wine."

Then Richard appeared to recover himself, and did as he was requested, but not until his brother's wife had said to him in English as they courteously drew her towards the staircase, "Oh, my brother, Richard, *How!*"

But the first strain and suspense were now over for the family, and it is probable that never had they felt such relief as when they sat down behind closed doors in their own rooms for a short respite, while the Indian girl was closeted alone with Mackenzie and a trusted maid, in what she called her wigwam.

CHAPTER V.

AN AWKWARD HALF-HOUR.

It is just as well, perhaps, that the matter had become notorious. Otherwise the Armours had lived in that unpleasant condition of being constantly "discovered." It was simply a case of aiming at absolute secrecy, which had been frustrated by Frank himself, or bold and unembarrassed acknowledgment and an attempt to carry things off with a high hand. The latter course was the only one possible. It had originally been Richard's idea, appropriated by General Armour, and accepted by Mrs. Armour and Marion with what grace was possible. The publication of the event prepared their friends, and precluded the necessity for reserve. What the friends did not know was whether they ought or ought not to commiserate the Armours. It was a difficult position. A death, an accident, a lost reputation, would have been easy to them; concerning these there could be no doubt. But an Indian daughter-in-law, a person in moccasins, was scarcely a thing to be congratulated upon; and yet sympathy and consolation might be much misplaced: no one could tell how the Armours would take it. For even their closest acquaintances knew what kind of delicate hauteur was possible to them. Even the "'centric" Richard, who visited the cottages of the poor, carrying soup and luxuries of many kinds, accompanying them with the most wholesome advice a single man ever gave to families and the heads of families, whose laugh was so cheery and spontaneous,—and face so uncommonly grave and sad at times,—had a faculty for manner. With astonishing suddenness he could raise insurmountable barriers; and people, not of his order, who occasionally presumed on his simplicity of life and habits, found themselves put distinctly ill at ease by a quiet curious look in his eye. No man was ever more the recluse and at the same time the man of the world. He had had his bitter little comedy of life, but it was different from that of his brother Frank. It was buried very deep; not one of his family knew of it: Edward Lambert, and one or two others who had good reason never to speak of it, were the only persons possessing his secret.

But all England knew of Frank's *mésalliance*. And the question was, what would people do? They very properly did nothing at first. They waited to see how the Armours would act; they did not congratulate; they did not console; that was left to those papers which chanced to resent General Armour's politics, and those others which were emotional and sensational on every subject,—particularly so where women were concerned.

It was the beginning of the season, but the Armours had decided that they would not go to town. That is, the general and his wife were not going. They felt that they ought to be at Greyhope with their daughter-in-law,—which was to their credit. Regarding Marion they had nothing to say. Mrs. Armour inclined to her going to town for the season, to visit Mrs. Townley, who had thoughtfully written to her, saying that she was very lonely, and begging Mrs. Armour to let her come, if she would. She said that of course Marion would see

much of her people in town just the same. Mrs. Townley was a very clever and tactful woman. She guessed that General Armour and his wife were not likely to come to town, but that must not appear, and the invitation should be on a different basis—as it was.

It is probable that Marion saw through the delicate plot, but that did not make her like Mrs. Townley less. These little pieces of art make life possible; these tender fictions!

Marion was, however, not in good humor; she was nervous and a little petulant. She had a high-strung temperament, a sensitive perception of the fitness of things, and a horror of what was *gauche;* and she would, in brief, make a rather austere person, if the lines of life did not run in her favor. She had something of Frank's impulsiveness and temper; it would have been a great blessing to her if she had had a portion of Richard's philosophical humor also. She was at a point of tension—her mother and Richard could see that. She was anxious—though, for the world, she would not have had it thought so—regarding Captain Vidall. She had never cared for anybody but him; it was possible she never would. But he did not know this, and she was not absolutely sure that his evident but as yet informal love would stand this strain,—which shows how people very honorable and perfect-minded in themselves may allow a large margin to other people who are presumably honorable and perfect-minded also. There was no engagement between them, and he was not bound in any way, and could, therefore, without slashing the hem of the code, retire without any apology; but they had had that unspoken understanding which most people who love each other show even before a word of declaration has passed their lips. If he withdrew because of this scandal there might be some awkward hours for Frank Armour's wife at Greyhope; but, more than that, there would be a very hard-hearted young lady to play her part in the deceitful world; she would be as merciless as she could be. Naturally, being young, she exaggerated the importance of the event, and brooded on it. It was different with her father and mother. They were shocked and indignant at first, but when the first scene had been faced they began to make the best of things all round. That is, they proceeded at once to turn the North American Indian into a European; a matter of no little difficulty. A governess was discussed; but General Armour did not like the idea, and Richard opposed it heartily. She must be taught English and educated, and made possible "in Christian clothing," as Mrs. Armour put it. Of the education they almost despaired,—all save Richard; time, instruction, vanity, and a dress-maker might do much as to the other.

The evening of her arrival, Lali would not, with any urging, put on clothes of Marion's which had been sent in to her. And the next morning it was still the same. She came into the breakfast-room dressed still in buckskin and moccasins, and though the grease had been taken out of her hair it was still combed flat. Mrs. Armour had tried to influence her through Mackenzie, but to no purpose. She was placidly stubborn. It had been unwisely told her by Mackenzie that they were Marion's clothes. They scarcely took in the fact that the

girl had pride, that she was the daughter of a chief, and a chieftainess herself, and that it was far from happy to offer her Marion's clothes to wear.

Now, Richard, when he was a lad, had been on a journey to the South Seas, and had learned some of the peculiarities of the native mind, and he did not suppose that American Indians differed very much from certain well-bred Polynesians in little matters of form and good taste. When his mother told him what had occurred before Lali entered the breakfast-room, he went directly to what he believed was the cause, and advised tact with conciliation. He also pointed out that Lali was something taller than Marion, and that she might be possessed of that general trait of humanity,—vanity. Mrs. Armour had not yet got used to thinking of the girl in another manner than an intrusive being of a lower order, who was there to try their patience, but also to do their bidding. She had yet to grasp the fact that, being her son's wife, she must have, therefore, a position in the house, exercising a certain authority over the servants, who, to Mrs. Armour, at first seemed of superior stuff. But Richard said to her, "Mother, I fancy you don't quite grasp the position. The girl is the daughter of a chief, and the descendant of a family of chiefs, perhaps, through many generations. In her own land she has been used to respect, and has been looked up to pretty generally. Her garments are, I fancy, considered very smart in the Hudson's Bay Country; and a finely-decorated blanket like hers is expensive up there. You see, we have to take the thing by comparison: so please give the girl a chance."

And Mrs. Armour answered wearily, "I suppose you are right, Richard; you generally are in the end, though why you should be I do not know, for you never see anything of the world any more, and you moon about among the cottagers. I suppose it's your native sense and the books you read."

Richard laughed softly, but there was a queer ring in the laugh, and he came over stumblingly and put his arm round his mother's shoulder. "Never mind how I get such sense as I have, mother; I have so much time to think, it would be a wonder if I hadn't some. But I think we had better try to study her, and coax her along, and not fob her off as a very inferior person, or we shall have our hands full in earnest. My opinion is, she has got that which will save her and us too,—a very high spirit, which only needs opportunity to develop into a remarkable thing; and, take my word for it, mother, if we treat her as a chieftainess, or princess, or whatever she is, and not simply as a dusky person, we shall come off better and she will come off better in the long run.—She is not darker than a Spaniard, anyhow."

At this point Marion entered the room, and her mother rehearsed briefly to her what their talk had been. Marion had had little sleep, and she only lifted her eyebrows at them at first. She was in little mood for conciliation. She remembered all at once that at supper the evening before her sister-in-law had said *How!* to the butler, and had eaten the mayonnaise with a dessert-spoon. But presently, because she saw they waited for her to speak, she said, with a little flutter of maliciousness, "Wouldn't it be well for Richard—he has plenty of

time, and we are also likely to have it now—to put us all through a course of instruction for the training of chieftainesses? And when do you think she will be ready for a drawing-room—Her Majesty Queen Victoria's, or ours?"

"Marion!" said Mrs. Armour, severely; but Richard came round to her, and with his fresh child-like humor put his arm round her waist, and added, "Marion, I'd be willing to bet (if I were in the habit of betting) my shaky old pins here against a lock of your hair that you may present her at any drawing-room—ours or Queen Victoria's—in two years, if we go at it right; and it would serve Master Frank very well if we turned her out something after all!"

Mrs. Armour said almost eagerly, "I wish it were only possible, Richard. And what you say is true, I suppose, that she is of rank in her own country, whatever value that may have!"

Richard saw his advantage. "Well, mother," he said, "a chieftainess is a chieftainess, and I don't know but to announce her as such, and——"

"And be proud of it, as it were," put in Marion, "and pose her, and make her a prize,—a Pocahontas, wasn't it?—and go on pretending world without end!" Marion's voice was still slightly grating, but there was in it too a faint sound of hope. "Perhaps," she said to herself, "Richard is right."

At this point the door opened and Lali entered, shown in by Colvin, her newly-appointed maid, and followed by Mackenzie, and, as we said, dressed still in her heathenish garments. She had a strong sense of dignity, for she stood still and waited. Perhaps nothing could have impressed Marion more. Had Lali been subservient simply, an entirely passive unintelligent creature, she would probably have tyrannized over her in a soft persistent fashion and despised her generally. But Mrs. Armour and Marion saw that this stranger might become very troublesome indeed, if her temper were to have play. They were aware of capacities for passion in those dark eyes, so musing yet so active in expression, which moved swiftly from one object to another and then suddenly became resolute.

Both mother and daughter came forward, and held out their hands, wishing her a pleasant good-morning, and were followed by Richard, and immediately by General Armour, who had entered soon after her. She had been keen enough to read (if a little vaguely) behind the scenes, and her mind was wakening slowly to the peculiarity of the position she occupied. The place awed her, and had broken her rest by perplexing her mind, and she sat down to the breakfast-table with a strange hunted look in her face. But opposite to her was a window opening to the ground, and beyond it were the limes and beeches and a wide perfect sward, and far away a little lake, on which swans and wild fowl fluttered. Presently, as she sat silent, eating little, her eyes lifted to the window. They flashed instantly, her face lighted up with a weird kind of charm, and suddenly she got to her feet with Indian exclamations on her lips, and, as if unconscious of them all, went swiftly to the window and out of it, waving her hands up and down once or twice to the trees and the sunlight.

"What did she say?" said Mrs. Armour, rising with the others.

"She said," replied Mackenzie, as she hurried towards the window, "that they were her beautiful woods, and there were wild birds flying and swimming in the water, as in her own country."

By this time all were at the window, Richard arriving last, and the Indian girl turned on them, her body all quivering with excitement, laughed a low bird-like laugh, and then, clapping her hands above her head, she swung round and ran like a deer towards the lake, shaking her head back as an animal does when fleeing from his pursuers. She would scarcely have been recognized as the same placid, speechless woman in a blanket who sat with folded hands day after day on the Aphrodite.

The watchers turned and looked at each other in wonder. Truly, their task of civilizing a savage would not lack in interest. The old general was better pleased, however, at this display of activity and excitement than at yesterday's taciturnity. He loved spirit, even if it had to be subdued, and he thought on the instant that he might possibly come to look upon the fair savage as an actual and not a nominal daughter-in-law. He had a keen appreciation of courage, and he thought he saw in her face, as she turned upon them, a look of defiance or daring, and nothing could have got at his nature quicker. If the case had not been so near to his own hearth-stone he would have chuckled. As it was, he said good-humoredly that Mackenzie and Marion should go and bring her back. But Mackenzie was already at that duty. Mrs. Armour had had the presence of mind to send for Colvin, but presently, when the general spoke, she thought it better that Marion should go, and counselled returning to breakfast and not making the matter of too much importance. This they did, Richard very reluctantly, while Marion, rather pleased than not at the spirit shown by the strange girl, ran away over the grass towards the lake, where Lali had now stopped. There was a little bridge at one point where the lake narrowed, and Lali, evidently seeing it all at once, went towards it, and ran up on it, standing poised above the water about the middle of it. For an instant an unpleasant possibility came into Marion's mind: suppose the excited girl intended suicide! She shivered as she thought of it, and yet——! She put *that* horribly cruel and selfish thought away from her with an indignant word at herself! She had passed Mackenzie, and came first to the lake. Here she slackened, and waved her hand playfully to the girl, so as not to frighten her,—and then with a forced laugh came up panting on the bridge, and was presently by Lali's side. Lali eyed her a little furtively, but, seeing that Marion was much inclined to be pleasant, she nodded to her, said some Indian words hastily, and spread out her hands towards the water. As she did so, Marion noticed again the beauty of those hands and the graceful character of the gesture, so much so that she forgot the flat hair, and the unstayed body, and the rather broad feet, and the delicate duskiness, which had so worked upon her in imagination and in fact the evening before. She put her hand kindly on that long slim hand stretched out beside her, and, because she knew not what else to speak, and because the tongue is

very perverse at times,—saying the opposite of what is expected,—she herself blundered out "*How! How!* Lali."

Perhaps Lali was as much surprised at the remark as Marion herself, and certainly very much more delighted. The sound of those familiar words, spoken by accident as they were, opened the way to a better understanding, as nothing else could possibly have done. Marion was annoyed with herself, and yet amused too. If her mind had been perfectly assured regarding Captain Vidall, it is probable that then and there a peculiar, a genial, comradeship would have been formed. As it was, Marion found this little event more endurable than she expected. She also found that Lali, when she laughed in pleasant acknowledgment of that *How!* had remarkably white and regular teeth. Indeed, Marion Armour began to discover some estimable points in the appearance of her savage sister-in-law. Marion remarked to herself that Lali might be a rather striking person, if she were dressed, as her mother said, in Christian garments, could speak the English language well—and was somebody else's sister-in-law.

At this point Mackenzie came breathlessly to the bridge, and called out a little sharply to Lali, rebuking her. In this Mackenzie made a mistake; for not only did Lali draw herself up with considerable dignity, but Marion, noticing the masterful nature of the tone, instantly said, "Mackenzie, you must remember that you are speaking to Mrs. Francis Armour, and that her position in General Armour's house is the same as mine. I hope it is not necessary to say anything more, Mackenzie."

Mackenzie flushed. She was a sensible woman, she knew that she had done wrong, and she said very promptly, "I am very sorry, miss; I was flustered, and I expect I haven't got used to speaking to—to Mrs. Armour as I'll be sure to do in the future."

As she spoke, two or three deer came trotting out of the beeches down to the lake side. If Lali was pleased and excited before, she was overwhelmed now. Her breath came in quick little gasps; she laughed; she tossed her hands; she seemed to become dizzy with delight; and presently, as if this new link with, and reminder of, her past, had moved her as one little expects a savage heart is moved, two tears gathered in her eyes, then slid down her cheek unheeded, and dried there in the sunlight, as she still gazed at the deer. Marion, at first surprised, was now touched, as she could not have thought it possible concerning this wild creature, and her hand went out and caught Lali's gently. At this genuine act of sympathy, instinctively felt by Lali, —the stranger in a strange land, husbanded and yet a widow,—there came a flood of tears, and, dropping on her knees, she leaned against the low railing of the bridge and wept silently. So passionless was her grief it seemed the more pathetic, and Marion dropped on her knees beside her, put her arm round her shoulder, and said, "Poor girl! Poor girl!"

At that Lali caught her hand, and held it, repeating after her the words, "Poor girl! Poor girl!"

She did not quite understand them, but she remembered that once just before she parted from her husband at the Great Lakes he had

said those very words. If the fates had apparently given things into Frank Armour's hands when he sacrificed this girl to his revenge, they were evidently inclined to play a game which would eventually defeat his purpose, wicked as it had been in effect if not in absolute motive. What the end of this attempt to engraft the Indian girl upon the strictest convention of English social life would have been had her introduction not been at Greyhope, where faint likenesses to her past surrounded her, it is hard to conjecture. But, from present appearances, it would seem that Richard Armour was not wholly a false prophet; for the savage had shown herself that morning to possess, in their crudeness, some striking qualities of character. Given character, many things are possible, even to those who are not of the elect.

This was the beginning of better things. Lali seemed to the Armours not quite so impossible now. Had she been of the very common order of Indian "pure and simple," the task had resolved itself into making a common savage into a very common European. But, whatever Lali was, it was abundantly evident that she must be reckoned with at all points, and that she was more likely to become a very startling figure in the Armour household than a mere encumbrance to be blushed for, whose eternal absence were preferable to her company.

Years after that first morning Marion caught herself shuddering at the thought that came to her when she saw Lali hovering on the bridge. Whatever Marion's faults were, she had a fine dislike of anything that seemed unfair. She had not ridden to hounds for nothing. She had at heart the sportsman's instinct. It was upon this basis, indeed, that Richard appealed to her in the first trying days of Lali's life among them. To oppose your will to Marion on the basis of superior knowledge was only to turn her into a rebel; and a very effective rebel she made; for she had a pretty gift at the retort courteous, and she could take as much, and as well, as she gave. She rebelled at first at assisting in Lali's education, though by fits and starts she would teach her English words, and help her to form long sentences, and was, on the whole, quite patient. But Lali's real instructors were Mrs. Armour and Richard; her best, Richard.

The first few days she made but little progress, for everything was strange to her, and things made her giddy,—the servants, the formal routine, the handsome furnishings, Marion's music, the great house, the many precise personal duties set for her, to be got through at stated times, and Mrs. Armour's rather grand manner. But there was the relief to this, else the girl had pined terribly for her native woods and prairies; this was the park, the deer, the lake, the hares and birds. While she sat saying over after Mrs. Armour words and phrases in English, or was being shown how she must put on and wear the clothes which a dress-maker from Regent Street had been brought to make, her eyes would wander dreamily to the trees and the lake and the grass. They soon discovered that she would pay no attention and was straightway difficult to teach if she was not placed where she could look out on the park. They had no choice, for though her resistance was never active it was nevertheless effective.

Presently she got on very swiftly with Richard. For he, with instinct worthy of a woman, turned their lessons upon her own country and Frank. This cost him something, but it had its reward. There was no more listlessness. Previously Frank's name had scarcely been spoken to her. Mrs. Armour would have hours of hesitation and impotent regret before she brought herself to speak of her son to his Indian wife. Marion tried to do it a few times and failed; the general did it with rather a forced voice and manner, because he saw that his wife was very tender upon the point. But Richard, who never knew self-consciousness, spoke freely of Frank when he spoke at all; and it was seeing Lali's eyes brighten and her look earnestly fixed on him when he chanced to mention Frank's name, that determined him on his new method of instruction. It had its dangers, but he had calculated them all. The girl must be educated at all costs. The sooner that occurred the sooner would she see her own position and try to adapt herself to her responsibilities, and face the real state of her husband's attitude towards her.

He succeeded admirably. Striving to tell him about her past life, and ready to talk endlessly about her husband, of his prowess in the hunt, of his strength and beauty, she also strove to find English words for the purpose, and Richard supplied them with uncommon willingness. He humored her so far as to learn many Indian words and phrases, but he was chary of his use of them, and tried hard to make her appreciative of her new life and surroundings. He watched her waking slowly to an understanding of the life, and of all that it involved. It gave him a kind of fear, too, because she was sensitive, and there was the possible danger of her growing disheartened or desperate, and doing some mad thing in the hour that she wakened to the secret behind her marriage.

His apprehensions were not without cause. For slowly there came into Lali's mind the element of comparison. She became conscious of it one day when some neighboring people called at Greyhope. Mrs. Armour, in her sense of duty, which she had rigidly set before her, introduced Lali into the drawing-room. The visitors veiled their curiosity and said some pleasant casual things to the young wife, but she saw the half-curious, half-furtive glances, she caught a sidelong glance and smile, and when they were gone she took to looking at herself in a mirror, a thing she could scarcely be persuaded to do before. She saw the difference between her carriage and others', her manner of wearing her clothes and others', her complexion and theirs. She exaggerated the difference. She brooded on it. Now she sat downcast and timid, and hunted in face, as the first evening she came; now she appeared restless and excited.

If Mrs. Armour was not exactly sympathetic with her, she was quiet and forbearing, and General Armour, like Richard, tried to draw her out,—but not on the same subjects. He dwelt upon what she did; the walks she took in the park, those hours in the afternoon when, with Mackenzie or Colvin, she vanished into the beeches, making friends with the birds and deer and swans. But most of all she loved to go to the stables. She was, however, asked not to go unless Richard or

General Armour was with her. She loved horses, and these were a wonder to her. She had never known any but the wild ungroomed Indian pony, on which she had ridden in every fashion and over every kind of country. Mrs. Armour sent for a riding-master, and had riding-costumes made for her. It was intended that she should ride every day as soon as she seemed sufficiently presentable. This did not appear so very far off, for she improved daily in appearance. Her hair was growing finer and was made up in the modest prevailing fashion; her skin, not now exposed to an inclement climate, and subject to the utmost care, was smoother and fairer; her feet encased in fine well-made boots looked much smaller, her waist was shaped to fashion, and she was very straight and lissome. So many things she did jarred on her relatives, that they were not fully aware of the great improvement in her appearance. Even Richard admitted her trying at times.

Marion went up to town to stay with Mrs. Townley, and there had to face a good deal of curiosity. People looked at her sometimes as if it was she and not Lali that was an Indian. But she carried things off bravely enough, and answered those kind inquiries, which one's friends make when we are in embarrassing situations, with answers so calm and pleasant that people did not know what to think.

"Yes," she said, in reply to Lady Balwood, "her sister-in-law might be in town later in the year, perhaps before the season was over: she could not tell. She was tired after her long voyage, and she preferred the quiet of Greyhope; she was fond of riding and country-life; but still she would come to town for a time." And so on.

"Ah, dear me, how charming! And doesn't she resent her husband's absence—during the honey-moon? or did the honey-moon occur before she came over to England?" And Lady Balwood tried to say it all playfully, and certainly said it something loudly. She had daughters.

But Marion was perfectly prepared. Her face did not change expression. "Yes, they had had their honey-moon on the prairies, Frank was so fascinated with the life and the people. He had not come home at once, because he was making she did not know how great a fortune over there in investments, and so Mrs. Armour came on before him, and, of course, as soon as he could get away from his business he would follow his wife."

And though Marion smiled, her heart was very hot, and she could have slain Lady Balwood in her tracks. Lady Balwood then nodded a little patronizingly, and babbled that "she hoped so much to see Mrs. Francis Armour. She must be so very interesting, the papers said so much about her."

Now, while this conversation was going on, some one stood not far behind Marion, who seemed much interested in her and what she said. But Marion did not see this person. She was startled presently, however, to hear a strong voice say softly over her shoulder, "What a charming woman Lady Balwood is! And so ingenuous!"

She was grateful, tremulous, proud. Why had he—Captain Vidall—kept out of the way all these weeks, just when she needed him most, just when he should have played the part of a man? Then

she was feeling twinges at the heart too. She had seen Lady Agnes Martling that afternoon, and had noticed how the news had worn on her. She felt how much better it had been had Frank come quietly home and married her, instead of doing the wild scandalous thing that was making so many heart-burnings. A few minutes ago she had longed for a chance to say something delicately acid to Lady Haldwell, once Julia Sherwood, who was there. Now there was a chance to give her bitter spirit tongue. She was glad, she dared not think how glad, to hear that voice again; but she was angry too, and he should suffer for it,—the more so because she recognized in the tone, and afterwards in his face, that he was still absorbingly interested in her. There was a little burst of thanksgiving in her heart, and then she prepared a very notable commination service in her mind.

This meeting had been deftly arranged by Mrs. Townley, with the help of Edward Lambert, who now held her fingers with a kind of vanity of possession whenever he bade her good-by or met her. Captain Vidall had, in fact, been out of the country, had only been back a week, and had only heard of Frank Armour's *mésalliance* from Lambert at an At Home forty-eight hours before. Mrs. Townley guessed what was really at the bottom of Marion's occasional bitterness, and, piecing together many little things dropped casually by her friend, had come to the conclusion that the happiness of two people was at stake.

When Marion shook hands with Captain Vidall she had herself exceedingly well under control. She looked at him in slight surprise, and casually remarked that they had not chanced to meet lately in the run of small-and-earlies. She appeared to be unconscious that he had been out of the country, and also that she had been till very recently indeed at Greyhope. He hastened to assure her that he had been away, and to lay siege to this unexpected barrier. He knew all about Frank's affair, and, though it troubled him, he did not see why it should make any difference in his regard for Frank's sister. Fastidious as he was in all things, he was fastidiously deferential. Not an exquisite, he had all that vanity as to appearance, so usual with the military man; himself of the most perfect temper and sweetness of manner and conduct, the unusual disturbed him. Not possessed of a vivid imagination, he could scarcely conjure up this Indian bride at Greyhope.

But face to face with Marion Armour he saw what troubled him, and he determined that he would not meet her irony with irony, her assumed indifference with indifference. He had learned one of the most important lessons of life: never to quarrel with a woman. Whoever has so far erred has been foolish indeed. It is the worst of policy, to say nothing of its being the worst of art; and life should never be without art. It is absurd to be perfectly natural; anything, anybody, can be that. Well, Captain Hume Vidall was something of an artist, more, however, in principle than by temperament. He refused to recognize the rather malicious adroitness with which Marion turned his remarks again upon himself, twisted out of all semblance. He was very patient. He inquired quietly, and as if honestly interested, about Frank,

and said—because he thought it safest as well as most reasonable—that, naturally, they must have been surprised at his marrying a native; but he himself had seen some such marriages turn out very well,—in Japan, India, the South Sea Islands, and Canada. He assumed that Marion's sister-in-law was beautiful, and then disarmed Marion by saying that he thought of going down to Greyhope immediately, to call on General Armour and Mrs. Armour, and wondered if she was going back before the end of the season.

Quick as Marion was, this was said so quietly that she did not quite see the drift of it. She had intended staying in London to the end of the season, not because she enjoyed it, but because she was determined to face Frank's marriage at every quarter, and have it over, once for all, so far as herself was concerned. But now, taken slightly aback, she said, almost without thinking, that she would probably go back soon,—she was not quite sure; but certainly her father and mother would be glad to see Captain Vidall at any time.

Then, without any apparent relevancy, he asked her if Mrs. Frank Armour still wore her Indian costume. In any one else the question had seemed impertinent; in him it had a touch of confidence, of the privilege of close friendship. Then he said, with a meditative look and a very calm retrospective voice, that he was once very much in love with a native girl in India, and might have become permanently devoted to her, were it not for the accident of his being ordered back to England summarily.

This was a piece of news which cut two ways. In the first place it lessened the extraordinary character of Frank's marriage, and it roused in her an immediate curiosity,—which a woman always feels in the past "affairs" of her lover, or possible lover. Vidall did not take pains to impress her with the fact that the matter occurred when he was almost a boy; and it was when her earnest inquisition had drawn from him, bit by bit, the circumstances of the case, and she had forgotten many parts of her commination service and to preserve an effective neutrality in tone, that she became aware he was speaking ancient history. Then it was too late to draw back.

They had threaded their way through the crowd into the conservatory, where they were quite alone, and there with only a little pyramid of hydrangeas between them, which she could not help but notice chimed well with the color of her dress, he dropped his voice a little lower, and then suddenly said, his eyes hard on her, "I want your permission to go to Greyhope."

The tone drew her eyes hastily to his, and, seeing, she dropped them again. Vidall had a strong will, and, what is of more consequence, a peculiarly attractive voice. It had a vibration which made some of his words organ-like in sound. She felt the influence of it. She said a little faintly, her fingers toying with a hydrangea, "I am afraid I do not understand. There is no reason why you should not go to Greyhope without my permission."

"I cannot go without it," he persisted. "I am waiting for my commission from you."

She dropped her hand from the flower with a little impatient motion.

She was tired, her head ached, she wanted to be alone. "Why are you enigmatical?" she said. Then quickly, "I wish I knew what is in your mind. You play with words so."

She scarcely knew what she said. A woman who loves a man very much is not quick to take in the absolute declaration of that man's love on the instant; it is too wonderful for her. He felt his cheek flush with hers, he drew her look again to his. "Marion! Marion!" he said. That was all.

"Oh, hush! some one is coming," was her quick, throbbing reply. When they parted a half-hour later, he said to her, "Will you give me my commission to go to Greyhope?"

"Oh, no, I cannot," she said, very gravely; "but come to Greyhope—when I go back."

"And when will that be?" he said, smiling, yet a little ruefully too.

"Oh, ask Mrs. Townley," she replied: "she is coming also."

Marion knew what that commission to go to Greyhope meant. But she determined that he should see Lali first, before anything irrevocable was done. She still looked upon Frank's marriage as a scandal. Well, Captain Vidall should face it in all its crudeness. So, in a week or less Marion and Mrs. Townley were in Greyhope.

Two months had gone since Lali arrived in England, and yet no letter had come to her, or to any of them, from Frank. Frank's solicitor in London had written him fully of her arrival, and he had had a reply, with further instructions regarding money to be placed to General Armour's credit for the benefit of his wife. Lali, as she became Europeanized, also awoke to the forms and ceremonies of her new life. She had overheard Frank's father and mother wondering, and fretting as they wondered, why they had not received any word from him. General Armour had even called him a scoundrel; which sent Frank's mother into tears. Then Lali had questioned Mackenzie and Gowan, for she had increasing shrewdness, and she began to feel her actual position. She resented General Armour's imputation, but in her heart she began to pine and wonder. At times, too, she was fitful, and was not to be drawn out. But she went on improving in personal appearance and manner and in learning the English language. Mrs. Townley's appearance marked a change in her. When they met she suddenly stood still and trembled. When Mrs. Townley came to her and took her hand and kissed her, she shivered, and then caught her about the shoulders lightly, but was silent. After a little she said, "Come—come to my wigwam, and talk with me."

She said it with a strange little smile, for now she recognized that the word *wigwam* was not to be used in her new life. But Mrs. Townley whispered, "Ask Marion to come too."

Lali hesitated, and then said, a little maliciously, "Marion, will you come to my wigwam?"

Marion ran to her, caught her about the waist, and replied, gayly, "Yes, we will have a *pow-wow*—is that right? is *pow-wow* right?"

The Indian girl shook her head with a pretty vagueness, and vanished with them. General Armour walked up and down the room

briskly, then turned on his wife and said, "Wife, it was a brutal thing: Frank doesn't deserve to be—the father of her child."

But Lali had moods—singular moods. She indulged in one three days after the arrival of Marion and Mrs. Townley. She had learned to ride with the side-saddle, and wore her riding-dress admirably. Nowhere did she show to better advantage. She had taken to riding now with General Armour on the country roads. On this day Captain Vidall was expected, he having written to ask that he might come. What trouble Lali had with one of the servants that morning was never thoroughly explained, but certain it is, she came to have a crude notion of why Frank Armour married her. The servant was dismissed duly, but that was after the *contre-temps*.

It was late afternoon. Everybody had been busy, because one or two other guests were expected besides Captain Vidall. Lali had kept to herself, sending word through Richard that she would not "be English," as she vaguely put it, that day. She had sent Mackenzie on some mission. She sat on the floor of her room, as she used to sit on the ground in her father's lodge. Her head was bowed in her hands, and her arms rested on her knees. Her body swayed to and fro. Presently all motion ceased. She became perfectly still. She looked before her, as if studying something.

Her eyes immediately flashed. She rose quickly to her feet, went to her wardrobe, and took out her Indian costume and blanket, with which she could never be induced to part. Almost feverishly she took off the clothes she wore, and hastily threw them from her. Then she put on the buckskin clothes in which she had journeyed to England, drew down her hair as she used to wear it, fastened round her waist a long red sash which had been given her by a governor of the Hudson's Bay Company when he had visited her father's country, threw her blanket round her shoulders, and then eyed herself in the great mirror in the room. What she saw evidently did not please her perfectly, for she stretched out her hands and looked at them; she shook her head at herself and put her hand to her cheeks and pinched them,—they were not so brown as they once were,—then she thrust out her foot. She drew it back quickly in disdain. Immediately she caught the fashionable slippers from her feet and threw them among the discarded garments. She looked at herself again. Still she was not satisfied, but she threw up her arms, as with a sense of pleasure and freedom, and laughed at herself. She pushed out her moccasined foot, tapped the floor with it, nodded towards it, and said a word or two in her own language. She heard some one in the next room, possibly Mackenzie. She stepped to the door leading into the hall, opened it, went out, travelled its length, ran down a back hall-way, out into the park towards the stables, her blanket, as her hair, flying behind her.

She entered the stables, made for a horse that she had ridden much, put a bridle on him, led him out before any one had seen her, and, catching him by the mane, suddenly threw herself on him at a bound, and, giving him a tap with a short whip she had caught up in the stable, headed him for the main avenue and the open road. Then a stableman saw her and ran after, but he might as well have tried to

follow the wind. He forthwith proceeded to saddle another horse. Boulter also saw her as she passed the house, and, running in, told Mrs. Armour and the general. They both ran to the window and saw dashing down the avenue—a picture out of Fenimore Cooper; a saddleless horse with a rider whose fingers merely touched the bridle, riding as on a journey of life and death.

"My God! it's Lali! She's mad! she's mad! She is striking that horse! It will bolt! It will kill her!" said the general.

Then he rushed for a horse to follow her. Mrs. Armour's hands clasped painfully. For an instant she had almost the same thought as had Marion on the first morning of Lali's coming; but that passed, and left her gazing helplessly after the horsewoman. The flying blanket had frightened the blooded horse, and he made desperate efforts to fulfil the general's predictions.

Lali soon found that she had miscalculated. She was not riding an Indian pony, but a crazed, high-strung horse. As they flew, she sitting superbly and tugging at the bridle, the party coming from the railway-station entered the great gate, accompanied by Richard and Marion. In a moment they sighted this wild pair bearing down upon them with a terrible swiftness.

As Marion recognized Lali she turned pale and cried out, rising in her seat. Instinctively Captain Vidall knew who it was, though he could not guess the cause of the singular circumstance. He saw that the horse had bolted, but also that the rider seemed entirely fearless. "Why, in heaven's name," he said between his teeth, "does she not let go that blanket?"

At that moment Lali did let it go, and the horse dashed by them, making hard for the gate. "Turn the horses round and follow her," said Vidall to the driver. While this was doing, Marion caught sight of her father riding hard down the avenue. He passed them, and called to them to hurry on after him.

Lali had not the slightest sense of fear, but she knew that the horse had gone mad. When they passed through the gate and swerved into the road, a less practised rider would have been thrown. She sat like wax. The pace was incredible for a mile, and though General Armour rode well, he was far behind.

Suddenly a trap appeared in the road in front of them, and the driver, seeing the runaway, set his horses at right angles to the road. It served the purpose only to provide another danger. Not far from where the trap was drawn, and between it and the runaway, was a lane, which ended at a farm-yard in a *cul-de-sac*. The horse swerved into it, not slacking its pace, and in the fraction of a mile came to the farm-yard.

But now the fever was in Lali's blood. She did not care whether she lived or died. A high hedge formed the *cul-de-sac*. When she saw the horse slacking she cut it savagely across the head twice with a whip, and drove him at the green wall. He was of too good make to refuse it, stiff as it was. He rose to it magnificently, and cleared it; but almost as he struck the ground squarely, he staggered and fell,—the girl beneath him. He had burst a blood-vessel. The ground was

soft and wet; the weight of the horse prevented her from getting free. She felt its hoof striking in its death-struggles, and once her shoulder was struck. Instinctively she buried her face in the mud, and her arms covered her head.

And then she knew no more.

When she came to, she was in the carriage within the gates of Greyhope, and Marion was bending over her. She suddenly tried to lift herself, but could not. Presently she saw another face,—that of General Armour. It was stern, and yet his eyes were swimming as he looked at her.

"*How!*" she said to him; "*How!*" and fainted again.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PASSING OF THE YEARS.

LALI'S recovery was not rapid. A change had come upon her. With that strange ride had gone the last strong flicker of the desire for savage life in her. She knew now the position she held towards her husband: that he had never loved her; that she was only an instrument for unworthy retaliation. So soon as she could speak after her accident, she told them that they must not write to him and tell him of it. She also made them promise that they would give him no news of her at all, save that she was well. They could not refuse to promise; they felt she had the right to demand much more than that. They had begun to care for her for herself, and when the months went by, and one day there was a hush about her room, and anxiety, and then relief, in the faces of all, they came to care for her still more for the sake of her child.

As the weeks passed, the fair-haired child grew more and more like his father; but if Lali thought of her husband they never knew by anything she said, for she would not speak of him. She also made them promise that they would not write to him of the child's birth. Richard, with his sense of justice, and knowing how much the woman had been wronged, said that in all this she had done quite right; that Frank, if he had done his duty after marrying her, should have come with her. And because they all felt that Richard had been her best friend as well as their own, they called the child after him. This also was Lali's wish. Coincident with her motherhood there came to Lali a new purpose. She had not lived with the Armours without absorbing some of their fine social sense and dignity. This, added to the native instinct of pride in her, gave her a new ambition. As hour by hour her child grew dear to her, so hour by hour her husband grew away from her. She schooled herself against him. At times she thought she hated him. She felt she could never forgive him, but she would prove to him that it was she who had made the mistake of her life in marrying him; that she had been wronged, not he; and that his sin would face him with reproach and punishment one day. Richard's prophecy was likely to come true: she would defeat very perfectly indeed Frank's intentions. After the child was born, so soon as

she was able, she renewed her studies with Richard and Mrs. Armour. She read every morning for hours; she rode; she practised all those graceful arts of the toilet which belong to the social convention; she showed an unexpected faculty for singing, and practised it faithfully; and she begged Mrs. Armour and Marion to correct her at every point where correction seemed necessary. When the child was two years old, they all went to London, something against Lali's personal feelings, but quite in accord with what she felt her duty.

Richard was left behind at Greyhope. For the first time in eighteen months he was alone with his old quiet duties and recreations. During that time he had not neglected his pensioners,—his poor, sick, halt, and blind,—but a deeper, larger interest had come into his life in the person of Lali. During all that time she had seldom been out of his sight, never out of his influence and tutelage. His days had been full, his every hour had been given a keen responsible interest. As if by tacit consent, every incident or development of Lali's life was influenced by his judgment and decision. He had been more to her than General Armour, Mrs. Armour, or Marion. Schooled as he was in all the ways of the world, he had at the same time a mind as sensitive as a woman's, an indescribable gentleness, a persuasive temperament. Since, years before, he had withdrawn from the social world and become a recluse, many of his finer qualities had gone into an indulgent seclusion. He had once loved the world and the gay life of London, but some untoward event, coupled with a radical love of retirement, had sent him into years of isolation at Greyhope.

His tutelar relations with Lali had reopened many an old spring of sensation and experience. Her shy dependency, her innocent inquisitiveness, had searched out his remotest sympathies. In teaching her he had himself been re-taught. Before she came he had been satisfied with the quiet usefulness and studious ease of his life. But in her presence something of his old youthfulness came back, some reflection of the ardent hopes of his young manhood. He did not notice the change in himself. He only knew that his life was very full. He read later at nights, he rose earlier in the morning. But, unconsciously to himself, he was undergoing a change. The more a man's sympathies and emotions are active, the less is he the philosopher. It is only when one has withdrawn from the more personal influence of the emotions that one's philosophy may be trusted. One may be interested in mankind and still be philosophical,—may be, as it were, the priest and confessor to all comers. But let one be touched in some vital corner in one's nature, and the high faultless impartiality is gone. In proportion as Richard's interest in Lali had grown, the universal quality of his sympathy had declined. Man is only man. Not that his benefactions as lord bountiful in the parish had grown perfunctory, but the calm detail of his interest was not so definite. He was the same, yet not the same.

He was not aware of any difference in himself. He did not know that he looked younger by ten years. Such is the effect of mere personal sympathy upon a man's look and bearing. When, therefore, one bright May morning the family at Greyhope, himself excluded, was

ready to start for London, he had no thought but that he would drop back into his old silent life as it was before Lali came and his brother's child was born. He was not conscious that he was very restless that morning; he scarcely was aware that he had got up two hours earlier than usual. At the breakfast-table he was cheerful and alert. After breakfast he amused himself in playing with the child till the carriage was brought round. It was such a morning as does not come a dozen times a year in England. The sweet moist air blew from the meadows and up through the lime-trees with a warm insinuating gladness. The lawn sloped delightfully away to the flowered embrasures of the park, and a fragrant abundance of flowers met the eye and cheered the senses. While Richard loitered on the steps with the child and its nurse, more excited than he knew, Lali came out and stood beside him. At the moment Richard was looking into the distance. He did not hear her when she came. She stood near him for a moment, and did not speak. Her eyes followed the direction of his look, and idled tenderly with the prospect before her. She did not even notice the child. The same thought was in the mind of both—with a difference. Richard was wondering how any one could choose to change the sweet dignity of that rural life for the flaring hurried delights of London and the season. He had thought this a thousand times, and yet, though he would have been little willing to acknowledge it, his conviction was not so impregnable as it had been.

Mrs. Francis Armour was stepping from the known to the unknown. She was leaving the precincts of a life in which, socially, she had been born again. Its sweetness and benign quietness had all worked upon her nature and origin to change her. In that it was an out-door life, full of freshness and open-air vigor, it was not antagonistic to her past. Upon this sympathetic basis had been imposed the conditions of a fine social decorum. The conditions must still exist. But how would it be when she was withdrawn from this peaceful activity of nature and set down among "those garish lights" in Cavendish Square and Piccadilly? She hardly knew to what she was going as yet. There had been a few social functions at Greyhope since she had come, but that could give her, after all, but little idea of the swing and pressure of London life.

At this moment she was lingering over the scene before her. She was wondering with the *naïve* wonder of an awakened mind. She had intended many times of late saying to Richard all the native gratitude she felt; yet somehow she had never been able to say it. The moment of parting had come.

"What are you thinking of, Richard?" she said now.

He started and turned towards her. "I hardly know," he answered. "My thoughts were drifting."

"Richard," she said, abruptly, "I want to thank you."

"Thank me for what, Lali?" he questioned.

"To thank you, Richard, for everything,—since I came, over three years ago."

He broke out into a soft little laugh, then, with his old good-natured manner, caught her hand as he did the first night she came to

Greyhope, patted it in a fatherly fashion, and said, "It is the wrong way about, Lali: I ought to be thanking you, not you me. Why, look, what a stupid old fogy I was then, toddling about the place with too much time on my hands, reading a lot and forgetting everything; and here you came in, gave me something to do, made the little I know of any use, and ran a pretty gold wire down the rusty fiddle of life. If there are any speeches of gratitude to be made, they are mine, they are mine."

"Richard," she said, very quietly and gravely, "I owe you more than I can ever say—in English. You have taught me to speak in your tongue enough for all the usual things of life, but one can only speak from the depths of one's heart in one's native tongue. And see," she added, with a painful little smile, "how strange it would sound if I were to tell you all I thought in the language of my people, —of my people, whom I shall never see again. Richard, can you understand what it must be to have a father whom one is never likely to see again?—whom if one did see again, something painful would happen? We grow away from people against our will; we feel the same towards them, but they cannot feel the same towards us; for their world is in another hemisphere. We want to love them, and we love, remember, and are glad to meet them again, but they feel that we are unfamiliar, and, because we have grown different outwardly, they seem to miss some chord that used to ring. Richard, I—I——" She paused.

"Yes, Lali," he assented, "yes, I understand you so far; but speak out."

"I am not happy," she said. "I never shall be happy. I have my child, and that is all I have. I cannot go back to the life in which I was born: I must go on as I am, a stranger among a strange people, pitied, suffered, cared for a little,—and that is all."

The nurse had drawn away a little distance with the child. The rest of the family were making their preparations inside the house. There was no one near to watch the singular little drama.

"You should not say that," he added: "we all feel you to be one of us."

"But all your world does not feel me to be one of them," she rejoined.

"We shall see about that, when you go up to town. You are a bit morbid, Lali. I don't wonder at your feeling a little shy; but then you will simply carry things before you,—now you take my word for it! For I know London pretty well."

She held out her ungloved hands. "Do they compare with the white hands of the ladies you know?" she said.

"They are about the finest hands I have ever seen," he replied: "You can't see yourself, sister of mine."

"I do not care very much to see myself," she said. "If I had not a maid I expect I should look very shiftless, for I don't care to look in a mirror. My only mirror used to be a stream of water in summer," she added, "and a corner of a looking-glass got from the Hudson's Bay fort in the winter."

"Well, you are missing a lot of enjoyment," he said, "if you do not use your mirror much. The rest of us can appreciate what you would see there."

She reached out and touched his arm. "Do you like to look at me?" she questioned, with a strange simple candor. For the first time in many a year, Richard Armour blushed like a girl fresh from school. The question had come so suddenly, it had gone so quickly into a sensitive corner of his nature, that he lost command of himself for the instant, yet had little idea why the command was lost. He touched the fingers on his arm affectionately.

"Like to look at you?—like to look at you? Why, of course we all like to look at you. You are very fine and handsome—and interesting."

"Richard," she said, drawing her hands away, "is that why you like to look at me?"

He had recovered himself. He laughed in his old hearty way, and said, "Yes, yes: why, of course! Come, let us go and see the boy," he added, taking her arm and hurrying her down the steps. "Come and let us see Richard Joseph, the pride of all the Armours."

She moved beside him in a kind of dream. She had learned much since she came to Greyhope, but yet she could not at that moment have told exactly why she asked Richard the question that had confused him, nor did she know quite what lay behind the question. But every problem which has life works itself out to its appointed end, if fumbling human fingers do not meddle with it. Half the miseries of this world are caused by forcing issues, in every problem of the affections, the emotions, and the soul. There is a law working with which there should be no tampering, lest in foolish interruption come only confusion and disaster. Against every such question there should be written the one word, Wait.

Richard Armour stooped over the child. "A beauty," he said, "a perfect little gentleman. Like Richard Joseph Armour there is none," he added.

"Whom do you think he looks like, Richard?" she asked. This was a question she had never asked before since the child was born. Whom the child looked like every one knew; but within the past year and a half Francis Armour's name had seldom been mentioned, and never in connection with the child. The child's mother asked the question with a strange quietness. Richard answered it without hesitation.

"The child looks like Frank," he said. "As like him as can be."

"I am glad," she said, "for all your sakes."

"You are very deep this morning, Lali," Richard said, with a kind of helplessness. "Frank will be pretty proud of the youngster when he comes back. But he won't be prouder of him than I am."

"I know that," she said. "Won't you be lonely without the boy —and me, Richard?"

Again the question went home. "Lonely? I should think I would," he said. "I should think I would. But then, you see, school is over, and the master stays behind and makes up the marks.

You will find London a jollier master than I am, Lali. There'll be lots of shows, and plenty to do, and smart frocks, and no end of feeds and frolics; and that is more amusing than studying three hours a day with a dry old stick like Dick Armour. I tell you what, when Frank comes——"

She interrupted him. "Do not speak of that," she said. Then, with a sudden burst of feeling, though her words were scarcely audible, "I owe you everything, Richard,—everything that is good. I owe him nothing, Richard,—nothing but what is bitter."

"Hush, hush," he said; "you must not speak that way. Lali, I want to say to you——"

At that moment General Armour, Mrs. Armour, and Marion appeared on the door-step, and the carriage came wheeling up the drive. What Richard intended to say was left unsaid. The chances were it never would be said.

"Well, well," said General Armour, calling down at them, "escort his imperial highness to the chariot which awaits him, and then ho! for London town. Come along, my daughter," he said to Lali, "come up here and take the last whiff of Greyhope that you will have for six months. Dear, dear, what lunatics we all are, to be sure! Why, we're as happy as little birds in their nests out in the decent country, and yet we scamper off to a smoky old city by the Thames to rush along with the world, instead of sitting high and far away from it and watching it go by. God bless my soul, I'm old enough to know better. Well, let me help you in, my dear,"—he added to his wife,—"and in you go, Marion, and in you go, your imperial highness,"—he passed the child awkwardly in to Marion,—"and in you go, my daughter," he added, as he handed Lali in, pressing her hand with a brusque fatherliness as he did so. He then got in after them.

Richard came to the side of the carriage and bade them all good-by one by one. Lali gave him her hand, but did not speak a word. He called a cheerful adieu, the horses were whipped up, and in a moment Richard was left alone on the steps of the house. He stood for a time looking, then he turned to go into the house, but changed his mind, sat down, lit a cigar, and did not move from his seat until he was summoned to his lonely luncheon.

Nobody thought much of leaving Richard behind at Greyhope. It seemed the natural thing to do. But still he had not been left alone —entirely alone—for three years or more.

The days and weeks went on. If Richard had been accounted eccentric before, there was far greater cause for the term now. Life dragged. Too much had been taken out of his life all at once; for, in the first place, the family had been drawn together more during the trouble which Lali's advent had brought; then the child and its mother, his pupil, were gone also. He wandered about in a kind of vague unrest. The hardest thing in this world to get used to is the absence of a familiar footstep and the cheerful greeting of a familiar eye. And the man with no chick or child feels even the absence of his dog from the hearth-rug when he returns from a journey or his day's work. It gives him a sense of strangeness and loss. But when it is the voice

of a woman and the hand of a child that is missed, you can back no speculation upon that man's mood or mind or conduct. There is no influence like the influence of habit, and that is how, when the minds of people are at one, physical distances and differences, no matter how great, are invisible, or at least not obvious.

Richard Armour was a sensible man; but when one morning he suddenly packed a portmanteau and went up to town to Cavendish Square, the act might be considered from two sides of the equation. If he came back to enter again into the social life which for so many years he had abjured, it was not very sensible, because the world never welcomes its deserters: it might if men and women grew younger instead of older. If he came to see his family, or because he hungered for his god-child, or because—but we are hurrying the situation. It were wiser not to state the problem yet. The afternoon that he arrived at Cavendish Square all his family were out except his brother's wife. Lali was in the drawing-room, receiving a visitor who had asked for Mrs. Armour and Mrs. Francis Armour. The visitor was received by Mrs. Francis Armour. The visitor knew that Mrs. Armour was not at home. She had by chance seen her and Marion in Bond Street, and was not seen by them. She straightway got into her carriage and drove up to Cavendish Square, hoping to find Mrs. Francis Armour at home. There had been house-parties at Greyhope since Lali had come there to live, but this visitor, though once an intimate friend of the family, had never been a guest.

The visitor was Lady Haldwell, once Miss Julia Sherwood, who had made possible what was called Francis Armour's tragedy. Since Lali had come to town Lady Haldwell had seen her, but had never met her. She was not at heart wicked, but there are few women who can resist an opportunity of anatomizing and reckoning up the merits and demerits of a woman who has married an old lover. When that woman is in the position of Mrs. Francis Armour, the situation has an unusual piquancy and interest. Hence Lady Haldwell's journey of inquisition to Cavendish Square.

As Richard passed the drawing-room door to ascend the stairs, he recognized the voices.

Once a sort of heathen as Mrs. Francis Armour had been, she still could grasp the situation with considerable clearness. There is nothing keener than one woman's instinct regarding another woman, where a man is concerned. Mrs. Francis Armour received Lady Haldwell with a quiet stateliness which, if it did not astonish her, gave her sufficient warning that matters were not, in this little comedy, to be all her own way.

Thrown upon the mere resources of wit and language, Mrs. Francis Armour must have been at a disadvantage. For Lady Haldwell had a good gift of speech, a pretty talent for epithet, and no unnecessary tenderness. She bore Lali no malice. She was too decorous and high for that. In her mind the wife of the man she had discarded was a mere commonplace catastrophe, to be viewed without horror, maybe with pity. She had heard the alien spoken well of by some people; others had seemed indignant that the Armours should try to push "a

red woman" into English society. Truth is, the Armours did not try at all to push her. For over three years they had let society talk. They had not entertained largely in Cavendish Square since Lali came, and those invited to Greyhope had a chance to refuse the invitations if they chose. Most people did not choose to decline them. But Lady Haldwell was not of that number. She had never been invited. But now in town, when entertainment must be more general, she and the Armours were prepared for social interchange.

Behind Lady Haldwell's visits curiosity chiefly ran. She was in a way sorry for Frank Armour, for she had been fond of him, after a fashion, always fonder of him than of Lord Haldwell. She had married with her fingers holding the scales of advantage; and Lord Haldwell dressed well, was immensely rich, and the title had a charm.

When Mrs. Francis Armour met her with her strange, impressive dignity, she was the slightest bit confused, but not outwardly. She had not expected it. At first Lali did not know who her visitor was. She had not caught the name distinctly from the servant.

Presently Lady Haldwell said, as Lali gave her hand, "I am Lady Haldwell. As Miss Sherwood I was an old friend of your husband."

A scornful glitter came into Mrs. Armour's eyes,—a peculiar touch as of burnished gold, an effect of the light at a certain angle of the lens. It gave for the instant an uncanny look to the face, almost something malicious. She guessed why this woman had come. She knew the whole history of the past, and it touched her in a tender corner. She knew she was had at an advantage. Before her was a woman perfectly trained in the fine social life to which she was born, whose equanimity was as regular as her features. Herself was by nature a creature of impulse, of the woods and streams and open life. The social convention had been engrafted. As yet she was used to thinking and speaking with all candor. She was to have her training in the charms of superficiality, but that was to come; and when it came she would not be an unskilful apprentice. Perhaps the latent subtlety of her race came to help her natural candor at the moment. For she said at once, in a slow, quiet tone,—

"I never heard my husband speak of you. Will you sit down?"

"And Mrs. Armour and Marion are not in?—No, I suppose your husband did not speak much of his old friends."

The attack was studied and cruel. But Lady Haldwell had been stung by Mrs. Armour's remark, and it piqued her that this was possible.

"Oh, yes, he spoke of some of his friends, but not of you."

"Indeed! That is strange."

"There was no necessity," said Mrs. Armour, quietly.

"Of discussing me? I suppose not. But by some chance——"

"It was just as well, perhaps, not to anticipate the pleasure of our meeting."

Lady Haldwell was surprised. She had not expected this cleverness. They talked casually for a little time, the visitor trying in vain to delicately give the conversation a personal turn. At last, a little foolishly, she grew bolder, with a needless selfishness.

"So old a friend of your husband as I am, I am hopeful you and I may be friends also."

Mrs. Armour saw the move. "You are very kind," she said, conventionally, and offered a cup of tea.

Lady Haldwell now ventured unwisely. She was nettled at the other's self-possession. "But, then, in a way I have been your friend for a long time, Mrs. Armour."

The point was veiled in a vague tone, but Mrs. Armour understood. Her reply was not wanting.

"Any one who has been a friend to my husband has, naturally, claims upon me."

Lady Haldwell, in spite of herself, chafed. There was a subtlety in the woman before her, not to be reckoned with lightly.

"And if an enemy?" she said, smiling.

A strange smile also flickered across Mrs. Armour's face, as she said, "If an enemy of my husband called, and was penitent, I should —offer her tea, no doubt."

"That is, in this country; but in your own country, which, I believe, is different, what would you do?"

Mrs. Armour looked steadily and coldly into her visitor's eyes. "In my country enemies do not compel us to be polite."

"By calling on you?" Lady Haldwell was growing a little reckless. "But then that is a savage country. We are different here. I suppose, however, your husband told you of these things, so that you were not surprised. And when does he come? His stay is protracted. Let me see, how long is it? Ah, yes, near four years." Here she became altogether reckless, which she regretted afterwards, for she knew, after all, what was due herself. "He *will* come back, I suppose."

Lady Haldwell was no coward, else she had hesitated before speaking in that way before this woman, in whose blood was the wildness of the heroical north. Perhaps she guessed the passion in Lali's breast, perhaps not. In any case she would have said what she listed at the moment.

Wild as were the passions in Lali's breast, she thought on the instant of her child, of what Richard Armour would say; for he had often talked to her about not showing her emotions and passions, had told her that violence of all kinds was not wise or proper. Her fingers ached to grasp this beautiful, exasperating woman by the throat. But after an effort at calmness she remained still and silent, looking at her visitor with a scornful dignity. Lady Haldwell presently rose,—she could not endure the furnace of that look,—and said good-by. She turned towards the door. Mrs. Armour remained immovable. At that instant, however, some one stepped from behind a large screen just inside the door. It was Richard Armour. He was pale, and on his face was a sternness the like of which this and perhaps only one other woman had ever seen on him. He interrupted her.

"Lady Haldwell has a fine talent for irony," he said, "but she does not always use it wisely. In a man it would bear another name, and from a man it would be differently received." He came close to her. "You are a brave woman," he said, "or you would have been

more careful. Of course you knew that my mother and sister were not at home."

She smiled languidly. "And why 'of course'?"

"I do not know that; only I know that I think so; and I also think that my brother Frank's worst misfortune did not occur when Miss Julia Sherwood trafficked without compunction in his happiness."

"Don't be oracular, my dear Richard Armour," she said; "you are trying, really. This seems almost melodramatic; and melodrama is bad enough in Drury Lane."

"You are not a good friend even to yourself," he answered.

"What a discoverer you are! And how much in earnest! Do come back to the world, Mr. Armour: you would be a relief, a new sensation."

"I fancy I shall come back, if only to see the 'engineer hoist with his own'—torpedo."

He paused before the last word to give it point, for her husband's father had made his money out of torpedoes. She felt the sting in spite of her, and she saw the point.

"And then we will talk it over at the end of the season," he added, "and compare notes. Good-afternoon."

"You stake much on your hazard," she said, glancing back at Lali, who still stood immovable. "*Au revoir!*"

She left the room. Richard heard the door close after her and the servant retire. Then he turned to Lali.

As he did so, she ran forward to him with a cry. "Oh, Richard, Richard!" she said, with a sob, threw her arms over his shoulder, and let her forehead drop on his breast. Then came a sudden impulse in his blood. Long after he shuddered when he remembered what he thought at that instant; what he wished to do; what rich madness possessed him. He knew now why he had come to town; he also knew why he must not stay, or, if staying, what must be his course.

He took her gently by the arm and led her to a chair, speaking cheerily to her. Then he sat down beside her, and all at once again, her face wet and burning, she flung herself forward on her knees beside him, and clung to him.

"Oh, Richard, I am glad you have come," she said. "I would have killed her if I had not thought of you. I want you to stay; I am always better when you are with me. I have missed you, and I know that baby misses you too."

He had his cue. He rose, trembling a little. "Come, come," he said heartily, "it's all right, it's all right—my sister. Let us go and see the youngster. There, dry your eyes, and forget all about that woman. She is only envious of you. Come, for his imperial highness!"

She was in a tumult of feeling. It was seldom that she had shown emotion in the past two years, and it was the more ample when it did break forth. But she dried her eyes, and together they went to the nursery. She dismissed the nurse, and they were left alone by the sleeping child. She knelt at the head of the little cot and touched the child's forehead with her lips. He stooped down also beside it.

"He's a grand little fellow," he said. "Lali," he continued,

presently, "it is time Frank came home. I am going to write for him. If he does not come at once, I shall go and fetch him."

"Never! never!" Her eyes flashed angrily. "Promise that you will not. Let him come when he is ready. He does not care." She shuddered a little.

"But he will care when he comes, and you—you care for him, Lali."

Again she shuddered, and a whiteness ran under the hot excitement of her cheeks. She said nothing, but looked up at him, then dropped her face in her hands.

"You do care for him, Lali," he said, earnestly, almost solemnly, his lips twitching slightly. "You must care for him; it is his right: and he will—I swear to you I know he will—care for you."

In his own mind there was another thought, a hard, strange thought; and it had to do with the possibility of his brother not caring for this wife.

Still she did not speak.

"To a good woman, with a good husband," he continued, "there is no one—there should be no one—like the father of her child. And no woman ever loved her child more than you do yours." He knew that this was special pleading.

She trembled, and then dropped her cheek beside the child's. "I want Frank to be happy," he went on: "there is no one I care more for than for Frank."

She lifted her face to him now, in it a strange light. Then her look ran to confusion, and she seemed to read all that he meant to convey. He knew she did. He touched her shoulder.

"You must do the best you can everyway, for Frank's sake, for all our sakes. I will help you—God knows I will—all I can."

"Oh, yes, yes," she said, from the child's pillow. He could see the flame in her cheek. "I understand." She put out her hand to him, but did not look up. "Leave me alone with my baby, Richard," she pleaded.

He took her hand and pressed it again and again in his old, unconscious way. Then he let it go, and went slowly to the door. There he turned and looked back at her. He mastered the hot thought in him.

"God help me!" she murmured from the cot.

The next morning Richard went back to Greyhope.

CHAPTER VII.

A COURT-MARTIAL.

It was hard to tell, save for a certain deliberateness of speech and a color a little more pronounced than that of a Spanish woman, that Mrs. Frank Armour had not been brought up in England. She had a kind of grave sweetness and distant charm which made her notable at any table or in any ball-room. Indeed, it soon became apparent

that she was to be the pleasant talk, the interest of the season. This was tolerably comforting to the Armours. Again Richard's prophecy had been fulfilled, and as he sat alone at Greyhope and read the *Morning Post*, noticing Lali's name at distinguished gatherings, or, picking up the *World*, saw how the lion-hunters talked extravagantly of her, he took some satisfaction to himself that he had foreseen her triumph where others looked for her downfall. Lali herself was not elated: it gratified her, but she had been an angel, and a very unsatisfactory one, if it had not done so. As her confidence grew (though outwardly she had never appeared to lack it greatly), she did not hesitate to speak of herself as an Indian, her country as a good country, and her people as a noble if dispossessed race; all the more so if she thought reference to her nationality and past was being rather conspicuously avoided. She had asked General Armour for an interview with her husband's solicitor. This was granted. When she met the solicitor, she asked him to send no newspaper to her husband containing any reference to herself, nor yet to mention her in his letters.

She had never directly received a line from him but once, and that was after she had come to know the truth about his marriage with her. She could read in the conventional sentences, made simple as for a child, the strained politeness, and his absolute silence as to whether or not a child had been born to them, the utter absence of affection for her. She had also induced General Armour and his wife to give her husband's solicitor no information regarding the birth of the child. There was thus apparently no more inducement for him to hurry back to England than there was when he had sent her off on his mission of retaliation, which had been such an ignominious failure. For the humiliation of his family had been short-lived, the affront to Lady Haldwell nothing at all. The Armours had not been human if they had failed to enjoy their daughter-in-law's success. Although they never, perhaps, would quite recover the disappointment concerning Lady Agnes Martling, the result was so much better than they in their cheerfullest moments dared hope for, that they appeared genuinely content.

To their grandchild they were devotedly attached. Marion was his faithful slave and admirer, so much so that Captain Vidall, who now and then was permitted to see the child, declared himself jealous: he and Marion were to be married soon. The wedding had been delayed owing to his enforced absence abroad. Mrs. Edward Lambert, once Mrs. Townley, shyly regretted in Lali's presence that the child, or one as sweet, was not hers. Her husband evidently shared her opinion, from the extraordinary notice he took of it when his wife was not present. Not that Richard Joseph Armour, Jr., was always *en évidence*, but when asked for by his faithful friends and admirers he was amiably produced.

Meanwhile, Frank Armour across the sea was engaged with many things. His business concerns had not prospered prodigiously, chiefly because his judgment, as his temper, had grown somewhat uncertain. His popularity in the Hudson's Bay country had been at some tension since he had shipped his wife away to England. Even the ordinary

savage mind saw something unusual and undomestic in it, and the general hospitality declined a little. Armour did not immediately guess the cause; but one day, about a year after his wife had gone, he found occasion to reprove a half-breed, by name Jacques Pontiac; and Jacques, with more honesty than politeness, said some hard words, and asked how much he paid for his English hired devils to kill his wife. Strange to say, he did not resent this startling remark. It set him thinking. He began to blame himself for not having written oftener to his people—and to his wife. He wondered how far his revenge had succeeded. He was most ashamed of it now. He knew that he had done a dishonorable thing. The more he thought upon it the more angry with himself he became. Yet he dreaded to go back to England and face it all: the reproach of his people; the amusement of society; his wife herself. He never attempted to picture her as a civilized being. He scarcely knew her when he married her. She knew him much better, for primitive people are quicker in the play of their passions, and she had come to love him before he had begun to notice her at all.

Presently he ate his heart out with mortification. To be yoked forever to—a savage! It was horrible! And their children? It was strange he had not thought of that before. Children?—He shrugged his shoulders. There might possibly be a child, but children—never! But he doubted even regarding a child, for no word had come to him concerning that possibility. He was even most puzzled at the tone and substance of their letters. From the beginning there had been no reproaches, no excitement, no railing, but studied kindness and conventional statements, through which Mrs. Armour's solicitous affection scarcely ever peeped. He had shot his bolt, and got—consideration, almost imperturbability. They appeared to treat the matter as though he were a wild youth who would yet mend his ways. He read over their infrequent letters to him; his to them had been still more infrequent. In one there was the statement that "she was progressing favorably with her English;" in another, that "she was riding a good deal;" again, that "she appeared anxious to adapt herself to her new life."

At all these he whistled a little to himself, and smiled bitterly. Then, all at once, he got up and straightway burned them all. He again tried to put the matter behind him for the present, knowing that he must face it one day, and staving off its reality as long as possible. He did his utmost to be philosophical and say his *quid refert*, but it was easier tried than done; for Jacques Pontiac's words kept rankling in his mind, and he found himself carrying round a vague load which made him abstracted occasionally, and often a little reckless in action and speech. In hunting bear and moose he had proved himself more daring than the oldest hunter, and proportionately successful. He paid his servants well, but was sharp with them. He made long hard expeditions, defying the weather as the hardiest of prairie and mountain men mostly hesitate to defy it; he bought up much land, then, dissatisfied, sold it again at a loss, but subsequently made final arrangements for establishing a very large farm. When he once became actually interested in this he shook off something of his

moodiness and settled himself to develop the thing. He had good talent for initiative and administration, and at last, in the time when his wife was a feature of the London season, he found his scheme in working order, and the necessity of going to England was forced upon him.

Actually he wished that the absolute necessity had presented itself before. There was always the moral necessity, of course—but then! Here now was a business need; and he must go. Yet he did not fix a day or make definite arrangements. He could hardly have believed himself such a coward. With liberal emphasis he called himself a sneak, and one day at Fort Charles sat down to write to his solicitor in Montreal to say that he would come on at once. Still he hesitated. As he sat there thinking, Eye-of-the-Moon, his father-in-law, opened the door quietly and entered. He had avoided the chief ever since he had come back to Fort Charles, and practically had not spoken to him for a year. Armour flushed slightly with annoyance. But presently with a touch of his old humor he rose, held out his hand, and said, ironically, "Well, father-in-law, it's about time we had a big talk, isn't it? We are not very intimate for such close relatives."

The old Indian did not fully understand the meaning or the tone of Armour's speech, but he said, "*How!*" and, reaching out his hand for the pipe offered him, lighted it, and sat down, smoking in silence. Armour waited; but, seeing that the other was not yet moved to talk, he turned to his letter again. After a time, Eye-of-the-Moon said, gravely, getting to his feet, "Brother!"

Armour looked up, then rose also. The Indian bowed to him courteously, then sat down again. Armour threw a leg over the corner of the table and waited.

"Brother," said the Indian, presently, "you are of the great race that conquers us. You come and take our land and our game, and we at last have to beg of you for food and shelter. Then you take our daughters, and we know not where they go. They are gone like the down from the thistle. We see them not, but you remain. And men say evil things. There are bad words abroad. Brother, what have you done with my daughter?"

Had the Indian come and stormed, begged money of him, sponged on him, or abused him, he had taken it very calmly,—he, in fact, had been superior. But there was dignity in the chief's manner; there was solemnity in his speech; his voice conveyed resoluteness and earnestness, which the stoic calm of his face might not have suggested; and Armour felt that he had no advantage at all. Besides, Armour had a conscience, though he had played some rare tricks with it of late, and it needed more hardihood than he possessed to face this old man down. And why face him down? Lali was his daughter, blood of his blood, the chieftainess of one branch of his people, honored at least among these poor savages, and the old man had a right to ask, as asked another more famous, "Where is my daughter?"

His hands in his pockets, Armour sat silent for a minute, eying his boot, as he swung his leg to and fro. Presently he said, "Eye-of-the-Moon, I don't think I can talk as poetically as you, even in my own

language, and I shall not try. But I should like to ask you this: Do you believe any harm has come to your daughter—to my wife?"

The old Indian forgot to blow the tobacco-smoke from his mouth, and, as he sat debating, lips slightly apart, it came leaking out in little trailing clouds and gave a strange appearance to his iron-featured face. He looked steadily at Armour, and said, "You are of those who rule in your land,"—here Armour protested,—"you have much gold to buy and sell. I am a chief,"—he drew himself up,—"I am poor: we speak with the straight tongue; it is cowards who lie. Speak deep as from the heart, my brother, and tell me where my daughter is."

Armour could not but respect the chief for the way this request was put, but still it galled him to think that he was under suspicion of having done any bodily injury to his wife, so he quietly persisted: "Do you think I have done Lali any harm?"

"The thing is strange," replied the other. "You are of those who are great among your people. You married a daughter of a red man. Then she was yours for less than one moon, and you sent her far away, and you stayed. Her father was as a dog in your sight. Do men whose hearts are clear act so? They have said strange things of you. I have not believed; but it is good I know all, that I may say to the tale-bearers, You have crooked tongues."

Armour sat for a moment longer, his face turned to the open window. He was perfectly still, but he had become grave. He was about to reply to the chief, when the trader entered the room hurriedly with a newspaper in his hand. He paused abruptly when he saw Eye-of-the-Moon. Armour felt that the trader had something important to communicate. He guessed it was in the paper. He mutely held out his hand for it. The trader handed it to him hesitatingly, at the same time pointing to a paragraph, and saying, "It is nearly two years old, as you see. I chanced upon it by accident to-day."

It was a copy of a London evening paper, containing a somewhat sensational account of Lali's accident. It said that she was in a critical condition. This time Armour did not ask for brandy, but the trader put it out beside him. He shook his head. "Gordon," he said presently, "I shall leave here in the morning. Please send my men to me."

The trader whispered to him: "She was all right, of course, long ago, Mr. Armour, or you would have heard."

Armour looked at the date of the paper. He had several letters from England of a later date, and these said nothing of her illness. It bewildered him, made him uneasy. Perhaps the first real sense of his duty as a husband came home to him there. For the first time, he was anxious about the woman for her own sake. The trader had left the room.

"What a scoundrel I've been!" said Armour between his teeth, oblivious, for the moment, of Eye-of-the-Moon's presence. Presently, bethinking himself, he turned to the Indian. "I've been debating," he said. "Eye-of-the-Moon, my wife is in England, at my father's home. I am going to her. Men have lied in thinking I would do her any injury; but, but—never mind, the harm was of another kind. It

isn't wise for a white man and an Indian to marry, but when they are married—well, they must live as man and wife should live, and, as I said, I am going to my wife—your daughter."

To say all this to a common Indian, whose only property was a half-dozen ponies and a couple of tepees, required something very like moral courage; but then Armour had not been exercising moral courage during the last year or so, and its exercise was profitable to him. The next morning he was on his way to Montreal, and Eye-of-the-Moon was the richest chief in British North America, at that moment, by five thousand dollars or so.

CHAPTER VIII.

TO EVERY MAN HIS HOUR.

It was the close of the season: many people had left town, but festivities were still on. To a stranger the season might have seemed at its height. The Armours were giving a large party in Cavendish Square before going back again to Greyhope, where, for the sake of Lali and her child, they intended to remain during the rest of the summer, in preference to going on the Continent or to Scotland. The only unsatisfactory feature of Lali's season was the absence of her husband. Naturally there were those who said strange things regarding Frank Armour's stay in America; but it was pretty generally known that he was engaged in land-speculations, and his club friends, who perhaps took the pleasantest view of the matter, said that he was very wise indeed, if a little cowardly, in staying abroad until his wife was educated and ready to take her position in society. There was one thing on which they were all agreed: Mrs. Frank Armour either had a mind superior to the charms of their sex, or was incapable of that vanity which hath many suitors, and says, "So far shalt thou go, and——" The fact is, Mrs. Frank Armour's mind was superior. She had only one object,—to triumph over her husband grandly, as a woman righteously might. She had vanity, of course, but it was not ignoble. She kept one thing in view; she lived for it. Her translation had been successful. There were times when she remembered her father, the wild days on the prairies, the buffalo-hunt, tracking the deer, tribal battles, the long silent hours of the winter, and the warm summer nights when she slept in the prairie grass or camped with her people in the trough of a great land-wave. Sometimes the hunger for its freedom, and its idleness, and its sport, came to her greatly; but she thought of her child, and she put it from her. She was ambitious for him; she was keen to prove her worth as a wife against her husband's unworthiness. This perhaps saved her. She might have lost had her life been without this motive.

The very morning of this notable reception, General Armour had received a note from Frank Armour's solicitor, saying that his son was likely to arrive in London from America that day or the next. Frank had written to his people no word of his coming; to his wife, as we

have said, he had not written for months; and before he started back he would not write, because he wished to make what amends he could in person. He expected to find her improved, of course, but still he could only think of her as an Indian, showing her common prairie origin. His knowledge of her before their marriage had been particularly brief; she was little more in his eyes than a thousand other Indian women, save that she was better-looking, was whiter than most, and had finer features. He could not very clearly remember the tones of her voice, because after marriage, and before he had sent her to England, he had seen little or nothing of her.

When General Armour received the news of Frank's return, he told his wife and Marion, and they consulted together whether it were good to let Lali know at once. He might arrive that evening. If so, the position would be awkward, because it was impossible to tell how it might affect her. If they did tell her, and Frank happened not to arrive, it might unnerve her so as to make her appearance in the evening doubtful. Richard, the wiseacre, the inexhaustible Richard, was caring for his cottagers and cutting the leaves of new books—his chiefest pleasure—at Greyhope. They felt it was a matter they ought to be able to decide for themselves, but still it was the last evening of Lali's stay in town, and they did not care to take any risk. Strange to say, they had come to take pride in their son's wife; for even General and Mrs. Armour, high-minded and of serene social status as they were, seemed not quite insensible to the pleasure of being an axle on which a system of social notoriety revolved.

At the opportune moment Captain Vidall was announced, and, because he and Marion were soon to carry but one name between them, he was called into family consultation. It is somewhat singular that in this case the women were quite wrong and the men were quite right. For General Armour and Captain Vidall were for silence until Frank came, if he came that day, or for telling her the following morning, when the function was over. And the men prevailed.

Marion was much excited all day; she had given orders that Frank's room should be made ready, but for whom, she gave no information. While Lali was dressing for the evening, something excited and nervous she entered her room. They were now the best of friends. The years had seen many shifting scenes in their companionship; they had been as often at war as at peace; but they had respected each other, each after her own fashion; and now they had a real and mutual regard. Lali's was a slim, lithe figure, wearing its fashionable robes with an air of possession, and the face above it, if not entirely beautiful, had a strange warm fascination. The girl had not been a chieftainess for nothing. A look of quiet command was there, but also a far-away expression which gave a faint look of sadness even when a smile was at the lips. The smile itself did not come quickly; it grew; but above it all was hair of perfect brown,—most rare,—setting off her face as a plume does a helmet. She showed no surprise when Marion entered. She welcomed her with a smile and outstretched hand, but said nothing.

"Lali," said Marion, somewhat abruptly,—she scarcely knew why she said it,—"are you happy?"

It was strange how the Indian girl had taken on those little manners of society which convey so much by inflection. She lifted her eyebrows at Marion, and said presently, in a soft, deliberate voice, "Come, Marion, we will go and see little Richard; then I shall be happy."

She linked her arm through Marion's. Marion drummed her fingers lightly on the beautiful arm, and then fell to wondering what she should say next. They passed into the room where the child lay sleeping; they went to his little bed, and Lali stretched out her hand gently, touching the curls of the child. Running a finger through one delicately, she said, with a still softer tone than before, "Why should not one be happy?"

Marion looked up slowly into her eyes, let a hand fall on her shoulder gently, and replied, "Lali, do you never wish Frank to come?"

Lali's fingers came from the child, the color mounted slowly to her forehead, and she drew the girl away again into the other room. Then she turned and faced Marion, a deep fire in her eyes, and said, in a whisper almost hoarse in its intensity, "Yes; I wish he would come to-night."

She looked harder yet at Marion; then, with a flash of pride and her hands clasping before her, she drew herself up, and added, "Am I not worthy to be his wife now? Am I not beautiful—for a savage?"

There was no common vanity in the action. It had a noble kind of wistfulness, and a serenity that entirely redeemed it. Marion dated her own happiness from the time when Lali met her accident, for the evening of that disastrous day she issued to Captain Hume Vidall a commission which he could never, wished never to, resign. Since then she had been at her best,—we are all more or less selfish creatures,—and had grown gentler, curbing the delicate imperiousness of her nature, and frankly, and without the least pique, taken a secondary position of interest in the household, occasioned by Lali's popularity. She looked Lali up and down with a glance in which many feelings met, and then, catching her hands warmly, she lifted them, put them on her own shoulders, and said, "My dear beautiful savage, you are fit and worthy to be Queen of England; and Frank, when he comes——"

"Hush!" said the other, dreamily, and put a finger on Marion's lips. "I know what you are going to say, but I do not wish to hear it. He did not love me then. He used me——" She shuddered, put her hands to her eyes with a pained, trembling motion, then threw her head back with a quick sigh. "But I will not speak of it. Come, we are for the dance, Marion. It is the last, to-night. To-morrow——" She paused, looking straight before her, lost in thought.

"Yes, to-morrow, Lali?"

"I do not know about to-morrow," was the reply. "Strange things come to me."

Marion longed to tell her then and there the great news, but she was afraid to do so, and was, moreover, withheld by the remembrance that it had been agreed she should not be told. She said nothing.

At eleven o'clock the rooms were filled. For the fag end of the season, people seemed unusually brilliant. The evening itself was not

so hot as common, and there was an extra array of distinguished guests. Marion was nervous all the evening, though she showed little of it, being most prettily employed in making people pleased with themselves. Mrs. Armour also was not free from apprehension. In reply to inquiries concerning her son she said, as she had often said during the season, that he might be back at any time now. Lali had answered always in the same fashion, and had shown no sign that his continued absence was singular. As the evening wore on, the probability of Frank's appearance seemed less; and the Armours began to breathe more freely.

Frank had, however, arrived. He had driven straight from Euston to Cavendish Square, but, seeing the house lighted up, and guests arriving, he had a sudden feeling of uncertainty. He ordered the cabman to take him to his club. There he put himself in evening dress, and drove back again to the house. He entered quietly. At the moment the hall was almost deserted: people were mostly in the ball-room and supper-room. He paused a moment, biting his moustache as if in perplexity. A strange timidity came on him. All his old dash and self-possession seemed to have forsaken him. Presently, seeing a number of people entering the hall, he made for the staircase, and went hastily up. Mechanically he went to his own room, and found it lighted. Flowers were set about, and everything was made ready as for a guest. He sat down, not thinking, but dazed. Glancing up, he saw his face in a mirror. It was bronzed, but it looked rather old and care-worn. He shrugged a shoulder at that. Then, in the mirror he saw also something else. It startled him so that he sat perfectly still for a moment looking at it. It was some one laughing at him over his shoulder; a child! He got to his feet and turned round. On the table was a very large photograph of a smiling child—with *his* eyes, *his* face. He caught the chair-arm, and stood looking at it a little wildly. Then he laughed a strange laugh, and the tears leaped to his eyes. He caught the picture in his hands, and kissed it,—very foolishly, men not fathers might think,—and read the name beneath: Richard Joseph Armour; and again, beneath that, the date of birth. He then put it back on the table and sat looking at it; looking, and forgetting, and remembering.

Presently the door opened, and some one entered. It was Marion. She had seen him pass through the hall; she had then gone and told her father and mother, to prepare them, and had followed him up-stairs. He did not hear her. She stepped softly forward. "Frank," she said, "Frank,"—and laid a hand on his shoulder. He started up and turned his face on her. Then he caught her hands and kissed her. "Marion!" he said, and he could say no more. But presently he pointed towards the photograph.

She nodded her head. "Yes, it is your child, Frank. Though, of course, you don't deserve it. . . . Frank, dear," she added, "I am glad—we shall all be glad—to have you back; but you are a wicked man." She felt she must say that.

Now he only nodded, and still looked at the portrait. "Where is —my wife?" he added, presently.

"She is in the ball-room." Marion was wondering what was best to do.

He caught his thumb-nail in his teeth. He winced in spite of himself. "I will go to her," he said, "and then, the baby."

"I am glad," she replied, "that you have that much sense of justice left, Frank: the wife first, the baby afterwards. But do you think you deserve either?"

He became moody, and made an impatient gesture. "Lady Agnes Martling is here, and also Lady Haldwell," she persisted, cruelly. She did not mind, because she knew he would have enough to compensate him afterwards.

"Marion," he said, "say it all, and let me have it over. Say what you like, and I'll not whimper. I'll face it. But I want to see my child."

She was sorry for him. She had really wanted to see how much he was capable of feeling in the matter. "Wait here, Frank," she said. "That will be best; and I will bring your wife to you."

He said nothing, but assented with a motion of the hand, and she left him where he was. He braced himself for the interview. Assuredly a man loses something of natural courage and self-confidence when he has done a thing of which he should be, and is, ashamed.

It seemed a long time (it was in reality but a couple of minutes) before the door opened again, and Marion said, "Frank, your wife!" and then retreated.

The door closed, leaving a stately figure standing just inside it. The figure did not move forward, but stood there, full of life and fine excitement, but very still also.

Frank Armour was confounded. He came forward slowly, looking hard. Was this distinguished, handsome, reproachful woman his wife, —Lali, the Indian girl whom he had married in a fit of pique and brandy? He could hardly believe his eyes; and yet *her* eyes looked out at him with something that he remembered too, together with something which he did not remember, making him uneasy. Clearly, his great mistake had turned from ashes into fruit. "Lali, my wife!" he said, and held out his hand.

She reached out hers courteously, but her fingers gave him no response.

"We have many things to say to each other," she said, "but they cannot be said now. I shall be missed from the ball-room."

"Missed from the ball-room!" He almost laughed to think how strange this sounded in his ears. As if interpreting his thought, she added, "You see, it is our last affair of the season, and we are all anxious to do our duty perfectly. Will you go down with me? . . . We can talk afterwards."

Her continued self-possession utterly confused him. She had utterly confused Marion also, when told that her husband was in the house. She had had presentiments, and, besides, she had been schooling herself for this hour for a long time. She turned towards the door.

"But," he asked, like a supplicant, "our child! I want to see our child."

She lifted her eyebrows, then, seeing the photograph of the baby on the table, understood how he knew. "Come with me, then," she said, with a little more feeling.

She led the way through the hall, and paused at her door. "Remember that we have to appear among the guests directly," she said, as though to warn him against any demonstration. Then they entered. She went over to the cot and drew back the fleecy curtain from over the sleeping boy's head. His fingers hungered to take his child to his arms. "He is magnificent! magnificent!" he said, with a great pride. "Why did you never let me know of it?"

"How could I tell what you would do?" she calmly replied. "You married me—wickedly, and used me wickedly afterwards; and I loved the child."

"You loved the child!" he repeated after her. "Lali," he said, "I don't deserve it, but forgive me, if you can—for the child's sake."

"We had better go below," she calmly replied; "we have both duties to do. You will of course—appear with me—before them?"

The slight irony in the tone cut him horribly. He offered his arm in silence. They passed into the hall and to the staircase. "It is necessary," she said, "to appear cheerful before one's guests."

She had him at an advantage at every point. "We will be cheerful, then," was his reply, spoken with a grim kind of humor. "You have learned it all, haven't you?" he added.

They were just entering the ball-room. "Yes, with your kind help—and absence," she replied.

The surprise of the guests was somewhat diminished by the fact that Marion, telling General Armour and his wife first of Frank's return, industriously sent the news buzzing about the room.

The two went straight to Frank's father and mother. Their parts were all excellently played. Then Frank mingled among the guests, being very heartily greeted, and heard congratulations on all sides. Old club friends rallied him as a deserter, and new acquaintances flocked about him; and presently he awakened to the fact that his Indian wife had been an interest of the season, was not the least admired person present. It was altogether too good luck for him; but he had an uncomfortable conviction that he had a long path of penance to walk before he could hope to enjoy it.

All at once he met Lady Haldwell, who, in spite of all, still accepted invitations to General Armour's house—the strange scene between Lali and herself having never been disclosed to the family. He had nothing but bitterness in his heart for her, but he spoke a few smooth words, and she languidly congratulated him on his bronzed appearance. He asked for a dance, but she had not one to give him. As she was leaving, she suddenly turned as though she had forgotten something, and, looking at him, said, "I forgot to congratulate you on your marriage. I hope it is not too late."

He bowed. "Your congratulations are so sincere," he said, "that they would be *à propos* late or early."

When he stood with his wife while the guests were leaving, and

saw with what manner she carried it all off,—as though she had been born in the good land of good breeding,—he was moved alternately with wonder and shame,—shame that he had intended this noble creature as a sacrifice to his ugly temper and spite. When all the guests were gone and the family stood alone in the drawing-room, a silence suddenly fell among them. Presently Marion said to her mother in a half-whisper, "I wish Richard were here."

They all felt the extreme awkwardness of the situation, especially when Lali bade General Armour, Mrs. Armour, and Marion good-night, and then, turning to her husband, said, "Good-night,"—she did not even speak his name. "Perhaps you would care to ride to-morrow morning. I always go to the Park at ten, and this will be my last ride of the season."

Had she written out an elaborate proclamation of her intended attitude towards her husband, it could not have more clearly conveyed her mind than this little speech, delivered as to a most friendly acquaintance. General Armour pulled his moustache fiercely, and, it is possible, enjoyed the situation, despite its peril. Mrs. Armour turned to the mantel and seemed tremulously engaged in arranging some bric-à-brac. Marion, however, with a fine instinct, slid her arm through that of Lali, and gently said, "Yes, of course Frank will be glad of a ride in the Park. He used to ride with me every morning. But let us go, us three, and kiss the baby good-night,—'good-night till we meet in the morning.'" She linked her arm now through Frank's, and as she did so he replied to Lali, "I shall be glad to ride in the morning, but——"

"But we can arrange it at breakfast," said his wife, hurriedly. At the same time she allowed herself to be drawn away to the hall with her husband.

He was very angry, but he knew he had no right to be so. He choked back his wrath, and moved on amiably enough, and suddenly the fashion in which the tables had been turned on him struck him with its tragic comedy, and he involuntarily smiled. His sense of humor saved him from words and acts which might possibly have made the matter a pure tragedy after all. He loosed his arm from Marion's.

"I must bid our father and mother good-night. Then I will join you both,—'in the court of the king.'" And he turned and went back, and said to his father as he kissed his mother, "I am had at an advantage, general."

"And serves you right, my boy. You had the odds with you: she has captured them like a born soldier."

His mother said to him, gently, "Frank, you blamed us, but remember that we wished only your good. Take my advice, dear, and try to love your wife and win her confidence."

"Love her,—*try* to love her!" he said. "I shall easily do that. But the other——?" He shook his head a little, though what he meant perhaps he did not know quite himself, and then followed Marion and Lali up-stairs. Marion had tried to escape from Lali, but was told that she must stay; and the three met at the child's cot. Marion

stooped down and kissed its forehead. Frank stooped also and kissed its cheek. Then the wife kissed the other cheek. The child slept peacefully on.

"You can always see the baby here before breakfast, if you choose," said Lali; and she held out her hand again in good-night. At this point Marion stole away, in spite of Lali's quick little cry of "Wait, Marion!" and the two were left alone again.

"I am very tired," she said. "I would rather not talk to-night." The dismissal was evident. He took her hand, held it an instant, and presently said, "I will not detain you, but I would ask you, Lali, to remember that you are my wife. Nothing can alter that."

"Still we are only strangers, as you know," she quietly rejoined.

"You forget the days we were together,—after we were married," he cautiously urged.

"I am not the same girl: . . . you killed her. . . . We have to start again. . . . I know all."

"You know that in my wretched anger and madness I——"

"Oh, please do not speak of it," she said, "it is so bad even in thought."

"But will you never forgive me, and care for me?—we have to live our lives together."

"Pray let us not speak of it now," she said, in a weary voice; then, breathlessly, "It is of much more consequence that you should love me—and the child."

He drew himself up with a choking sigh, and spread out his arms to her. "Oh, my wife!" he said.

"No, no," she cried, "this is unreasonable; we know so little of each other. . . . Good-night, again."

He turned at the door, came back, and, stooping, kissed the child on the lips. Then he said, "You are right. I deserve to suffer. . . . Good-night."

But when he was gone she dropped on her knees, and kissed the child many times on the lips also.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FAITH OF COMRADES.

WHEN Francis Armour left his wife's room he did not go to his own room, but quietly descended the stairs, went to the library, and sat down. The loneliest thing in the world is to be *tête-à-tête* with one's conscience. A man may have a bad hour with an enemy, a sad hour with a friend, a peaceful hour with himself, but when the little dwarf, conscience, perches upon every hillock of remembrance and makes slow signs—those strange symbols of the language of the soul—to him, no slave upon the treadmill suffers more.

The butler came in to see if anything was required, but Armour only greeted him silently and waved him away. His brain was painfully alert, his memory singularly awake. It seemed that the incident of this hour had so opened up every channel of his intelligence that all

his life ran past him in fantastic panorama, as by that illumination which comes to the drowning man. He seemed under some strange spell. Once or twice he rose, rubbed his eyes, and looked round the room,—the room where as a boy he had spent idle hours, where as a student he had been in the hands of his tutor, and as a young man had found recreations such as belong to ambitious and ardent youth. Every corner was familiar. Nothing was changed. The books upon the shelves were as they were placed twenty years ago. And yet he did not seem a part of it. It did not seem natural to him. He was in an atmosphere of strangeness,—that atmosphere which surrounds a man, as by a cloud, when some crisis comes upon him and his life seems to stand still, whirling upon its narrow base, while the world appears at an interminable distance, even as to a deaf man who sees yet cannot hear.

There came home to him at that moment with a force indescribable the shamelessness of the act he committed four years ago. He had thought to come back to miserable humiliation. For four years he had refused to do his duty as a man towards an innocent woman,—a woman, though in part a savage,—now transformed into a gentle, noble creature of delight and goodness. How had he deserved it? He had sown the storm, it was but just that he should reap the whirlwind; he had scattered thistles, could he expect to gather grapes? He knew that the sympathy of all his father's house was not with him, but with the woman he had wronged. He was glad it was so. Looking back now, it seemed so poor and paltry a thing that he, a man, should stoop to revenge himself upon those who had given him birth, as a kind of insult to the woman who had lightly set him aside, and should use for that purpose a helpless confiding girl. To revenge one's self for wrong to one's self is but a common passion, which has little dignity; to avenge some one whom one has loved, man or woman,—and, before all, woman,—has some touch of nobility, is redeemed by loyalty. For his act there was not one word of defence to be made, and he was not prepared to make it.

The cigars and liquors were beside him, but he did not touch them. He seemed very far away from the ordinary details of his life: he knew he had before him hard travel, and he was not confident of the end. He could not tell how long he sat there. After a time the ticking of the clock seemed painfully loud to him. Now and again he heard a cab rattling through the Square, and the foolish song of some drunken loiterer in the night caused him to start painfully. Everything jarred on him. Once he got up, went to the window, and looked out. The moon was shining full on the Square. He wondered if it would be well for him to go out and find some quiet to his nerves in walking. He did so. Out in the Square he looked up to his wife's window. It was lighted. Long time he walked up and down, his eyes on the window. It held him like a charm. Once he leaned against the iron railings of the garden and looked up, not moving for a time. Presently he saw the curtain of the window raised, and against the dim light of the room was outlined the figure of his wife. He knew it. She stood for a moment looking out into the night. She could not see

him, nor could he see her features at all plainly, but he knew that she, like him, was alone with the catastrophe which his wickedness had sent upon her. Soon the curtain was drawn down again, and then he went once more to the house and took his old seat beside the table. He fell to brooding, and at last, exhausted, dropped to a troubled sleep.

He woke with a start. Some one was in the room. He heard a step behind him. He came to his feet quickly, a wild light in his eyes. He faced his brother Richard.

Late in the afternoon Marion had telegraphed to Richard that Frank was coming. He had been away visiting some poor and sick people, and when he came back to Greyhope it was too late to catch the train. But the horses were harnessed straightway, and he was driven into town,—a three hours' drive. He had left the horses at the stables, and, having a latch-key, had come in quietly. He had seen the light in the study, and guessed who was there. He entered, and saw his brother asleep. He watched him for a moment and studied him. Then he moved away to take off his hat, and, as he did so, stumbled slightly. Then it was Frank waked, and for the first time in five years they looked each other in the eyes. They both stood immovable for a moment, and then Richard caught Frank's hand in both of his and said, "God bless you, my boy! God bless you! I am glad you are back."

"Dick! Dick!" was the reply, and Frank's other hand clutched Richard's shoulder in his strong emotion. They stood silent for a moment longer, and then Richard recovered himself. He waved his hand to the chairs. The strain of the situation was a little painful for them both. Men are shy with each other where their emotions are in play.

"Why, my boy," he said, waving a hand to the wine and liquors, "full bottles and unopened boxes? Tut, tut! here's a pretty how-d'-ye-do. Is this the way you toast the home quarters? You're a fine soldier for an old mess!"

So saying, he poured out some whiskey, then opened the box of cigars and pushed them towards his brother. He did not care particularly to drink or smoke himself, but a man—an Englishman—is a strange creature. He is most natural and at ease when he is engaged in eating and drinking. He relieves every trying situation by some frivolous and selfish occupation, as of dismembering a partridge or mixing a punch.

"Well, Frank," said his brother, "now what have you to say for yourself? Why didn't you come long ago? You have played the adventurer for five years, and what have you to show for it? Have you a fortune?" Frank shook his head, and twisted a shoulder. "What have you done that is worth the doing, then?"

"Nothing that I intended to do, Dick," was the grave reply.

"Yes, I imagined that. You have seen *them*, have you, Frank?" he added, in a softer voice.

Frank blew a great cloud of smoke about his face, and through it he said, "Yes, Dick, I have seen a damned sight more than I deserve to see."

"Oh, of course; I know that, my boy; but, so far as I can see, in another direction you are getting quite what you deserve: your wife and child are up-stairs; you are here."

He paused, was silent for a moment, then leaned over, caught his brother's arm, and said, in a low, strenuous voice, "Frank Armour, you laid a hateful little plot for us. It wasn't manly, but we forgave it and did the best we could. But see here, Frank, take my word for it, you have had a lot of luck: there isn't one woman out of ten thousand that would have stood the test as your wife has stood it: injured at the start, constant neglect, temptation——" he paused. "My boy, did you ever think of that, of the temptation to a woman neglected by her husband? The temptation to men? Yes, you have had a lot of luck. There has been a special providence for you, my boy; but not for your sake. God doesn't love neglectful husbands, but I think He is pretty sorry for neglected wives."

Frank was very still. His head drooped, the cigar hung unheeded in his fingers for a moment, and he said at last, "Dick, old comrade, I've thought it all over to-night since I came back,—everything that you've said. I have not a word of defence to make, but, by heaven! I'm going to win my wife's love if I can, and when I do it I'll make up for all my cursed foolishness—see if I don't."

"That sounds well, Frank," was the quiet reply. "I like to hear you talk that way. You would be very foolish if you did not. What do you think of the child?"

"Can you ask me what I think? He is a splendid little fellow."

"Take care of him, then, take good care of him: you may never have another," was the grim rejoinder.

Frank winced. His brother rose, took his arm, and said, "Let us go to our rooms, Frank. There will be time enough to talk later, and I am not so young as I once was."

Truth to say, Richard Armour was not so young as he seemed a few months before. His shoulders were a little stooped, he was grayer about the temples. The little bit of cynicism which had appeared in that remark about the care of the child showed also in the lines of his mouth; yet his eyes had the same old, true, honest look. But a man cannot be hit in mortal places once or twice in his life without its being etched on his face or dropped like a pinch of aloe from his tongue.

Still they sat and talked much longer, Frank showing better than when his brother came, Richard gone gray and tired. At last Richard rose and motioned towards the window. "See, Frank," he said, "it is morning." Then he went and lifted the blind. The gray, unpurged air oozed on the glass. The light was breaking over the tops of the houses. A crossing-sweeper early to his task, or holding the key of the street, went pottering by, and a policeman glanced up at them as he passed. Richard drew down the curtain again.

"Dick," said Frank, suddenly, "you look old. I wonder if I have changed as much."

Six months before, Frank Armour would have said that his brother looked young!

"Oh, you look young enough, Frank," was the reply. "But I am a good deal older than I was five years ago. . . . Come, let us go to bed."

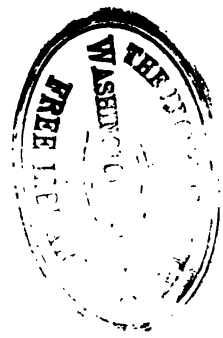
Many weeks afterwards an anxious family stood about the cot of a sick child.

The family doctor had just left the room. Marion, turning to the father and mother, said, "Greyhope will be like itself again now. I will go and tell Richard that the danger is over."

As she turned to do so, Richard opened the door and came in. "I have seen the doctor," he began, in his cheerful tones, "and the little chap is going to pull along now like a house afire." Tapping his brother affectionately on the shoulder, he was about to continue, but he saw what stopped him. He saw the beginning of the end of Frank Armour's tragic comedy. He and Marion left the room as quickly as was possible to him, for, as he said, humorously, "he was slow at a quick march," and a moment after the wife heard without demur her husband's tale of love for her.

Yet, as if to remind him of the wrong he had done, Heaven never granted Frank Armour another child.

THE END.



JOHN F. HUNEKER.

AMATEUR ROWING.

[ATHLETIC SERIES.]

"THEY'RE off!" The hoarse, eager cry goes shrilling over the water, intermingled with screaming steam-whistles, shouts of encouragement, and warnings. You, who are fond of that prince of all aquatic sports, rowing, does not your blood tingle, your heart beat faster, and your breath come a bit short when your memory paints for your imagination the long low hills on either side of the beloved Schuylkill, on a delightful June afternoon, the water like a polished mirror, and four eight-oar shells lying expectantly within earshot of the umpire's boat?

You know what the scene means,—the long, dreary winter nights' training on the "machines," the abstention from the flowing bowl, the stern withdrawal from the pleasures that are called social,—in a word, the almost Spartan-like absorption in his work of the "man" who is "training" for a boat-race. With what pride does he scan the weekly evidences, nay, even the daily records, of his gains against that enemy,

—fat! How he exults at the increase of lung-power, the "staying" qualities of his wind! Then the sharp, forced marches on Sunday, the bathing, the harsh massaging, the hardening of the muscles into veritable whip-cords, the pink skin, the bright clear eyes,—in a word, the healthy man, who emerges from all this severe work, and for whom the real fun begins when the ice has melted.

And then those never-to-be-forgotten "pulls" up the river under a blazing sun, the light repast, and the pitying looks bestowed on the unfortunate outside world who are not in training, and who persist in indulging their abnormal appetites for catfish and waffles at the "Falls." "Waffles!" the epitome of all that is accursed, in the eyes of the man "training."

The young giants are at last ready for the final tug of war. Fond but critical eyes have watched, admonished, and "coached" their every move, until the day, the hour, and the word "go" arrive. Then for eight minutes your true lover of rowing knows what life really is. What a gay, animated, moving spectacle! The upper decks of the steamboats crowded with pretty girls wearing rival colors, the river black with small craft of all sorts, and all focussing their course, their attention, on those four long slim shells well out in mid-stream, their occupants, with swelling chests and arms literally bulging with muscle, pulling for dear life. They near the end,—how they pull!—the desultory cries and shouts have deepened into one dull continuous roar, from which a word, a cry, emerges occasionally. They've crossed the line; the flag's dropped; "Well rowed, boys!" and then the band plays, and everybody is cognizant of a deep abiding thirst. Oh, but it's a fine sport!

It is not the province of the writer to enter into the technical points of rowing, but, with subtle craftiness, he leaves that to such masters of the art as the Cooks, the Godwins, or the Danas: their broad shoulders could better bear the brunt of sharp criticisms sure to be called forth. He, however, will attempt to give a brief résumé of the events of the aquatic world, from the time when English athletes took up rowing, in an amateur sense, down to the present day.

Racing in eight-oar shells was first in vogue at Oxford University; then Cambridge University adopted that style of boat, the latter's first shell being built at Eton and belonging to St. John's College. This boat was launched in 1826, but it was nearly three years later before the Cambridge University Boat Club was formed. A meeting was held in 1828, and a set of rules draughted. The first races were held on the Cam, in the Lenten terms. There were only six boats on the river at that time,—one ten- and one eight-oared boat belonging to Trinity, one eight-oared in possession of St. John's College, and three six-oared, belonging respectively to Jesus, Caius, and Trinity-Westminster.

On February 20, 1829, Mr. Snow, of St. John's College, was authorized to communicate with Mr. Stanniforth, of Christ Church, Oxford, with a view of arranging a University match for the ensuing Easter vacation, "to be rowed at or near London." After much correspondence, a race was arranged and a course selected from Hambledon Lock to Henley Bridge, a distance of two and a quarter miles, to be

rowed June 10, in the evening. Oxford won by between five and six lengths, but there is no correct time recorded, it being placed at from eleven to fourteen minutes by various authorities. There was no effort to get up another race until 1834, when Cambridge was again desirous of rowing, and sent a challenge to Oxford on April 26, but the dark blues declined to compete.

Challenges came from Oxford and Cambridge in 1836, and a conference was held at the Star and Garter Hotel, Putney, on June 16, when it was decided to race the next day, the start to be made at twenty minutes past four in the afternoon. The crews had trained for the event, and this time Cambridge managed to turn the tables on their rivals.

In 1837 the colleges disagreed about the course, Cambridge objecting to Henley and Oxford to the Cam. In the same year Cambridge challenged and defeated the Leander Boat Club of London, the race being over a course from Westminster to Putney, the University winning by seven seconds in thirty minutes and twelve seconds. During the following season there was a match between Queens College and St. John's, Cambridge, at Henley. The crews rowed about two and a half miles against the stream, in twelve minutes and fifteen seconds,—the St. John's crew winning.

Both colleges remained idle until 1839, but Cambridge had improved wonderfully. In their 1836 race they had no idea of bending forward, but in 1839 *Bell's Life*, of London, says that the Cambridge stroke was really terrific,—"one of the severest ever seen." It was as long as the men could stretch forward, and at the same time tremendously swift. The Universities were matched in 1839 for an eight-oared race during the Easter vacation, from Westminster Bridge to Putney, "no fouling to be allowed, and boats to be steered by gentlemen." The Oxford boat, built by Ling, of Oxford, was fifty-two feet long and beautifully constructed, painted white and blue, with the Oxford arms on the rudder. Messrs. Searle, of Wingate, built a new boat for Cambridge. Both boats were finely constructed, and as oak cutters had never been surpassed in lightness. The race was won by Cambridge after a hot struggle.

The Henley regattas were started early in 1839, and the Universities offered their support and assistance. A one-hundred-pound cup for amateurs was presented, the following crews entering: Trinity Boat Club, Cambridge; Brasenose College, Oxford; Etonian Club, Exeter College; University Boat Club, Wadham. An interesting contest took place, the cup being carried off by the Cambridge boat Black Prince.

After the 1836–39 defeats, the Oxonians introduced more method in their rowing, but they again suffered defeat in 1840 by Cambridge. At this time an attempt was made by a member of the Leander and London Scullers' Club to organize a race for a wager of twenty pounds from Westminster to Putney, but the Universities objected to "rowing for lucre." In the same year Leander won the Henley Grand Challenge Cup, defeating the University College of Oxford and Trinity Boat Club, Cambridge.

A change was made in 1841, the Universities having boats built of the same breadth, weight, and model, while the length also corresponded, being fifty-two feet seven inches, the only difference being that the Oxford boat was caravel-built, the edges of the planks being brought together so as to rest upon one another, thus giving a perfectly smooth surface outside, and the Cambridge boat was constructed on the old clinker style, with the planks overlapping. Cambridge again proved victorious, this time by one minute and four seconds.

A cup was offered during the same season at the Henley Regatta for four-oared boats, Oxford winning from Cambridge by over a length. In 1845 Searle built Cambridge an outrigger sixty feet long and two feet ten inches wide. Bell predicted in the spring that the outrigger would be brought into active service in the summer; and his prediction proved true. Oxford's boat was described as of durable construction, very low in the water forward, but rising to every stroke "like a duck."

During the winter of 1867–68 there was some correspondence between the Oxford University Boat Club and the rowing men of Harvard College, the latter being desirous of making a match for the ensuing long vacation, for eight-oared crews, on a straight course three miles long, without a coxswain. The Oxford crew agreed to row the Americans on similar terms to their matches with Cambridge, but declined to row without a coxswain. The race fell through on that account; but in closing the correspondence Harvard challenged Oxford to row a three-mile straight-away race from Norfolk on the Ouse, some time between August 15 and September 1, 1869, each boat to contain eight oarsmen and a coxswain, the exact time and place to be decided upon by the captains of the respective crews.

The race was rowed on Friday, August 17, but the boats contained only four oarsmen and a coxswain. Oxford won by three clear lengths in twenty-two minutes and seventeen seconds, but Sir Aubrey Paul, the judge, said the distance was three-quarters of a length between them at the finish.

Bell's Life, commenting on the race, said, "A more gallant or determined contest—one honorable alike to victors and vanquished, and worthy in every respect of the first meeting between the amateur oarsmen of the Old and New World—it has never been our lot to chronicle, and we imagine that few of those who had the good fortune to witness the struggle from start to finish will readily forget the scene presented yesterday on the Thames from Putney to Mortlake. . . . A more magnificent race for the first two miles it has never been our lot to witness, and we scarcely know to which crew we ought to accord the highest praise,—to the winners, for their splendid exhibition of form, style, and patient endurance, or to the losers, for the indomitable pluck and unwavering resolution they displayed throughout the whole of the trying struggle. Though beaten, the losers have assuredly lost no laurels in this contest: on the contrary, they will feel that their opponents found them foemen worthy of their steel."

The crews and weights were as follows:

OXFORD.

	Stone.	Pounds.
1. F. Willan (Exeter)	11	11
2. A. C. Yarborough (Lincoln)	12	0¼
3. J. C. Trime (University)	13	7
4. S. D. Darbishire (Balliol)	11	5
Coxswain, J. Hall (Corpus)	7	2

Average weight, 12 stone, 2¾ pounds.

HARVARD.

	Stone.	Pounds.
1. J. S. Fay	11	7
2. F. V. Lyman	11	2
3. V. H. Simmonds	12	2
4. A. P. Loring	10	13
Coxswain, A. Burnham	7	6

Average, 11 stone, 6½ pounds.

On July 4, 1878, the Columbia College eight, stroked by Jasper Goodwin, competed at the Henley regatta. In their trial heats they defeated the Dublin University and the University College of Oxford, winning the final heat and the race from the Hertford College, Oxford, for the Visitors' Cup. This was the initial victory of an American amateur crew in English waters.

A few years later both the Shoe-wae-sae-mette crew of Michigan and Cornell College four were defeated over the same course by English crews, and it was not until 1882 that the famous Hillsdale four-oared crew (champions of America) were sent to England under the auspices of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen of America to compete at the several English regattas.

On their arrival in England they were unable to compete at Henley, owing to a great deal of controversy with the rowing authorities in that country, and it was only after winning several minor races that they arranged the match with the Thames Boat Club of London, to take place over the National Course from Putney to Mortlake, a distance of four and three-eighths miles. The Americans at once went into training, and are credited with making a trial in the fastest time ever made over that course in four-oared boats,—viz., nineteen minutes and forty seconds.

In the race the crews got away on even terms, and for some distance were bow to bow. The Hillsdale then forged ahead, and at Hammersmith Bridge they were a length to the good. At this point Mr. Terwilliger, the bow oar of the American boat, unfortunately broke his seat, and the Thames crew, seeing that something was wrong with their opponents, redoubled their energies, and after a terrific race won by two lengths. The Hillsdale crew were unable to make any further matches, and returned home disappointed men.

Rowing has been steadily gaining in popularity in this country since the first American crew visited England, and such was the public interest that in 1876 it was decided to hold an International regatta, the Schuylkill River in Philadelphia being selected as the course. The affair was managed by the Schuylkill Navy, and it was a phenomenal success. Twenty thousand persons lined the banks of the pretty stream

R. H. Pelton. F. D. Standish. Walter Stimpson. John F. Hueneker. F. R. Fortmeyer. Geo. D. Phillips.
Theo. Van Raden. Chas. Catlin. Henry W. Garfield. Oscar P. Schmidt. Harvey K. Hinchman. A. R. Sweet.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF AMATEUR OARSMEN, 1892-93.

to see the races, for which there were twenty-six four-oared crews among the many events. It was made more interesting from the fact that three English crews—London Rowing Club, Trinity College, Cambridge, and the Dublin University—had entered. It was the first time that English crews had competed in these waters, and the American public was anxious to see the outcome.

The famous London Rowing Club won both its trials, beating, among others, on the first day the Northwest Crew of Chicago, and on the second day Yale University. The finals, in which they were beaten by the Beaverwycke Boat Club of Albany, New York, was a race that will never be forgotten by the thousands that were fortunate enough to witness it.

The London crew can thank their captain, Mr. Gullston, for their defeat by the Beaverwyckes. Throughout the race he devoted his attention to the wonderful Watkins crew on his right, crowding them in the eel-grass at the half-mile post, and not watching his more dangerous competitors on his left who were slowly creeping up. The latter's steering was perfect, and their endurance superb. The race was won within one hundred yards of the finish by a terrific spurt of the Albany crew, which landed them winners by three feet.

The other foreign visitors fared still worse, the Dublin men being easily beaten in their trial heats by the Eurekas of Newark, and the Trinity of Cambridge being distanced without difficulty by the then famous Yale crew. It was in this crew that Captain Bob Cook pulled bow as substitute for the regular bowman, Fred Wood, who was compelled to relinquish his place, owing to illness.

There was never a better opportunity to compare the crack crews of England and America than during this great regatta. The London four were perfect types of English athletes, heavy, brawny, and stalwart, and a revelation to the oarsmen of this country, from the fact that such rowing and such clock-like precision of stroke had never been seen before. In contradistinction to this the Yale crew were representatives of the style of the true American athlete,—greyhound-built, lithe, wiry, with muscles like whip-cords, and as black as Indians from exposure to the summer sun. They were beaten in their trial heats by the London crew entirely through the courtesy of their bow, Mr. Cook, who gave way to Mr. Gullston's unfair jockeying.

The outlook for rowing in America is very bright, and the sport promises to become more popular yearly. The phenomenal success achieved in 1891 by the Malta Boat Club of Philadelphia, who from their training as athletes in the Athletic Club Schuylkill Navy were enabled in three months' time to work their way up from juniors to seniors with an almost unbroken score of victories, shows what persistency will accomplish. Their only defeat was sustained at the Fourth of July regatta on the Schuylkill, when they were beaten by the crews of the University of Pennsylvania and the New York Athletic Club.

Another instance of the marked improvement in rowing was the work of the New York Athletic Club's famous "chippie" eight. Light in weight and young in years, they succeeded in wresting the

championship of America from a field of competitors at the National regattas of 1891 and 1892.

Despite its age,—for twenty years in American athletic history seems old,—the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen has kept apace with the times, and to-day is the strongest organization of its kind in the world. As the outcome of a proposition to hold an amateur regatta for the championship of the United States, this association dates its birth at Philadelphia in 1872, where the necessity for a body national in character among the rowing clubs of the country had been long considered. A call for a convention met with liberal response, and a constitution and by-laws were adopted August 28, 1872.

The first National Regatta was held at Philadelphia in the following September, under the rowing rules of the Schuylkill Navy, and the first of record under its own laws, again at Philadelphia, in October, 1873. The entire government of the Association between the intervals of the Annual Conventions is vested in an Executive Committee of twelve members, representing the large cities of the country, and to their ceaseless vigilance in investigating and punishing violations of the amateur laws is due the present high standing of the organization.

It is to be hoped that in 1893, at Detroit, where great preparations are being made, an International regatta will be given that will excel the famous one held in Philadelphia in 1876. The American oarsman has so improved in the past seventeen years that our English cousins will need to look well to their laurels, as, like everything else in this country, athletics in general have advanced in one year as much as they formerly did in England in ten years.

And now, when the tendency in these days of sport leans towards the adoption of mechanical aids for speed, when steam has supplanted snowy canvas, and when electricity will soon supplant steam, rowing, despite the many improvements in regard to its externals, remains, after all, the most natural of all manly exercises. It calls into play all the muscles of the body, it rests the brain, and is a gentlemanly, graceful amusement, for, unlike boxing, it has never been put to base uses, and its increasing popularity and general adoption by a cultivated class of amateurs forever bar it from any taint of vulgarity. Of all forms of athletics, rowing seems to me to be the most favorable for a high development of mind and body, and as such should recommend itself to active Young America.

John F. Huneker.

LIFE AND DEATH.

CAUGHT in a crevice of the marble tomb,
A fragile plant uplifts its hand of bloom,
And poised thereon a butterfly takes breath:
Fantastic fellowship of Life and Death!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE PHILOSOPHERS.

[LIPPINCOTT'S NOTABLE STORIES, NO. IV.*]

"Men at some time are masters of their fate."

IN the select seclusion of her own set Miss Eleanor Manners was considered a very pretty person. She certainly had a gayly winning eye, a round and rosy cheek, a soft, red lip, and that type of figure upon which fashionable dresses sit to a nicety. She had quite a bright wit beside, was well off, had a position of high standing, and the air of a young princess who knows herself a prize. Add to this that she had two lovers, and one can see that she was a young woman to be envied.

MISS ELEANOR MANNERS.

But it was because of these two lovers — the brightest jewels in her crown — that Miss Elea-

* With the March number began the issue of this series of short stories, one of which is to appear each month during the current year. On the completion of the series the stories will be reprinted in a small volume, and the royalty on the sale of this book will belong to the author of that one of the ten tales which receives the popular verdict.

To determine this choice, our readers are invited to signify each month, by postal card addressed to the editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*, their opinions as to the merits of the short story in the last issue. Those who thus report as to each of the ten tales, from March to December inclusive, will receive, free of charge, a copy of the collected edition of "Notable Stories."

nor was troubled. For though in matters pertaining to the style of her gowns, the hour of her rising in the morning, the fashion of her hats, and the additions to her visiting-list, she was positive enough, in the matter of deciding which of the two *soupirants* should win her hand she was continually wavering.

Miss Eleanor had grown up for twenty-four years without knowing how deep the pangs of indecision may be. She had experienced the unpleasantnesses that sometimes are unkind enough to beset the path of beauty. She had known the heart-burnings that rise when one comes face to face with the exact duplicate of one's new imported costume. She had gone down into the deeps of despair on receiving her dentist's bill. She had realized how disagreeable it is to try to listen to a conversation on your left and talk to the man on your right and then not succeed in either. She had tasted the bitterness of discovering that the person who said buttermilk was good for freckles had absolutely no foundation for the statement. But the sorrow's crown of sorrow of not being able to make up her own mind had never touched her till now.

If there had been more love on Miss Eleanor's part there would have been less indecision. Unfortunately, she was not largely dowered with the capacity for loving. She was a peaceful person of a philosophic tendency, who took the days tranquilly, and never lay awake at night unless a loose shutter banged in the wind or she was afflicted with toothache.

On her twenty-fourth birthday she came to the conclusion that she had better marry. One ought to marry some time: everybody did. Twenty-four was a good age at which to conform to the popular custom, which, though it has been said to domesticate the Recording Angel, has yet many followers. And Miss Eleanor turned her grave, sedate eyes upon the two suitors, and considered the advantages of a matrimonial alliance with either one of them.

Philip Barry was the best-looking. He was also of a good family and a gentleman of leisure and wealth. He was a rather solemn man, a trifle too grave to be amusing, and both punctual and phlegmatic. He liked reading poetry aloud, which one must regard as a vice to be discouraged, and he had a great many relations. The latter was his most serious defect. An ideal husband should be the last survivor of his line. If one married Philip Barry one would have to endure not only him, but also a pair of parents and one grandparent, to say nothing of uncles and aunts. The quality of mercy would be strained; one could only trust that it would not break.

Henderson Trevor, on the other hand, had no relations, and was an extremely lively, gay, and witty man. He was not quite so well off as Barry, though, and his social standing was not so good. Miss Eleanor had at times thought that her social standing was good enough for two, but there was rather too much responsibility in that thought. Fancy what a labor it would be to establish Henderson Trevor as a member of her set! a great deal more trouble than inducing Philip Barry to refrain from reading "Prometheus Unbound" aloud.

"I could break him of that in a week," she reflected, "whereas

it would take fully a season to make The Set smile upon Mr. Trevor."

So the choice fell on Barry, and Trevor accepted his fate with manly fortitude.

The engagement went along very smoothly at first. The solemn man had moments of vivacity and was now and then almost witty. Then the parents began, as it were, to creep out of their burrows and sun themselves in the eyes of their future daughter-in-law. Miss Eleanor liked them less on closer acquaintance, not as individuals,—in this way they were delightful,—but as relatives of her prospective husband. And he—well, it was harder to break him of reading "Prometheus Unbound" than one would have imagined. And finally when he did consent to leave it alone he substituted Browning. Miss Eleanor, sitting in the softened light of the silver lamp, listened for a space. Then, extending a languid hand, she said,—

"YOU PREFER 'PROMETHEUS'?"

"Philip, dear, just close that book and go back to 'Prometheus,' please."

"You prefer 'Prometheus'?" he inquired.

"Yes: next to no reading I like 'Prometheus' best. Bound or unbound, he's better than 'Sordello.' Chain him to his rock again, and let loose all the spirits of fire and water and earth and air and whatever others there are."

Towards the end of the engagement there were moments when Miss Eleanor had qualms. It was humiliating to think that Miss Eleanor Manners could have made a mistake. She had never before done so, —never, after hours of indecision, failed to be satisfied with her choice of a hat or a gown. But hats and gowns did not have relatives, or unbridled determinations to read poetry aloud every evening. Once you got them they never changed, except to fade or grow old-fashioned. Philip Barry was doing neither of these bearable things. He was beginning to dwell on the happiness of seeing his parents every day for the rest of his life and of reading poetry aloud on and on through the interminable advancing years; and these were unbearable things.

"Why do people have to have mothers and fathers, and why did the poets ever survive their infancy?" mused Miss Eleanor, sadly. "If I was going to marry over again I would choose a man who had grown up from the dragon's teeth and had never been taught to read."

But it was too late now. People in Miss Eleanor's set never changed their minds. Henderson Trevor said the reason was that they didn't have any to change. Miss Eleanor had a great respect for her set, and would never go against its tenets. Besides, a broken engagement made such a bother, talk, and explanations, and a trousseau on your hands that never would wear out, and—— Oh, well! one must abide by one's mistakes, and this was undoubtedly a mistake.

AFTER ALL, THERE WAS A LITTLE BALM LEFT IN GILEAD.

Nobody knew that Miss Eleanor had arrived at this pensive conclusion. She kept her thoughts to herself. Henderson Trevor had not an idea that his rival had been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Henderson was a philosopher, and did not wear the willow garland. He saw his love and her *fiancé* continually. And by contrast with that serious man's phlegmatic gravity, his amiable vivacity, his airy lightness, was as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. And then, alas! he had no

parents. He might, as far as progenitors were concerned, have been born of the sea-foam, like Venus. And as to reading, he openly admitted that he never looked at anything but the daily papers. Was not that much more sensible than reading poems which described all sorts of impossible things that never could have happened? Miss Eleanor began to agree with Josh Billings that "it was better *not* to know such a lot of things than to know such a lot of things that were not so."

And so we let our happiness slip by us unwittingly! The trousseau was interesting, however. When Miss Eleanor held the lovely skirts up against her waist and looked at their ruffled edges lying along the carpet, she felt that, after all, there was a little balm left in Gilead.

The wedding-day arrived. There were six bridesmaids, and Henderson Trevor was the best man. For days beforehand presents of the most gorgeous description had been pouring in. Miss Eleanor, a few evenings before, had counted three chocolate-pots in silver and two in royal Worcester.

"We had better give some of those to my relations," Mr. Barry had remarked. And it was thus that these dreadful people would keep cropping up in the conversation. He never would let you forget them. Why, even on showing him a superb etching of an old Dutchwoman—a perfect gem—his sole comment had been,—

"Doesn't it look very much like my grandmother?"

Three days before the wedding an urgent batch of aunts and uncles who lived somewhere out in the West had claimed a visit from their adored nephew. The dutiful creature, who always did exactly what was right, had hied away there, telling his betrothed that he would only be back the day of the wedding, and the next time he saw her would be as she approached the altar in all the glory of bridal white.

"And you will wear my mother's diamond coronet, and Aunt Louise's old Flemish point," he murmured.

"And carry a copy of 'Prometheus Unbound' in my hand, instead of a prayer-book," said the bride, gloomily.

The wedding was set for four, and long before that hour the house was arranged for the great reception to follow the ceremony. The bride's trunks were packed, and her travelling-costume laid out. She herself, radiant in her mist-like veilings of white, stood in front of the glass, fastening on her mother-in-law's diamond coronet. Numerous female relatives of the groom's hovered about. Everywhere you went you ran into them and stumbled over them. There seemed to have been a miraculous draught of Barrys. Miss Eleanor began indeed to realize that henceforth her habitation would be among the tents of Kedar.

At a few minutes before four the bride's carriage drew up at the church door. Miss Eleanor alighted and swept into the porch, shut off from the aisle by green leather doors. Here the ushers and the bridesmaids were already waiting, and two servant-girls in white caps and aprons were arranging the bridesmaids' trains and settling the long ribbons that floated from the backs of their hats.

One of the ushers, peeping through the crack between the green

leather doors, pronounced the church crowded. There were lights lit about the altar, making a yellow haze where the bridal party were to stand. The flowers were superb. Through the vast interior crept a gentle rustle of crushed, rich fabrics and a murmur of softly-modulated voices, as the well-dressed, pretty women turned in their seats and whispered with each other.

Some one had pulled the white ribbon away, and a change took place in the harmonies issuing from the organ, which of a sudden gave forth stormy and uncertain growls, as if in uneasy indecision. Miss Eleanor took her place, with the two maid-servants kneeling at her

"I'VE JUST HAD A TELEGRAM."

feet, their mouths full of pins. She was as calm as ever, but dejected. When the doors would be flung back she would see that solemn man standing with his hat in his hand, waiting for her. She sighed into her bouquet. For she realized the feelings of the lady in Congreve's play who remarked, "Nothing but his being my husband could have made me like him less."

Just at this moment the door leading into the side aisle was violently pushed open, and the best man entered. He looked slightly disturbed, and held a yellow paper crushed in his hand.

"I have news for you, Miss Manners," he said, drawing her away from the bridal party and speaking in a low voice,—"very provoking news. I've just had a telegram. Philip's train has been delayed by a wash-out, and he can't possibly be here to-day."

Miss Eleanor depressed the corners of her lips.

"Good gracious!" she murmured, "how ghastly! And how very inconsiderate of Philip!"

"What shall we do? The church is packed. The bishop is here, and four clergymen."

"It's dreadfully annoying," observed the bride, nervously fingering Aunt Louise's old Flemish point, "and while we're all at sixes and sevens here I suppose Philip is sitting on the wash-out reading 'Prometheus Unbound.'"

"What shall I say? I can go back and tell the bishop that the wedding is postponed,—that the bridegroom has met with a wash-out."

"That will be horrible! Fancy sending all those clergymen away without giving them a thing to eat! And all the flowers will be faded by to-morrow. What *shall* I do?"

"Nothing but postpone it. We can't have a wedding without a bridegroom; that's an established fact."

"And my trunks packed, and the presents so beautifully arranged; and then to disappoint all these people!"

"Well, of course, if you've no objection, here *I* am. If you'd rather marry me than disappoint the bishop and the people, I am more than happy to be able to oblige you."

"Oh, Mr. Trevor, you are always so kind!" An expression of relief relaxed the bride's features. "But I hardly like to accept such a favor."

The best man smiled deprecatingly:

"Pray don't mention it. To be able to oblige you is a privilege, to be of service to you a pleasure. And really it does seem a pity not to have a wedding when everything has been so nicely arranged."

"Are you sure that you are quite willing,—that you are not sacrificing yourself to save the occasion?" queried the bride, smoothing the rumpled telegram in her white-gloved hand.

"Not in the least. Have I not always been your slave? Of course I am entirely at your commands, but my advice is that you had better marry me. These people have been invited here to see a wedding. True consideration for your guests should prompt you to have a wedding, even though it isn't the one they came to see."

"Eleanor," cried out one of the bridesmaids, who had been reconnoitring the interior of the church through the crack of the door, "they've been playing the Lohengrin march for the last ten minutes, and the people are beginning to stare at each other, wondering why we don't come."

"Very well," murmured the bride: "that's the best thing to do, I think. Hurry up, or we'll get there before you do. Come, papa,

your arm. Marie, pull my flounce out there, and don't let my train turn over. Begin on your left foot, girls, and two pews between each couple: don't forget. Now—go!"

The doors were flung back, the Lohengrin march pealed forth for the sixth time, and the bridal procession moved up the aisle.

The bride and groom had returned from the altar and got into their carriage, when a figure in an ulster and a Derby hat hurried across the street, gained the steps, and, pausing, looked into the carriage window. It was Philip Barry.

"I thought that was you," said the phlegmatic man. "Didn't you get my despatch?"

"Well, Philip!" said the bride, with an air of somewhat indignant surprise, "I thought you were washed out somewhere in the West?"

"So I was, and this morning early I sent a telegram. After I had sent it some men that were on the same train got horses and rode to the next station and hired an engine. I came in with them."

"The telegram must have been delayed. We only got it half an hour ago."

"That is not improbable. I believe I did hear them saying something about the wires being down this morning. It was a terrible storm."

"You're too late for the wedding," said the bride, positively. "It's all over."

"How did you have a wedding without me? I thought I was an essential part of the performance."

"Well, it was a narrow squeak, but we just managed it."

"But where do I come in?"

"You don't come in at all; that's just it. You said you were not going to be here in time, and rather than disappoint the people I married Mr. Trevor. When a bishop and four clergymen come a long distance to marry people there really ought to be somebody there for them to marry."

"That was very obliging of Mr. Trevor," said the late arrival, looking at the bridegroom with admiration tinged by mild curiosity.

"We couldn't let the flowers and the reception and four clergymen and a bishop go to waste," said that gentleman, modestly.

"Oh, Mr. Trevor has shown himself a hero. If it had not been for him there would have been no wedding."

"That, from my point of view, might have had its advantages," said Philip Barry, with pensive gentleness.

"It is rather hard on you," admitted the bridegroom, "but when it comes to choosing whether one will disappoint a bishop, four clergymen, and six or seven hundred ladies, or one single man, the choice generally falls on the individual."

"But the people," said Barry,—"weren't they surprised?"

"Oh, I dare say they were," said Mrs. Trevor, "but they didn't do anything to show it. Nobody forbade the marriage, or anything of that sort. It went off beautifully."

"Those who knew must have been a little astonished," said Barry. "Now, I, for example, was supposed to know all about it, and I

was really a good deal astonished when I saw you sitting here in this cab."

"The people are coming out of church. Hadn't we better drive on?" asked the bridegroom.

"Won't you drive up with us?" said the bride, politely.

"No: I think I'll walk on. You're very kind, though."

"But you'll come to the reception, won't you?"

"No, I think not. You see, the people who hadn't been to the church would think I was the bridegroom, and it would be such a bother explaining that I was not. Good-by."

Geraldine Bonner.

PHILIP BARRY.

LOVE AND THE LOCKSMITH.

"LOVE laughs at locksmiths." Truly well may he
Laugh at the lock who holds the magic key!
When Love tries wed-lock, and the key thereof
Is lost, 'tis then the locksmith laughs at Love.

Clinton Scollard.

HOW MEN WRITE.

IT was in the sublime twilight of a summer evening in July in a dreamy Southern climate that I learned some interesting lessons from a strong man. In the door-way of a little out-building, some twenty yards from a quiet mansion where one of the most historic characters of the age dwelt, I sat and listened and learned. The place was not larger than the average-sized spring-house on a Virginia farm. A single table, three chairs, and a few shelves of books were within. They were all there was in sight that guided a powerful mind to write the romance and the tragedy of a revolution. It is a wonderful story, which brings into communion the conflicts and harmony of a tragic era, the habits and thoughts of a man whose life was harsh and lovable by turns. Once his closest friend, who had been his sponsor in the Confederate Senate, remarked that had the President of that attempt at a new government been able to give and take with men in the game of life, he would have been one of the most remarkable characters of any age. His home life, as I saw it this night, was a dream of tenderness.

It was just growing dusk as he spoke. The moon, almost full in its month's horns, was just beginning to throw its silver glints over the waters of the Gulf of Mexico, which washed the white sand of the beach up to Jefferson Davis's gate-way. The evening was perfect in color and air. The night-star shone through the Spanish moss and mistletoe which hung like sheets of silver among the green of the foliage above us. It fastened its look on the corner of the little house before which we sat, and played hide-and-seek with the boughs of the trees and the veil-like lace which nature wove into fashions, shapes, and dove shades like a gray nun's gown. As the winds of night whispered new songs of comfort from over the salt seas, the scene became impressive, and the chat thoughtful.

"Do you know, I think it a mistake for public men who have been active in political life to attempt to write history?" said he. "In this little workshop I wrote the 'Rise and Fall of the Southern Confederacy.' The work is not satisfactory to me, and I doubt if the product of any public man's pen is; but it may serve a good purpose to the future historian. Those schooled in the arts of expression and of labor with the pen, with no combats to remember, tell best the useful stories of achievement, which men who act and control forget, are apt to neglect, and let remembrances of what has passed warp their judgment or guide their criticism.

"A man to write well must have sentiment and write from his impulses rather than from his passion. No man ever mixed in politics, and held high public place, where the affairs of life in the active realm were to be considered and controlled, who did not, if he attempted to put his impressions upon paper, find harsh or eulogistic judgment of men intruding upon him, no matter how much he might try to put them aside. History can never be written in the generation which

created it. Time softens the temper, schools the intellect, and it takes years to reach the point where the truth of to-day can well be told. Then it takes a trained writer to do it, one who knows nothing personally about the occurrences of which he treats. He can be impartial, the actor in them cannot be. Years ago, I used to think that I would like to be a writer; but since I have attempted it I have found no fascinations in it. You have to depend too much upon the caprices of your mind and the feelings of your body to please me."

Orchard Lake may seem a queer place to continue the story of how men write, from a South-land beginning; but it is a good one. It is a kind of military station not far from Detroit, and the place recalls many of the incidents of frontier life, varnished with the strong advancement years have brought to the nation. Captain Charles King lived here a year ago, commanding the splendid battalion of cadets which Colonel Rogers, the superintendent of the Soldiers' School, has gathered here. It was much of a surprise to find the author of "The Deserter," "From the Ranks," "The Colonel's Daughter," and other charming ideals of camp life in the far West, riding his hobby of command in this secluded spot, devoted to the education of youth in military as well as high classical life.

CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.

"Why should I not be here?" said he. "I am two-thirds soldier, and only one-third writer. Colonel Rogers has given me the control of this battalion, and my association with one of the finest schools in the land does not interfere with what literary work I care to do. In fact, I think the communion of the two makes me the better writer. The diversion from the struggle with the pen to that of disciplining the young makes me stronger when I sit down to write. The work of the soldier is rest rather than exaction.

"How do I write and command too? That is easy. When I get a new chapter, or a fresh thought, which sometimes comes while attending to my military duties, I go to my quarters after leaving the field and talk to my phonograph as long as I have the inspiration. The tubes are sent down to my type-writer, and in due time are returned for my revision. The use of the phonograph is a new experience for me, and a pleasant one. While most people fail to catch its power, I find it easier to dictate to than a human being. I used to write entirely with my own hand; but it was very laborious, for if publishers want your matter at all they want it fast. For instance, I wrote 'Laramie' and 'Between the Lines' while I was furnishing my house, and between hanging a picture and moving a piece of furniture I would write a little now and then upon the first obstacle I could find to hold

my paper. I penned as high as six thousand words in one day in this way: it was a terrible exaction, but one book paid for furnishing my home. With Mr. Edison's modern appliance I find it easier to do what is required of me in literature, and to command this battalion of boys, which is a most grateful task."

This meeting and talk with Captain King, years after Mr. Davis had spoken, recalled to my mind many interesting reminiscences which had fallen into the lap of my experience in association with the men who have alike thrilled and taught the world by their genius. They revive recollections of visits to and chats with Longfellow, Whittier, Walt Whitman, and many of the younger men who adorn literature with their gifts and make reading the wish of the many, rather than the choice of the few. Here are some anecdotes which seem to follow in the wake of the thought of the present.

Not long before Mr. Longfellow passed to the great Unknown, I sat with him in his library at Cambridge for a long conversation upon the incidents and demands of his literary life. He told the romances of the gems he had written, and as the gathering shadows cast a quiet tint over his mass of white hair and furrowed face, he spoke of some of his poems as a mother would speak of her pet offspring.

HON. JAMES G. BLAINE.

A grandchild sat on his knee as he talked. The father was called by Harvard graduates "Dick Dana," but the master of verse called him Richard. It was a day to be recalled when the poet put his hand on his daughter's child's head and told the story of "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha." His surroundings were a dream. On the table beside him were many intellectual relics of the past. The inkstand from which Coleridge wrote "The Ancient Mariner" was near his right hand. Just beyond his left was a glass case in which was a chip from the coffin of Dante. By its side rested a gold medal given to him by the citizens of Florence for his translation of the "Inferno." There was a bust of Shakespeare, and a dozen other things suggestive of the man's *penchant*. The surroundings without were quite as interesting as those within, for the old place in which he lived and died wore the sublime history of a hundred years of intellectual and physical life.

"Why do I write?" said he, in answer to a suggestion. "Because I am pleased with the touch of a pen. There is another reason. I find much pleasure in it. It is so restful. There was never a strong literary achievement born of an effort. Ease of mind and body are essential if much sentiment or words that will live are put on paper.

All men who pen lines have their moods and habits. They govern what is to be done, and when it shall be accomplished. The busy world cannot understand this fact. I work only when the inspiration commands me. Many of my poems have been written years after I have had the story in my mind. I did not write 'Evangeline' for nearly a quarter of a century after I began to frame it; but I had kept in my mind the theme Hawthorne gave me, and finally one day an incident, simply the calling of a stranger who revived the story, brought it to me afresh, and I sat down to put the idyl in verse. I had then travelled and read a great deal of the points where many scenes of the story are located, that were strangers to me when I first heard the tale."

He spoke of other incidents, and I then revived the thought about the methods of his labor.

"I have none," said he. "When I take my pen in hand, I simply write as long as I please, and then take the subject up again when it dominates my mind. I revise very carefully, and sometimes rewrite. It is a habit of mine, when a friend calls in whose judgment I have faith, to read what I have written for an opinion upon it. Sometimes I have received valuable suggestions, for it is true the world over that two minds are usually better than one.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

"A man will never get rich by his pen; that is, in money. But it is great wealth to find that sentiment, outside the reach of trade, lives to be honored when the accumulation of riches alone is forgotten. I do not write much in a day, and never permit myself to grow tired."

As the mighty man of words chatted about the fruits of his pen and brain, there was much that was touching in the simplicity with which he spoke of himself. He had means to live on, and need not write. Yet his verses are many. Like Whittier and others of the great poets, the author of "Hiawatha" wrote because he loved to, and not, like most other men of his guild, from the necessity of gathering money to keep ahead of need.

Mr. Blaine had most peculiar ways about his literary work, and when he labored at all it was with a good deal of system. He was an exception to the rule of all other writers whom I have ever known.

While penning his "Twenty Years in Congress" his life was in many respects a romance and a mystery to the professional laborer with his pen. Yet it was full of moods, and before it was finished bore like a ten-ton stone upon him, for his publishers were eager for copy, and one day when they crowded him he gave vent to feelings which all authors appreciate when he said,—

"Never again will I put myself between a given number of days within which to write a book."

He leaned back in his chair as he spoke, as if tired of the oppression of the pen, and continued:

"I wish I could dictate; but I cannot with any satisfaction. I have a belief that there is a sympathy between the brain and the hand in putting what may be called literary thoughts upon paper. My hand seems responsive to the demands of the mind. Perchance it is a sort of electricity, which communicates between the thoughtful power and the physical, that finds its medium or circuit through the arm."

EUGENE FIELD.

These may not be the exact words of the statesman; but they are his ideas, and illustrate the peculiar impulses which govern the body when the head asserts its strength. The two great volumes which represent the rich endowment of Mr. Blaine's intellectual might in thought and expression were written under peculiar circumstances. He abandoned his library while creating them, and took a quiet room in the second story at his home in Augusta. He arose early, took his breakfast, and was at his desk by nine in the morning. He would work until one, and then drop his pen, take a long walk along the banks of the Kennebec River, and drive out of his mind the great task before him.

"I usually write about fifteen hundred words a day," said he. "Then I spend a good part of the afternoon in exercise, and the evening after dinner in recreation with my friends. I will not think of the task before me after leaving my manuscript until I return to it again in the morning."

Not many authors can say this much, for as a rule they are capricious, and many of them put off the hour of endeavor until whims or necessities command them to act.

The habits, or lack of habits, of poets are peculiar. For instance, T. Buchanan Read, over a pot of tea brewed by his good wife, wrote "Sheridan's Ride" between twelve and four. The lines were penned in an up-stairs room of a relative's house in Cincinnati,—a harsh man of business. Read put on paper the words that will live as long as

time lasts, to please his friends, but against his own protest. The night before, with his old friend James E. Murdock, the actor, had not left the impulses as generous as they might be and the brain as capable of sentiment as when he wrote "Drifting" and other choice rhymes. Only by sheer force of will, copious draughts of the leaf grown in China, and solitude, did he bring forth that poem which Murdock recited the same night to a great audience and all the country read the next morning. While it made him famous, he was never satisfied with the manner of its origin.

Unlike many prose writers, poets never dictate. "The pen in hand must follow the line in the head, and a constant look upon the paper is essential to success. It is necessary to the pathos, description, or humor of the brain that the hand follow where it is led," said a poet of power one day. Mr. Read knew nothing of Sheridan's effort to reach a struggling army until an hour before he was pushed to write a poem upon it. The foundation for his fancy was a picture of the dash up the Winchester pike, held in the hands of his relative, who I believe sold stoves and saw only the financial side of life. While he admired Read, he was never able to understand the caprices which naturally governed a man who was both poet and painter, and whose whole life was ideal rather than real.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

Mr. Whittier was a curious worker with his pen. I remember one day sitting in his quaint library in the little plain country-side house at Amesbury, upon which the children of the working men and women who spin in the mills on Powow River looked with awe, as they followed the poet's footsteps with reverence. It was a beautiful day in November, in the very midst of Indian summer, "that beautiful season of mist and mellow fruitfulness," when there is inspiration in the air that clears the brain and quickens the footsteps. The great man of verse was in good humor, and we chatted long and delightfully upon the fruits of his pen. He told me stories of his association with Longfellow, Hawthorne, and Emerson.

"You have written much," I suggested.

"Yes," he answered. "I wish some of it had never been printed. The conditions of my early life were so harsh, and my education so meagre, that many things written when I was young should not be criticised now. You know I began early, and wrote and wrote without any thought other than that of getting my views before the public."

"What were your ways of labor?"

"I never had any. I simply wrote when my brain commanded

my hand, without any other idea than reading what I had created in print. Sometimes I would write many hours a day, at other times not at all. When a thought struck me, I would put it on paper before I left it, if it took the day and half the night. It was always difficult with me to begin a subject, leave it, and then return to it. I would often revise both my prose and poetical writings; but it was next to a necessity with me to complete the momentary demands of my mind when it was fixed, before breaking the thread. Pictures could easily be made the next day; but the thought was essential to the hour, and that dominated all other things."

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

"Life was severe, then?"

"Yes, very. The writers of the early days never thought of compensation. They labored as a matter of sentiment or conviction, as the case might be. If we had been obliged to depend on pay for what we turned out, there would have been very little to eat in the house. In fact, it is my belief that any writer of work that is to live cannot do himself justice if his sentiment has a financial basis and he thinks of how much his effort is to bring him. To myself, as to Hawthorne, Emerson, and Longfellow, the products of struggle were simply bread cast upon the waters, which have returned in the later years when most needed."

"Then you never had any stated hours at the desk, either as poet or editor?"

"None. When the mob threw my printing-office in Philadelphia into the street, they expected to find me there, and I would have gone with it; but my lack of hours and methods saved me much trouble. I learned early in life that a man could never write well until the spirit moved him and his mind was in command."

Julian Hawthorne is one of the most erratic of our writers. Unlike his illustrious father, he dwells with men and their delights, working with great rapidity when the spirit moves him, and turns out more matter than any of the men who labor with their pen in this generation. He used to write with his hand; but his lines were so small that they could be read only with a field-glass, and his words were so close together that Maurice Barrymore once said of him, "Hawthorne can write a whole novel on four pages of foolscap."

He now uses a type-writer, upon which he pounds out the cunning and fancy of his fertile brain. In his quiet life at Sag Harbor, with his troop of romping children about him, he frequently writes four thousand words a day, and can turn out an ordinary-sized novel in six weeks which it would take most men six months to complete. What a difference between the days in which he lives and those harsh conditions which surrounded his great father, who in poverty and rude belongings penned "The Scarlet Letter" and "The House of the Seven Gables," with a melancholy upon his face and in his heart that was forced upon him, because the people about him could not tolerate a man who did not produce some daily return for his toil! It is even told of Emerson, who was more practical than his friend, that while he was writing he kept a little store, that he might be regarded as doing something to appease the harsh prejudices of those about him.

BILL NYE.

That tall, raw-boned Western poet and humorist, Eugene Field, Joel Chandler Harris, who writes those delightful negro stories, and Mr. Edwards of the Macon *Telegraph*, who is following in the same vein, are about the only three writers of sentiment who undertake to keep up daily work on newspapers. But the Atlanta *Constitution* allows "Uncle Remus" to do as he pleases, and the Chicago *News* gives Mr. Field the widest latitude for his wonderful fancies. The same can be said of Mr. Edwards and James Whitcomb Riley. Undertake to put these men within certain restrictions of hour or utterance, and it would be like undertaking to direct a Bengal tiger with a shoestring.

Bill Nye strikes his own attitude in this breezy conversation. After saying that his early lot in life was a hard one, but that he had learned from it lessons of great industry, he continues:

"I have no memory, not a vestige of one. My wife's features have now become so sort of impressed on me that I am able to call her by name at the breakfast-table; but there are very few other things that I can remember over-night. I have been building a house on the French Broad River this summer, and the architect and everybody else will tell you that I have asked a thousand times what the different

kinds of wood in the various rooms are, that are used in finishing it: yet yesterday I could not tell the man who is to build the mantels so that he could intelligently match them.

"I used to weep and sob over this thing, and curse my ill luck, but now I am more reconciled, for it saves me from lots of plagiarism, and gives me the blessed privilege of enjoying such men as Dickens and Thackeray all over again every summer.

"I have no special literary habits, more than others who use the pen. I can do double the work in the morning that I can in the afternoon or evening, and so do my task before the day is fairly begun with many people. Thus I always have the air in society of a man who dawdles away the time, and many regard me as simply a butterfly of fashion.

"I am rather proud of the fact that I am quite content to deal with newspaper readers. While I am told that what is printed in newspapers is not literature, and that it is stuff, I am convinced that where there is an audience of two or three millions every Sunday morning ready to receive the regular discourse, it must convince the sceptical that even if the matter printed in Sunday papers is not literature, it paves the way for literature, and fits the reader for the more refined and delicately scented literary touch-me-nots of the magazines.

WALT WHITMAN.

"It must be rather easy for me to write, comparatively speaking, for I have written under all circumstances, some of them most unfavorable. I was nearly killed in a Wisconsin cyclone several years ago, and when I got home to Hudson, literally on a stretcher, I was met by a telegram asking me to write up the affair humorously, and offering a very tidy sum for the job. I did it with my fractured bones done up in glass, and black-and-blue landscapes and marine studies all over my gothic frame. For several years I have travelled and lectured, keeping up the weekly letter on a vegetable diet and under the most trying circumstances. Now that I am well and fat, with a good stock of mountain muscle and good blood from North Carolina, industry rather tickles me, and I am thinking of doing my own work next season entirely.

"It is rather singular that my first work was serious, and I could give you a somewhat soggy poem of mine that is sad, oh, so sad. But I fear you would misjudge my motive. The poem was written at the age of twenty, at the time when I was learning with tears the sad, sad lesson of loving. The piece was written whilst I was also learning

to hone a razor properly, and a good judge of style and versification would say at once that it needed better drainage as much as anything."

Alexander H. Stephens could dictate with more facility than any man I ever knew. His "War between the States," his "History of the United States," and all his other books were mechanically the work of other hands. I have known him at his quiet home in Georgia to talk to his amanuensis ten thousand words a day, and the remarkable achievements of this man, who was carried in a chair for forty years, illustrate the value of the power to dictate, which, by the way, very few writers possess. I suppose that nine-tenths of the men who write are forced to use their own hands for their literary endeavor. But the newspaper writer of to-day, with the demands made upon him, could never accomplish a tithe of his task without the power to use a third party.

Meeting Walt Whitman just after he had written, and I had read in print, his great poem "My Captain," I spent a pleasant evening. He was then a clerk in the Attorney-General's Office, Washington, at a small salary, for which he was asked to do little. He was with a friend from his own town, a street-car conductor at the capital, who was Whitman's constant companion when off his beat on the tram-way. I asked the poet how and when he wrote such lines as are found in the "Leaves of Grass."

"I don't know how," said he, "and can hardly tell when. But as the thoughts came to my mind I put them down, for, after all, it is the curious fancies of the brain dominating the body which make it possible for the hand to follow along the paper. The writer is only a machine which traces the force which the spirit gives it. I love to write. That is why I do it. It brings little return in money, but a wealth of satisfaction."

It was always a marvel to me that Mr. Conkling, with all his wonderful powers, never put anything on paper for publication. Once I asked him why he did not. His answer was characteristic:

"Public men should not write. That should be left to those trained for that work. It is a peculiar gift, and, as a rule, those who mix in the active affairs of life do not possess it. Besides, I have no ambition to see my knowledge, judgment, or impressions in print."

John Boyle O'Reilly was a man of great intellectual activity. Being the editor of the Boston *Pilot*, which yielded him a handsome revenue, he had no demands for bread, and he wrote verse and romance as a sort of safety-valve to his strong physical and ideal nature. He was a most lovable character, fond of all heroic pleasures, yet would write a poem, teach boxing, and referee a prize-fight, all within twenty-four hours. With the heart of a lion and nerves of steel, his heart was tenderness itself, and his brain a strange mixture of sentiment and force. One day during our long friendship, filled with many memories of quiet talks, I asked him how he found time to edit a newspaper, teach athletics, write novels, theories on boxing, and such poems as "In Bohemia."

"That is my pet," said he. "That was penned without an effort, for it came from my heart. Some of my poems were a serious task.

For instance, the one on 'The Landing of the Pilgrims' cost me a good deal of work. Writing at the demands of a stated occasion is not a pleasant occupation. There is too much responsibility about it, which intrudes itself upon you all the time. I like to write upon the spirit of the moment, when the body is filled with red blood, and the brain sets itself up to be the master of all that is beneath it, both in heart and hand."

Not long after these words were spoken, the grip of the merciless black tiger put its hand upon all the powers of this wonderful Irish writer, who as an exile from his own land reached America to exploit his genius, and to be selected by a Puritan community to write verses, which will live as long as time, upon the landing upon a rock of the first settlers of this great government.

There are so many eccentricities in connection with this interesting question how *littérateurs* write, that a book could be woven from them that would read like two romances instead of one. For the spirit and impulses which guide their hands are never found in any two of them alike, and, after all, a glance through the microscope of discernment finds these contradictions the very flower of their achievements.

Frank A. Burr.

SUCCORY.

I PLUCKED a little bud of blue
That nodded by the way,—
The cradle of a drop of dew,
The darling of the day.

I pinned the treasure at my throat,
So might I bear to town
Some token of the thrush's note,—
The lane the leaves go down.

And why—I set it in a cup
And blessed it with the sun—
Why were the petals folded up,
Where was the azure run?

Ah me! What was the difference, Heart?—
What magic made thee beat?
The self-same sun is on the mart,
The breeze is in the street!

Harrison S. Morris.

AMBITION.

A ONE-ACT PLAY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COLONEL THOMAS CLUETT, *a West Point graduate who has had twenty years of service in the regular army.*
THOMAS CARNOT, *his nephew.*
MARY WOOLCOTT, *a widow, at whose country home on Long Island the scene is laid.*
MARY WOOLCOTT, *her daughter.*

SCENE.—*The rose-garden of a country home on Long Island. Through the long windows of the house, which open upon a long old-fashioned balcony, is heard the sound of dance-music, and couples are seen flying past them in the waltz. Crickets and fireflies occupy the garden, and regard with curiosity a middle-aged man in evening dress, who limps slightly as he walks, and who is enjoying a cigar as he smilingly inspects a statue of Love, weeping, with broken wings, which stands amid a thicket of roses and honeysuckles just beneath the balcony.*

Col. Thomas Cluett, addressing Love. Have you been taking on like that for twenty years? Come now, my friend, be consoled! The last time we met I made quite as much fuss as you did! Do you remember? I do. Twenty years ago! Starlight, fireflies, crickets, and roses without, and within the old house yonder—not such a very old house then—dance-music, exactly as it is to-night. And you,—you wept, as you do to-night, elegantly; while I—well, I am afraid I blubbered like a school-boy. I know I wanted to do so. For Mary—the Mary who introduces to the world this night her daughter Mary—proved herself a very sensible woman, twenty years ago to-night, by refusing to leave home, comfort, and the friends of her girlhood—for what? For the perils and privations of a life on the plains. With whom, my boy? With me. You heard it all, you rascal, and wept then as you have been weeping ever since. You had wings then. And now you have lost them. I have lost mine also. But we never blamed her: did we, now? That night, the fever, the rage of youth; to-night, the calm of middle life, the good sense to prefer the cool and quiet of this garden to the deuced hot air of those rooms. I would go back to my hotel, but that I have a fancy I should like to chat a bit with her. Again Mary and Tom. Mary, matronly, serene, yet just as sweet,—perhaps just as faulty; and Tom, gray, weather-beaten, with a certain keepsake in the shape of an Indian bullet. Mary! (*slowly*) Mary!

(*A woman has come out upon the balcony during the moment and leans smilingly to break the roses from the vines.*)

Mrs. Woolcott. I am here.

Col. Cluett (*throwing away cigar*). As you were twenty years ago.

Mrs. Woolcott. The night you left me alone?

Col. Cluett. Exactly. But I was given no choice.

(*Both laugh heartily.*)

Mrs. Woolcott. We were children.

Col. Cluett. Nothing else.

Mrs. Woolcott. And only wise when we——

Col. Cluett. Parted.

Mrs. Woolcott. Precisely.

Col. Cluett. Yet, I must confess, after all these years on the plains, I think to-night with tenderness of those old days.

Mrs. Woolcott (*archly*). But no regrets?

Col. Cluett. Shall I be honest?

Mrs. Woolcott (*laughing and raising eyebrows*). At our age the ability to be honest is a well-earned luxury.

Col. Cluett. Well, then, no.

Mrs. Woolcott. But it *was* laughably sweet.

Col. Cluett. It was.

(*Both are silent as he slowly ascends the narrow stairway which leads to the balcony where she is sitting. He finally stands beside her, and they keep time unconsciously to the waltz-music within.*)

Mrs. Woolcott (*thoughtfully*). I've been thinking——

Col. Cluett (*interrupting her*). I've done nothing else to-night.

Mrs. Woolcott. I had about me a certain hard common sense, which seems to be reproduced in my little Mary. Is she not beautiful?

Col. Cluett. She is. But not as beautiful as her mother was.

Mrs. Woolcott. Nonsense! She is more so. But, to resume a subject which is no longer dangerous. It was not *all* for myself I thought. It was for you also. I was a girl born to a life of home comfort, as my little Mary is. I was like a spoiled kitten, the pet of a household, and intuition seemed to do for me what experience does for the woman of the world. I had sense enough to know that we could not live on moonbeams and love,—that all hours did not belong to summer and roses. I think I loved you, in my way; yet I had little money, you none. You—you have never blamed me?

Col. Cluett. Blamed you, Mary! No,—never! I appreciated my position: I was poor as my rascal of a nephew Tom Carnot, and with no prospect of any home to offer a wife. Her home would have had to be my heart. And when I think of the barrack life I have led, the rough prosaic existence,—if I had blamed you then I should forgive you now. I don't wonder it frightened you.

Mrs. Woolcott. It did. Yet what a lover you made!

Col. Cluett. And my love-making——?

Mrs. Woolcott. Was the prettiest thing of the kind I ever saw. You were an artist.

Col. Cluett (*slowly*). So many, many years ago.

Mrs. Woolcott. Ah, man is with love as a child with a toy balloon. He may himself burst the enchanting bubble, being rewarded with flatness and staleness. He may lose it and watch it in anguish as the gaudy toy floats upward to the stars. Or he may, cherishing it hour by hour, live to see it slowly shrink into nothingness.

Col. Cluett. To voluntarily let love go——

Mrs. Woolcott. It is better so. To the last, then, it would not

change,—or rather it would change, it has changed, but it would be after it had passed out of sight.

Col. Cluett. Mary,—excuse the old habit,—a child losing its treasured toy takes another, and likes it quite as well. A woman,—can she do that?

Mrs. Woolcott. I—you mean me to take it in its personal sense—bought another toy.

Col. Cluett. And it—you found it quite as fine a thing as the one you had given up?

Mrs. Woolcott. Tom—*he* was indulgent, and through him I realized my ambitions. Life has—yes, life has been a success. (*They are both silent for a moment.*) And you?

Col. Cluett. I? Oh, I have fought my fight,—or, literally, my fights. I have met my Indian. My boyhood's dream of military fame has been quite fully realized. Barrack life is a fast life,—a hard one. I'm sorry Tom Carnot has chosen it. He leaves West Point with pretty much the same future ahead of him as I—twenty years ago.

Mrs. Woolcott. We are all proud of you. And your present is what makes young fellows like Tom Carnot picture the future to themselves as you did twenty years ago.

Col. Cluett. Twenty years! And yet they fade away like the veriest mist to-night. I live it again. Do you? See! (*Rising and leaning to look in garden beneath balcony.*) Just there, by the statue of weeping Love, you stood: you were waiting for me. By Jove! who is that?

(*A girlish figure steals from the shadows to the spot he had indicated.*)

Mrs. Woolcott. That! Why, that is my little Mary!

Col. Cluett. See! and there is Tom! Again it is Tom and Mary. So does history repeat itself.

Below in garden.

Tom Carnot. You are here——

Mary. For the hour: this hour shall be yours.

Tom Carnot. And only the hour! It is so little!

Above in balcony.

Col. Cluett. A little that is too much!

Mrs. Woolcott. So foolish!

Below in garden.

Tom. Oh, Mary, must it end?

Mary. Let me think!

Tom. No, dear! don't think——

Mary. Finish it, Tom! Say that neither of us dare think. You know it! I know it! People don't let themselves think when they long to do a foolish thing! And we long to be foolish. Oh, I know: a woman always knows!

Above in balcony.

Mrs. Woolcott. They always *think* they know.

Below in garden.

Tom. You mean that a marriage between us would be an impossibility?

Mary. It would be insanity.

Above in balcony.

Mrs. Woolcott. And this is my daughter!

Col. Cluett. Mary!

Mrs. Woolcott. Tom!

Below in garden.

Tom. But other people have been foolish.

Mary. Yes, and have regretted it.

Above in balcony.

Mrs. Woolcott. And other people have been wise.

Col. Cluett. And have regretted it?

Mrs. Woolcott. Hush! Listen!

Below in garden.

Tom. I would risk it.

Above in balcony.

Col. Cluett. Good for you, you rash rascal!

Below in garden.

Mary. I have thought it all over, Tom. I *think* I love you. But how can I know?

Above in balcony.

Mrs. Woolcott. By losing him, you little idiot!

Below in garden.

Mary. And we are so young! We can—we must—forget. We are worldlings.

Tom. I can never forget.

Above in balcony.

Mrs. Woolcott. Men say that; but they do.

Below in garden.

Mary. I shall.

Above in balcony.

Col. Cluett. You see, *she* is a woman.

Mrs. Woolcott. Men say, "I remember," and forget. Women say, "I forget," while they remember.

Col. Cluett. And don't you?

Mrs. Woolcott. Hush! Listen!

Below in garden.

Tom. Sweetheart, think: in there (*points to house*) is the world. Out here, in the darkness and the dew, is Love (*points to statue*). Decide between them.

Above in balcony.

Mrs. Woolcott. That's just what you said.

Below in garden.

Mary. I have little money—you none. You have a career ahead of you. Shall I spoil it? I should be a drag upon your life. Oh, Tom,—I'll tell the truth,—I'm not good enough, not unselfish enough, to give up all I know and am sure of—for you. Why, I've hardly known you three months!

Above in balcony.

Col. Cluett. There spoke the girl society has made.
Mrs. Woolcott. But not the girl God made.

Below in garden.

Tom. And love?
Mary. Is it love? Is it not rather an infatuation? a spell?
Tom. And this is to be all?
Mary. We shall live to laugh over it.

Above in balcony.

Col. Cluett. We did—to-night.
Mrs. Woolcott. Alas! that is so.

Below in garden.

Mary. And by and by you will say, "That was the most sensible girl I ever knew."
Tom. By and by.
Mary (*kneeling and stripping the flowers from her corsage*). See, right here we will dig a little grave,—right at the feet of the statue,—and we will take this little love of ours, and we will lay it within it. It is so little, so young! We will kiss its wings—so (*she goes through pantomime*), we will smooth its soft feathers—so. The June nights will shroud it, and through the long hours fireflies will watch beside it.

Above in balcony.

Col. Cluett. Girlish philosophy buries love.

Below in garden.

Tom. And for love we shall substitute—what?
Mary. Ambition.

Above in balcony.

Col. Cluett. God help him!
Mrs. Woolcott. And her also!

Below in garden.

Tom. Who has taught you these things?
Mary. The world; but chiefly—my mother.

Mrs. Woolcott (*leaning over balcony*). Mary, my little girl, I was wrong.

Mary. Mamma!

Mrs. Woolcott. And when I said that the world, social triumphs, ambition, could fill a woman's heart, I—lied.

Col. Cluett. Mary!

Mary. Oh, mamma!

(*Col. Cluett and Mrs. Woolcott descend from the balcony, and come to the spot where Mary is still kneeling beside a little mock grave covered with ball-room flowers.*)

Mrs. Woolcott (*kneeling beside her*). Mary, if you love Tom, don't do as your mother did twenty years ago to-night; don't throw away twenty years of life.

Col. Cluett. That is it,—Life. Tom! Don't give her up! Hold her against her worse self! To love and be loved,—that is life! I am alive, but I have never *lived*. I have missed all. Twenty years ago to-night, your Mary's mother and I stood as you have stood to-night and argued the old case of "Love *versus* Ambition." And to-night this old garden teems with ghosts,—ghosts of wasted years,—and I see——

Mrs. Woolcott. That it was all a bitter mistake. Tom! Mary! a woman's home is in the heart of the man whom she loves and who loves her. It is only a bad woman who can be satisfied with anything less. Mary, I'm your mother, a woman of the world for twenty years, and I say, if you love Tom, who must live in barracks, go live in barracks with him.

Tom. Mary, your mother gives you to me. What do you say?

Mary (*laughing*). Say? Do? I'll dig up love and wear him in my heart! (*Goes through pantomime of removing love from grave.*)

Tom (*kissing her*). And I will find him again on your lips.

(*They run up balcony steps.*)

Col. Cluett. Mary!

Mrs. Woolcott. Tom!

Col. Cluett. It is never too late to repent.

Mrs. Woolcott. But the world would say, "There are no fools like old fools."

Col. Cluett. Oh, hang the world! We've given it twenty years.

Mary (*from balcony, quoting her mother*). "And when one says that the world, social triumphs, ambition, can fill a woman's heart, one lies."

[*Curtain.*] *Johanna Staats.*

POETRY.

PALPITANT utterance of impassioned thought,
Divinely dear, by subtle instinct caught,
Cadenced to music, swept by joy or tears,
And given a passport through unending years!

Joel Benton.

THE FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT.*

[JOURNALIST SERIES.]

THE foreign correspondence and news of the American journal may be likened to the accomplishments of a liberal education: while not absolute essentials, they do give distinction and tone to the whole. The position of a paper may be gauged, generally, by the extent and quality—especially the latter—of its foreign matter. If the London *Times* still stands, taking it all in all, at the head of the world's Daily Press, this is due in a very large measure to the high character and wide scope of its foreign news.

The work of the foreign correspondent may be divided into two almost distinct classes: that which goes by mail and that which goes by telegraph. Many correspondents employ both agents in purveying for their papers. A word, at the start, about the first.

Mail correspondence from Europe has undergone a rather remarkable change during the last twenty-five years. When Horace Greeley, William Cullen Bryant, and other great American editors of the first half of the century visited the Old World, they were in the habit of sending home letters for the columns of their respective newspapers. Submarine telegraphy, however, dealt a deadly blow to European mail correspondence. Now the newspaper letter-writer who would use the post must seek out-of-the-way subjects, those of an artistic, literary, or social nature, those which have little if any "news point;" for the cable relegates a news letter, even before it is posted, to the editor's waste-basket. "It requires the best brains a man has to do anything now with *pen*," Mr. Moncure D. Conway once said to me, referring to this aspect of newspaper work.

But, fortunately for the producers of this class of matter, the increased and increasing speed of ocean steamships has come to their aid at the moment when starvation was almost beginning to stare them in the face. When a letter can be written, hurried over the Atlantic, and put in type, all within a week,—and this desideratum is almost realized at present,—then the mail correspondent will have regained much of his old power. Even now the reaction is setting in, and the editors of many leading dailies are turning with the former favor to the slower but more exact and vivid and less costly method of reporting European life, by post rather than by electricity.

But the "ocean greyhound" is not the only "friend in need" of the letter-writer. The "cable correspondent" who has held his head rather high during the past quarter of a century and has looked down with considerable disdain upon his more humble colleague, the "mail

* The author of this article was formerly Berlin correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, and, later, Paris correspondent of the New York Associated Press.

correspondent," is now called upon to withstand another and far more formidable enemy, whose blows are the more difficult to ward off because they come in the form of his own weapon,—the electric fluid. I refer to the Telegraphic News Agencies with which Europe is already richly endowed, and which are increasing from year to year in number and importance. Avenel's "La Presse Française" for 1892 gives not less than fifty-eight newspaper agencies of one kind or another in Paris alone. What the cable correspondent did to the mail correspondent the news agency is now doing to the former: it is gradually cutting the ground from under his feet.

One of the best-known foreign journalists in Rome writes me, "The great news agencies are doing so much of the work now, Stefani receiving all the official information to the exclusion, as a rule, even of the Italian press, that the importance of a correspondent for getting early and exclusive news is almost nil. Reuter and Havas have permanent correspondents at Rome, and Dalziel is about to appoint one. The London *Times* is now the only English journal which has a salaried 'own correspondent' in Rome for other than telegraphic work, the *Standard* and *Daily News* having telegraphic correspondence to an important extent from special and regular correspondents, that of the *Standard* being salaried. The rapidly extending organization of the news agencies, and the new feature lately introduced of 'special' news communications, which are now furnished by the chief agencies on demand through their regular staff, threaten to diminish still further the importance of the special correspondent and for most journals to supersede him, except in war-times."

Throughout Latin Europe the Paris Havas Agency rules supreme, while two or three weaker rivals dispute its monopoly in France at least. In Scandinavia Ritzau's Agency seems to cover the ground. At Copenhagen, for instance, the London *Times* has no correspondent of its own, but depends upon Ritzau for Danish news. In Berlin and Vienna a number of private and semi-official news agencies issue manuscript sheets or slips to which the German papers subscribe by the month or year. The best of these is the Allgemeine Reichs-Correspondenz, which occasionally gives telegraphic reports. But the great Berlin agency is that of Wolff, with the Herald Depeschen Bureau and the Hirsch Telegraph Bureau as new rivals.

The bearing on the American press and American correspondents abroad of what has just been said will be more clearly seen when I describe somewhat in detail the work of a leading agency for the transmission of news to the United States. I refer to the whilom New York Associated Press, and particularly to its head office in Europe at London.

In Effingham House, Arundel Street, just off the busy Strand and in the midst of the newspaper world of the English capital, the news of the whole Eastern hemisphere was concentrated and such portions of it forwarded to America as were thought of interest. The daily average of words thus supplied to the London office exceeded twenty-five thousand. Much of this large total was useless for American news purposes, but all of it had to be carefully scanned. Besides this news

furnished through the regular channels, the various editions of the London papers—over forty in number—were carefully read the moment they appeared, and any "special" information of importance found in their columns was extracted and cabled. While exercising a rigid economy in condensing news, the Associated Press, in spite of high cable rates, telegraphed important events from London to New York as fully as it would have done from Washington to New York. A speech delivered in Parliament, in the Reichstag, or in the Chamber of Deputies, was often cabled verbatim. Aside from these exceptional occasions and the general news supply, there was sent out daily a vast quantity of markets, stock, and shipping reports, from all quarters of the globe. The quality and extent of the Associated Press service were only half realized by the general public. But occasionally a journalistic expert gave his opinion,—as, for instance, when that eminent English journalist, Mr. H. G. Reid, writing in the *Fortnightly Review*, stated that while in America during the Home Rule debates in Parliament he found that the Associated Press reports gave a better idea of the proceedings than did those of the English papers.

As the newspapers of America are scattered from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and because of the difference of time between the two continents, ranging from five hours between London and New York to eight hours between London and San Francisco, there is scarcely an hour in the twenty-four when telegrams cannot reach some edition of a morning or evening newspaper. Thus, when the Duke of Clarence died at nine o'clock in the morning at Sandringham, it was but one A.M. in San Francisco, so that the news was in time for all morning papers west of Chicago. Consequently the regular editions of all American morning papers can be reached as late as six and even seven A.M., London time. This difference of time enables the correspondent to cull from the great London dailies any special news or editorial comment of interest to America. And this is one of the main reasons why London is *the* centre of news-collecting for America: the London dailies contain the largest and best collection of European news, which is all at the disposal of the American cable correspondents at the English capital.

The Associated Press co-operated with all the leading news agencies of Europe. Placing all the news it gathered in America at the service of these allied agencies, it received in return for use in the United States all the news they gathered abroad. It had an exclusive contract for shipping news with the celebrated institution known as "Lloyd's," whose thirteen hundred agents are scattered along every available portion of the earth's seaboard and whose signal stations and boats are familiar to travellers in all parts of the world. It also received the news of the Press Association and Exchange Telegraph Company, which cover Great Britain and Ireland.

The news of these various agencies was, for the most part, laid down in the London offices of the Associated Press by means of news instruments similar to the American "tickers." The visitor to the offices found a bewildering array of these instruments, of telephones, telegraph wires, and the other appurtenances of the modern news

agency. The Associated Press leased a special wire from the British government giving it direct communication with the cable companies, so that a message was flashed across the Atlantic almost as each word was written.*

London, it will thus be seen, is the principal centre of American journalism in Europe. "It is remarkable in correspondential resources," Mr. Moncure D. Conway once said to me: "there is always something new in its learned societies, theatres, churches, university circles, woman movements, and especially in its artistic developments, that may be sure of exciting American interest."

What London is to the foreign newspaper world in general, Paris is to Continental Europe. In the latter city English dailies have their best-paid correspondents and best-equipped offices, and in Paris, too, American journalism and American journalists flourish as in no other Continental capital. Nor is this latter fact wholly due to the circumstance that "Paris is the Yankee Paradise." It is because for Continental Europe, and especially for Latin and Slav Europe and the Orient, Paris is the cynosure, is *the* news centre; since in Paris are published the *Temps*, the *Figaro*, the *Journal des Débats*, and one or two other famous newspapers; since Paris is the home of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the Comédie Française, the Académie Française, the annual Salons, etc.; not to speak of the important political actions and influences which emanate from this same city.

The history of the formation of the Paris Syndicate of Foreign Correspondents is so curious, and so typical of the fashion in which the foreign correspondent is treated and looked upon, not only at the French capital, but also in the other chief Continental cities, that I give it somewhat in detail. This story of the revindication of the "Fourth Estate" is here told for the first time, I believe, and may be taken as a fair example of the struggle which modern journalism has had, or is having, in most of the Continental countries, with what is left of the old régime.

During the Second Empire the journalist, whether French or foreign, had a pretty hard time of it. Every possible obstacle was placed in his way in his effort to obtain news; and if he got any, he ran the risk of imprisonment if he used it. The situation in Paris then was much the same as it is to-day in St. Petersburg. Of course no journalist was admitted to the sittings of the Corps Législatif; there were no galleries even for the general public, much less a press gallery; but when the war of 1870 overthrew the tyranny of Napoleon III., and before the National Assembly was scarcely organized at Bordeaux, the journalists of France made haste to claim their rights.

Early in 1871 the journalists congregated at Bordeaux called a meeting under the presidency of Victor Hugo, and appointed a com-

* For the above information concerning the Associated Press I am indebted to Mr. Walter Neef, who for nearly two years acted as London and general foreign manager of the Associated Press, and who has been connected with the agency for fifteen years. Prior to his going abroad, Mr. Neef was for several years assistant general manager of the Western Division of the Associated Press, with head-quarters at Chicago.

mittee composed of Paris, provincial, and foreign journalists, whose mission it was to obtain a permanent gallery for the press in the theatre where the National Assembly sat. I shall consider only one phase of this undertaking, that which concerned the interests of the foreign correspondents.

The only foreigner on the committee was the late George M. Crawford, who throughout the Empire had always taken the republican or liberal side in his despatches to the London *Daily News*. The committee called on the questor of the Assembly, but were received with such hot insolence that Mr. Crawford returned the ticket of admission to the sittings offered him as a sop in lieu of the desired press gallery, and abandoned the attempt to obtain recognition for the foreign correspondents, although the Paris and provincial press were more successful in their demand.

In the mean time the National Assembly left Bordeaux for Versailles. The continued exclusion from the sittings of the foreign correspondents, with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, who, through the kindness of powerful friends, followed all the debates, finally decided the London managers of the great English dailies to consider the advantage of securing an account of the sittings from French journalists, the English correspondents to act simply as translators. Thereupon Mr. Crawford was appealed to by his brother correspondents to make one more effort in their behalf, and he generously and patriotically consented to do so.

Mrs. Crawford took the matter in hand, had a bill drawn up, and after a year's labor succeeded in getting it passed. She first saw the questor, who pronounced himself once more as decidedly opposed to the measure as ever. Then she saw M. de Rémusat, Minister of Foreign Affairs, who, while not personally against the innovation, declared that he saw only difficulties in the way of its realization. Lord Lyons was also appealed to, and not in vain. M. Thiers, who was then President of the Republic, was early brought over to the proposal, but said, "I must not be supposed to be favorable to the bill, otherwise the reactionists will never pass it; but privately I will get my friends to support it." And when the measure came up for discussion in 1873, the shrewd Thiers said, "The government has been handed over to me in trust, and I must do nothing that might in any way cause it harm; but you enjoy the responsibility of your own acts." Of course the result was now certain: the bill was passed almost unanimously, "and now," as Mr. Crawford said to me when, one day in 1874, I went down with him to the historic Versailles theatre, "we sit here by act of Parliament."

But, notwithstanding the fact that we sit in the Chamber by act of Parliament, our accommodations are very bad, to employ an exceedingly mild term. The foreign press gallery in the Palais Bourbon is the poorest—I use the word advisedly—in the whole house. It is high up, near the roof, at one of the extreme ends of the hemicycle, and is so situated in regard to the tribune that the speaker is far in front of a line drawn at right angles to the gallery, which of course greatly increases the difficulties of hearing the debates. Then, again,

it can hold not more than a score of listeners, a mere corporal's guard from the vast army of foreign newspaper-men—Avenel mentions by name nine hundred and fifty—congregated in the French capital. But a single American correspondent sits there. And what has been said of the foreign press gallery of the Chamber of Deputies may be repeated in most particulars of that of the Senate.

In Rome the situation is much the same. An English journalist there writes me as follows: "The foreign press has no gallery in Parliament; but the general press gallery is large and open to all accredited correspondents, being simply a section of the public gallery, most inconvenient to hear from and for the greater part useless. The seats are drawn on the opening of each session, and only the front row gives a chance to hear even those who speak distinctly: so that, as a rule, foreign correspondents do not attend the debates."

There is a small press gallery in the Reichstag at Berlin; but it is not large enough to accommodate all journalists, even one of the well-established Berlin papers, having perhaps the largest circulation, being excluded for lack of space. The London correspondents are given seats there. "This state of things," an American journalist, Mr. Henry W. Fisher, writes me from the German capital, "is a consequence of the Bismarck régime, when only such papers were admitted to the Reichstag as acted as mouth-pieces of the Chancellor." A reform is promised.

In Vienna the foreign press has about ten seats in the general press gallery of the Reichsrath; but, with the exception of the German correspondents, these seats are not occupied more than once or twice a year. "To the late crown prince," the oldest foreign correspondent at the Austrian capital writes me, "belongs all the merit of having obtained favors for journalists,—such as their admission to a gallery at court balls, dinners, etc. At the Foreign Office there are high officials who receive us during a couple of hours daily, though, for all the information they give us, we might as well stay away. But we all go, if only to be able to quote the 'diplomatic circles' from time to time. Another court councillor attends to our wants at the home department, and provides us with tickets of admission to public ceremonies, etc."

In Madrid there is no foreign press gallery in either house, but foreign correspondents are admitted into the Spanish press gallery with cards delivered by the President of each house. But the crush is so great on any important occasion that it is not always easy to find even standing room there, flooded as it is on such occasions by people who have nothing to do with the press. Foreign journalists are recognized only on great occasions. On ordinary occasions no notice is taken of them by the government, Parliament, the theatres, the railway companies, or any other body.

Such, briefly told, are some of the more salient aspects of the professional life of the newspaper correspondent in Europe. It must be confessed that every effort seems to be made, at least on the Continent, to prevent him from filling the *rôle* attributed by Lowell to "the patron saint of newspaper correspondents," Noah, whom he pronounced "the only man who ever had the very latest authentic intelligence from everywhere." But if the Continental tendency is to permit us

to get no intelligence from anywhere, still a change for the better is being wrought, and it may be confidently hoped that if in the near future we may not attain to the perfection of Noah, we may at least enjoy the ordinary journalistic privileges exercised by the Anglo-Saxon descendants of Japheth.

Theodore Stanton.

ARMISTICE.

LAST night I grasped the bony hands of Death
Hard in mine own, the while, in desperate wise,
Straitly I gazed into his hollow eyes.
(We were alone, beneath a linden-tree
Whose wet leaves trembled to the spring wind's breath;
The bloom of spring was on the purple skies.)
Heavy of heart I stood and gazed on him,
So fair the world was in that twilight dim,
So sweet its shadow-haunted mysteries.

"Tell me," I cried, "for this I needs must know,
What have we done, O cruel Death, to thee,
That thou art still our one implacable foe,
Whom naught propitiates, naught may overthrow,
Whom none escapeth, howsoe'er he flee,
But, when thou beckonest, must arise and go?"

Gently Death answered me, and musing said,
"Am I, in very truth, thine enemy?
Nay, but thine angel, pitiful and mild;
I am the parent; thou, the wayward child,
Sprung from my loins, yet holding me in dread.

"Now, as in all time past, all time to be,
I welcome those the World and Time discard,
Whom Life hath banished, whom Eld hath maimed and marred;
None is too vile, too full of misery.
Ever and aye my portal stands unbarred.—
Hath not thine own voice called me o'er and o'er?
Hounded by Care, beset and tortured sore,
Hath not thine own heart ofttimes turned to me?

"Go, and forget me yet awhile again;
But when thy deep desire of life shall wane,
When thou art weary of all things, worst and best,—
Weary of taking thought, of Joy and Pain,
Of thine own faults and failures weariest,—
Cry to me then,—thou shalt not ask in vain;
Come unto me, and I will give thee rest."

Graham R. Tomson.

A GLANCE INTO WALT WHITMAN.

IF Walt Whitman had dropped upon us from some other sphere, he could hardly have been a greater puzzle to our literary circles. So huge, so uncouth on a hasty survey, so out of keeping with the poetic standards and traditions in vogue, even the best judges have been at a loss what to make of him.

"Leaves of Grass" makes a tremendous drive at certain definite things, one of them to break through the literary, the intellectual and conventional swathings of the reader's mind, and touch his sense of real things and his power to deal with them. Any person with a feeble sense of reality—a feebleness which always results from defective imagination—will find little pleasure or profit in Whitman's poetry. Over all the book is the sense, the quality of things in the open air, as distinguished from the art, the upholstery and *bric-à-brac* of our houses. I do not mean to say that Whitman has led a revolt against art; this would doubtless cause him to fall into the inartistic, of which he is not guilty. A revolt against art would be as unwise as a revolt against science; in her own sphere art is as supreme as science in hers; if you serve art you must serve her faithfully, if you serve science you must follow wherever she leads. The inartistic and the unscientific are alike false. I only mean to say that the dormant impression of Whitman's work is not that of art, as the word is usually understood, but that of nature and life at first hand. It is not a statue that he carves, but a man that he builds. We cling to the popular poets for their art and their exquisite poetical gifts; we cling to Whitman for the man and for the sweep of vision which he gives the spirit.

We value Longfellow for his art and for the sweet, benignant soul that breathes through it; we prize Lowell for his art and for the manly, scholarly nature that shines through it; but we can make little of Whitman except upon the most radical universal human grounds. If we are solely in quest of art, we must go some other way. Hence "Leaves of Grass" will fare better at the hands of men who have formed their taste upon real things, and whose culture has brought them back to the value of the common, the universal, the near at hand, than at the hands of merely bookish men.

No shutter'd room or school can commune with me.
But roughs and little children better than they.

The young mechanic is closest to me, he knows me well.
The woodman that takes his axe and jug with him shall take me with him all day.

The farm-boy ploughing in the field feels good at the sound of my voice.
In vessels that sail, my words sail.
I go with fishermen and seamen, and love them.

He is thus always calling attention to the fact that the spirit in which he writes and in which he is to be read is the spirit of real life

and real things. Workingmen and the common people probably can make nothing of the poems, because in their half-culture they face away from the common and the near; we must have gone through a wide circle of experience and of spiritual development and *have come back*, to appreciate fully "Leaves of Grass" in this respect.

Whitman's theory of art and poetry as he has sought to exemplify it in his book may be gathered from many passages here and there, notably from the poem called "To the Sayers of Words;" and the theory upon which he has modelled his life from the poem on "Prudence,"—"the prudence that walks abreast with time, space, reality; that answers the pride which refuses every lesson but its own." For purposes of his own, he has pondered well the lesson of the earth:

I swear there is no greatness or power that does not emulate those of the earth!
I swear there can be no theory of any account unless it corroborate the theory of the earth.
No politics, art, religion, behavior, or what-not is of account unless it compare with the amplitude of the earth,
Unless it face the exactness, vitality, impartiality, rectitude of the earth.

What are we to do with a poet who works after such a pattern? "Leaves of Grass" is professedly modelled upon cosmic standards. Its author would fain "emulate the amplitude, the coarseness, the sexuality of the earth, and the great charity and equilibrium also." How far he succeeds let the reader judge. But I find in him a sense for mass and multitude, a feeling for space and time, which are very significant. There is, moreover, a disregard of details, an absence of studied arrangement, an all-embracing charity and acceptance, a rank, almost stunning objectivity, as well as an aboriginal freshness and power, and an atmosphere of health and sanity that seem to justify his statement,

Conveying a sentiment and invitation of the earth—I utter and utter.

The wild and the savage in nature with which Whitman perpetually identifies himself, and the hirsute, sun-tanned, and aboriginal in humanity, have misled many readers into looking upon him as expressive of these things only. Mr. Stedman thinks him guilty of a certain narrowness in preferring or seeming to prefer the laboring man to the gentleman. But the poet uses these elements only for checks and balances, and to keep our attention, in the midst of a highly refined and civilized age, fixed upon the fact that here are the final sources of our health, our power, our longevity. The need of the pre-scientific age was knowledge and refinement; the need of our age is health and sanity, cool heads and good digestion. And to this end the bitter and drastic remedies from the shore and the mountains are for us.

Though our progress and civilization are a triumph over nature, yet in an important sense we never get away from nature or improve upon her. Her standards are still our standards, her sweetness and excellence are still our aim. Her health, her fertility, her wholeness, her freshness, her innocence, her evolution, we would fain copy or repro-

duce. We would, if we could, keep the pungency and aroma of her wild fruit in our cultivated specimens, the virtue and hardiness of the savage in our fine gentlemen, the joy and spontaneity of her bird-songs in our poetry, the grace and beauty of her forms in our sculpture and carvings. I have thought that Whitman's poetry was pervaded by will, or begotten by will, more than were the studied and elaborate intellectual productions with which we are more familiar; that they sprang more directly out of his faith and quality as a man, showing less mental pressure but more personal power. Yet in the same breath we must direct attention to what a recent critic has called the "waves of profound thought" that surge through the poems and buoy up their huge masses of materials like ocean currents.

Some of the ideas which come from these thought-waves I may briefly indicate. The curious physiological strain that runs through the poems, of which I shall have more to say, the glorification of the body and the identifying of it with the soul,—an idea which, as it is followed out in "Children of Adam," in the begetting of offspring, has given much offence; the idea of identity through materials, through sight, hearing, touch, taste, smell,—the soul vibrated back from outward objects; the idea of the spirituality of all things which crops out again and again in the poems, and which is fully expressed in such a sentence as this, "Sure as the earth swims through the heavens, does every one of its objects pass into spiritual results," from which it follows that whatever a man or woman thinks or does is attended by consequences that follow him or her through life and after death; "No specification is necessary—all that a male or female does that is vigorous, benevolent, clean, is so much profit to him or her in the unshakable order of the universe, and through the whole scope of it forever;" the idea of the absolute equality of the sexes and that what the man requires for his health and development is equally required by the woman; the idea of creation as womanhood, or as symbolized by womanhood; the idea of religion as independent of all Bibles and creeds, as no more bound up with ecclesiasticism than the air we breathe or the water we drink; the idea of the "vast similitude which interlocks all" and makes the least fact significant; and the high moral conception of life as a perpetual journey, an endless field of action and effort, finely illustrated in that magnificent "Poem of the Open Road;" the idea that is riveted and clinched in poem after poem, that everything is for the individual, that "underneath the lesson of things, spirits, nature, governments, ownership," is the lesson of personality, —that "the whole theory of the universe is directed to one single individual,—namely, to You:" these and many others run through the poems, and make them stimulating and suggestive to the moral and intellectual nature no less than to the poetic.

Walt Whitman was one of the cleanest men both in person and in speech that I have ever known. During nearly thirty years of acquaintance with him, I never heard an unseemly word or indelicate allusion or story pass his lips. Jokes and anecdotes illustrative of the frailties of women or the wickedness of men never seemed to stick to him, nor did anything else that put human nature in an unfriendly

light. He abounded in quaint sayings and pithy stories such as his Quaker ancestry had delighted in, but everything offensive or unclean he silently turned away from. Woman never before had such a champion and friend as she had in Walt Whitman. His book, taken as a whole, is an utterance from the point of view of a composite, democratic, American personality, male or female. It is to express the woman just as much as the man. One thing our poet could never endure was disrespect either to women or working-people, or to the old and feeble, and he had as little patience with the scoffing, ridiculing tendencies that are daily growing stronger with us.

I say the human shape or face is so great it must never be made ridiculous,
And that exaggerations will be sternly revenged in your own physiology, and in other persons' physiology also;
And I say that clean-shaped children can be conceived only when natural forms prevail in public, and the human face and form are never caricatured.

Whitman laid great stress upon physiology and a due care of the body. He was himself a remarkably fine and impressive figure. Indeed, his physical make-up was more than ordinarily suggestive.

A few years ago a young English artist stopping in this country made several studies of him. In one of them which he showed me he had left the face blank, but had drawn the figure from the head down with much care. It was so expressive, so unmistakably Whitman, conveyed so surely a certain majesty and impressiveness that pertained to the poet physically, that I looked upon it with no ordinary interest. Every wrinkle in the garments seemed to proclaim the man. Probably a similar painting of any of one's friends would be more or less a recognizable portrait, but I doubt if it would speak so emphatically as did this incomplete sketch. I thought it all the more significant in this case because Whitman laid such stress upon the human body in his poems, built so extensively upon it, curiously identifying it with the soul, and declaring his belief that if he made the poems of his body and of mortality he would thus supply himself with the poems of the soul and of immortality. "Behold," he says, "the body includes and is the meaning, the main concern, and includes and is the soul; whoever you are, how superb and how divine is your body, or any part of it." He runs this physiological thread all through his book, and strings upon it many valuable lessons and many noble sentiments. Those who knew him well, I think, will agree with me that his bodily presence was singularly magnetic, restful, and positive, and that it furnished a curious and suggestive commentary upon much there is in his poetry.

The Greeks, who made so much more of the human body than we do, seem not to have carried so much meaning, so much history, in their faces as does the modern man; the soul was not concentrated here, but was more evenly distributed over the whole body. Their faces expressed repose, harmony, power of command. I think Whitman was like the Greeks in this respect. His face had none of the eagerness, sharpness, nervousness, of the modern face. It had but few lines, and these were Greek; the brows were high and arching, the nose

straight and square-bridged, the gray-blue eyes heavy-lidded, the head perfectly symmetrical, with no bulging of the forehead. From the mouth up, the face was expressive of Greek purity, simplicity, strength, and repose. The mouth was large and loose, and expressive of another side of his nature. It was a mouth that required the check and curb of that classic brow. His figure was large and tall, but not athletic. I do not know that he ever showed any taste for athletic sports and exercises; his body and all its movements were expressive of gentleness and affection; a sweet-breathed, pink-skinned man, always with the atmosphere of one who had just come from his bath.

And the influence of his poems is always on the side of physiological cleanliness and strength and severance from all that corrupts and makes morbid and mean. He says the "expression of a well-made man appears not only in his face, it is in his limbs and joints also, it is curiously in the joints of his hips and wrists; it is in his walk, the carriage of his neck, the flex of his waist and knees—dress does not hide him, the strong, sweet, supple quality he has strikes through the cotton and flannel; to see him pass conveys as much as the best poem, perhaps more. You linger to see his back and the back of his neck and shoulder-side." He says he has perceived that to be with those he likes is enough: "To be surrounded by beautiful, curious, breathing, laughing flesh is enough—I do not ask any more delight—I swim in it as in a sea. There is something in staying close to men and women and looking on them, and in the contact and odor of them, that pleases the soul well. All things please the soul—but these please the soul well." Emerson once asked Whitman what it was he found in the society of the common people that satisfied him so; for his part he could not find anything. The subordination of the intellectual by Whitman to the human and physical, which runs all through his poems and is one source of their power, Emerson, who was deficient in the sensuous, probably could not appreciate.

The poet seems to have charged himself to follow out the physiological lesson of his work,—the lesson of the essential purity of the body in all its organs and attributes and at all hazards. Mr. Stedman thinks the poet has violated his own canon of the truth and excellence of nature in his free, unabashed handling of sex and reproduction. But in these matters he is only following out his doctrine of the purity and sacredness of physiological laws and processes,—the sacredness of fatherhood and motherhood and the necessity of well-begotten, physiologically well-begotten, offspring. All this part of the poems is as clean as the pollenation of the trees and plants. There is no illusion, no prurient suggestion, none of the witchery of the veiled and the forbidden which readers like so well, but a frankness which may shock and repel, but certainly cannot corrupt. A writer in *The Nineteenth Century*, a few years since, speaking of these things, justly remarked, "There is indeed something in the tearing away of veils which, however justly it may offend their modesty, is to unhealthiness and pruriency as sunlight and the open air; they shrink from the exposure and shiver at the healthy freshness."

Great poets are always the physicians of their age and country.

They come that we may have life, and have it more abundantly. This is perhaps the meaning of Arnold's saying that poetry is a criticism of life. Whitman's poetry is based upon a criticism of his country and times, very bold, profound, and far-reaching. It is of course implied rather than directly stated, and is affirmative and uplifting rather than negative and destructive, as it was bound to be in a poetic utterance. An infusion of the spirit which he brings into our politics and sociology, into our literature, into our life as a people, would be eminently salutary. A little of the worldly strain and pressure taken off, larger, freer types, more charity, more faith, less harsh judgments, ease and relaxation everywhere, less headiness, more unction and character, —it is in these directions that he would help us. We are an apt, quick, supple people, but we fall short in mass, in inertia, in power; and in all these things Walt Whitman was our prophet and savior.

John Burroughs.

AN OLD GOOD-BY.

THE dead leaves rustle at my feet,
The moon is shining brightly;
Something has softly dimmed my eyes,
Across the path *one* shadow lies,—
The path two trod so lightly.

It was upon a night like this
Love left us only sorrow:
I held her little hand in mine,
That parting is to me divine,
Then there was no to-morrow.

Since I have learned life's lesson well,
Hearts are not easy broken;
To-night all joys I have forgot;
There's something sacred in this spot,
Where sweet good-byes were spoken.

I'd feel less lonely with myself
If I *were* broken-hearted:
Would I could live that night again,
With all its sadness-sweetened pain,
When love from love was parted!

Lorimer Stoddard.

THE PRACTICAL JESTER.

THE practical jester has been rightly banished from respectable society. A practical joke, except between people who are very young or very intimately acquainted, is now looked upon as little better than a bit of blackguardism. But time was when this form of jesting flourished apace. And the time is not very remote. The middle of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the present saw its acme. Grave philosophers and courtly wits played mad pranks upon each other. The verb "to bite," "to be bitten," used more often in the passive than in the active voice, was invented in Swift's days to describe the relative position of hoaxer and hoaxee. Early in 1800 a couple of clubs were founded in London for the express purpose of mutual "biting between the members."

Of all practical jokers Theodore Hook was the most inveterate, the most audacious and inconsiderate, the most nimble of wit. Nothing was allowed to stand between him and a jest. Once he was driving along the street in a cab with no money in his pockets to pay the fare. He spied a friend on the sidewalk, hailed him, and got him to take a seat. Then he explained the situation and besought a loan. His friend was equally impecunious. Thereupon Hook contrived to pick a quarrel with him; high words arose, and in a fit of pretended passion Hook stopped the carriage, leaped out, slammed the door, and shouldered the difficulty upon his friend.

One night, after a long carousal, Hook and several companions took a coach and drove to within reasonable distance of the point they wished to reach. Then Hook ordered the coachman to draw up in front of the house of a reputable physician. He pulled the bell violently, and, when the door was opened by a sleepy servant, dashed into the house with his friends. The doctor was standing, half dressed, at the head of the stairs. With all the eloquence at his command Hook conjured him to drive at once to Mrs. Blank's, as that worthy lady was about to become a mother and had no medical attendance at hand. He did not trust to eloquence alone. He and his friends laid hold of the gentleman, and forced him down-stairs and into the coach without giving him time to change his gown and slippers. Then they gave the cabman a number in some remote portion of the town and told him to drive off at all speed. The doctor found in due time that he had been hoaxed, but he paid the fare, and, for fear of ridicule, never alluded to the matter again.

In a rural town Hook entered the house of a wealthy gentleman unknown to him. It was early in the morning, and the gentleman was not yet down. Hook made himself free of the house, cocked his legs on the furniture, and ordered a maid-servant to bring him brandy and water. The girl, in astonishment, answered that her master kept the keys. Hook broke out into a tempest of abuse against the establishment, and demanded to see the master. That gentleman came down

furious, and ordered the servants to put the interloper out of the house. But his anger was pacified when Hook, with profuse apologies, explained that he had been directed to the house as an inn; and they parted as friends.

In "Gilbert Gurney" Hook has painted his own portrait, under the name of Daly. "Fun is to me what ale was to Boniface," says Daly of himself. "I sleep upon fun—I drink for fun—I talk for fun—I live for fun." The practical jokes which that gentleman delights in are in effect the jests which Hook had perpetrated in real life.

It was Hook, and not Daly, who once at Richmond asked the waiter to bring "some maids of honor,"—a sort of cheese-cake celebrated there. In his party was a lady who had never before been in Richmond; she stared, and then laughed. Hook saw her surprise, and elicited what he wanted,—her innocent question, "What do you mean by maids of honor?" "Dear me!" said he, "don't you know that this is so courtly a place, and so completely under the influence of state etiquette, that everything in Richmond is called after the functionaries of the palace? While cheese-cakes elsewhere are maids of honor here; a capon is a lord chamberlain; a goose, a steward; a roast pig is a master of the horse; a pair of ducks, grooms of the bedchamber; a gooseberry tart, a gentleman usher of the black rod; and so on."

The unsophisticated lady was taken in, and when the ladies of honor actually appeared in the shape of cheese-cakes, she convulsed the whole party by turning to the waiter and asking him, in a sweet but decided tone, to bring her a gentleman usher of the black rod, if they had one in the house, quite cold.

It was Hook, again, and not Daly, who perpetrated the jest that forms the turning-point in Gilbert Gurney's career. One day he and the elder Mathews, the comedian, took a row up the river to Richmond. Passing a well-trimmed lawn at Barnes, they noticed an inscription-board sternly forbidding any strangers to land. This was enough for Hook. Tying the boat to a tree, he and Mathews landed, taking with them fishing-rods and lines. Hook acted as a land surveyor, Mathews as his clerk. Pacing slowly to and fro across the lawn, they used their fishing-rods as pretended measuring- and levelling-staffs, their lines as yard- and rood-measures. Soon a parlor window opened. The occupant of the villa, a well-to-do alderman, strode out in great wrath and demanded what the two interlopers were about. Hook coolly but courteously informed him that a new canal was to be cut directly across the lawn, and that he and his clerk were taking accurate measurements. Partly in rage, partly in despair, the alderman invited them in to talk the matter over. Dinner was just ready. The wine flowed freely. The alderman sought to persuade the surveyor that another line for the canal might easily be obtained. Hook said he would do his best. Good humor was restored, the conversation grew general, the novelist and the comedian succeeded in charming the household. At last Hook sat down to the piano, and finally, after numerous brilliant impromptus, rattled off the following lines:

Many thanks for your excellent fare,
But we are not the men that we look:
My friend's Mr. Mathews the player,
And I am one Theodore Hook.

Hood was a far more kindly humorist than Hook, and the jests which he occasionally perpetrated upon his family and his friends were in far better taste than those which Hook indulged in. His daughter tells us that he enjoyed playing off harmless practical jokes on his wife, who bore them with the sweetest temper, and joined in the laugh against herself afterwards with great good humor. She was a capital subject, for she accepted in good faith whatever he told her, however improbable, and her innocent face of wonder and belief added greatly to the zest of the joke.

Soon after their marriage Hood was ordered to Brighton for his health. His wife managed the housekeeping, and he offered to give her a few hints. "Above all things, Jane," he said, "as they will endeavor to impose on your inexperience, let nothing induce you to buy a plaice that has any appearance of red or orange spots, as they are sure signs of an advanced stage of decomposition." Mrs. Hood promised obedience. Next day the fishwoman arrived at the door. As it happened, she had very little except plaice, which she kept turning over and over, praising their size and freshness. But the obnoxious red spots met Mrs. Hood's watchful eye. Her expressed doubts as to the freshness of the fish were met with asseverations that they had only just been caught. "My good woman," said Mrs. Hood, with the air of one who was not to be taken in by such evident falsehood, "I could not think of buying any plaice with those unpleasant red spots." The woman's answer was a perfect shout: "Lord bless your eyes, mum! who ever seed any without 'em?" A suppressed giggle on the stairs made Mrs. Hood turn round, to see the perpetrator of the joke escaping in an ecstasy of merriment, and the discomfited lady was left to appease the angry sea-nymph as best she could.

The only approach to unkindness of which Hood was ever guilty was in retaliation for unkindness. He had been out rowing on a lake with a couple of friends, laughing and jesting and playing mad pranks. His friends preceded him out of the boat, and, as Hood rose to follow, one of them gave the boat a push and out went Hood into the water. Fortunately, it was the landing-place, and the water was not deep, but he was wet through. He quietly determined to revenge himself. Presently he began to complain of cramps and stitches, and at last went in-doors. His friends rather shamefacedly persuaded him to go to bed. His groans increased so alarmingly that they were at their wits' ends. Mrs. Hood had received a quiet hint, and was consequently only amused. There was no doctor for miles. All sorts of remedies were suggested. One rushed up with a tea-kettle of boiling water, another tottered under a tin bath, a third brought mustard. At last Hood declared he was dying, and in a sepulchral voice detailed some absurd directions for his will, which they were too frightened to see the fun of. But he could bear it no longer, and, while the penitent offenders were professing remorse and suing for pardon, he burst into a shout of laughter, which

they thought at first was delirious frenzy, but which at last betrayed the joke.

George Canning carried his propensity for jesting even into the Premiership. In 1826 a treaty of commerce was pending between Great Britain and Holland. Sir Charles Bagot, the English Minister at the Hague, received a despatch one day from Mr. Canning at the Foreign Office while he was with the Dutch king and his minister, Falk. He obtained leave to open it, but found the letter was in cipher. As he had not the key with him, he could do nothing else than ask permission to retire. Going home, he made out the despatch to be as follows:

SEPARATE, SECRET, AND CONFIDENTIAL.

(*In Cipher.*)

FOREIGN OFFICE, January 31, 1826.

SIR:

In matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch
Is offering too little and asking too much.
With equal advantage the French are content,
So we'll clap on Dutch bottoms just twenty per cent.
Chorus—Twenty per cent., twenty per cent.

ENGLISH CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICERS AND FRENCH DOUANIERS.

English—We'll clap on Dutch bottoms just twenty per cent.;
French—Vous frapperez Falk avec twenty per cent.

I have no other commands from His Majesty to convey to Your Excellency to-day. I am with great truth and respect, sir, Your Excellency's most obedient humble servant,

(Signed) GEORGE CANNING.

H. E. the Rt. Hon'ble Sir Charles Bagot, G.C.B., The Hague.

Poor Sir Charles and his secretary of legation were utterly baffled. They worried over the despatch for days, and got into a correspondence with Canning, who calmly refused to grant any more light, until in a happy moment it dawned upon Sir Charles that the liveliest of Premiers had tossed off a grave piece of fiscal diplomacy into facile verse of the sort which had made the *Anti-Jacobin* famous.

Actors have always been great practical jesters. Garrick used to be fond of mystifying his friends. One evening, when he expected Dr. Monsey to call on him, he asked the servant to conduct the doctor into his bedroom. Garrick was announced for King Lear that night, but the doctor found him stretched on the bed, with his night-cap on. He was really dressed, but the quilt covered him completely. Monsey expressed surprise, as it was time for the actor to be at the theatre to dress for his part. Garrick, in whining, languid tones, told him he was too sick to play himself, but that there was an actor named Marr so like him in face and figure, and so excellent a mimic, that he would impose upon the audience. As soon as the doctor had left the room, Garrick jumped out of bed and hastened to the theatre. Monsey attended the performance. He was bewildered, sometimes doubting and sometimes only wondering at the extraordinary resemblance between Garrick and Marr. At the end of the play he hurried back to Garrick's house, to discover whether or not a trick had been played upon him. But Garrick had been too

quick for him, and was found by Monsey in the same apparent condition of illness.

Ned Shuter was travelling one warm day in the Brighton stage-coach with four ladies, when the vehicle paused to receive a sixth passenger, of Falstaffian proportions. The ladies were dismayed, but Shuter only smiled. After the unwelcome addition to the party had seated himself, the comedian asked one lady after another her motive for visiting Brighton. All had some ailment which the sea was expected to cure.

"Ah!" sighed the comedian, "I would change places with any one of you. My case is dreadful."

The stout passenger pricked up his ears. "And pray what may be the matter with you?" he asked.

"Three days ago," said Shuter, sadly, "I was bitten by a mad dog. Sea-bathing is the only cure. I look well, indeed, but the fit comes on me at any moment, and I bark like a dog and seek to bite every one near me."

"Heaven have mercy on us!" puffed out the fat passenger. "But, sir, you are not in earnest—you——"

"Bow-wow-wow!"

"Coachman! coachman! let me out, I say!"

"What's the matter now?"

"A mad dog is the matter. Hydrophobia is the matter! Open the door!"

"Bow-wow-wow!"

"Open the door! Never mind the steps! Thank heaven, I'm safe out! Let whoso like ride inside, I'll mount the roof."

And he did mount the roof, to the relief of the ladies and the delight of the comedian, who kept repeating at intervals his sonorous bow-wow-wow!

Grimaldi, the clown, had the tables turned upon him. He had a shrewish wife and a bad temper of his own. The pair succeeded in making their lives so unutterably wretched that at last, in despair, they determined to end them. Grimaldi went out and purchased "an ounce of arsenic, to poison the rats." After swallowing each a moiety, the pair separated, that they might not witness each other's pangs. He went to the sitting-room couch, she to her bed in the adjoining room. The door between the two rooms was left open.

A long silence ensued. Each listened anxiously, intensely. But nothing was heard save an occasional sob from Mrs. G., a quivering sigh from Mr. G. At last Grimaldi, in a deep, low voice, asked, "Are you dead, love?" With a sigh she answered, "No." "Damnation!" he cried, in perplexity. "Grimaldi!" she returned, reproachfully. Half an hour elapsed. Mrs. Grimaldi found the silence unbearable. Frightful visions of her husband stretched out cold and motionless were before her. "Mr. Grimaldi!" she cried, "*are* you dead?" The gruff reply came, "No, Mrs. Grimaldi." For two hours these questions and answers went on periodically. At last, the lady's turn coming again, she tremblingly raised herself in her bed and cried out, "Mr. Grimaldi! my love, *are* you not dead?" as if his living were what gamblers would call a bluff. Grimaldi calmly replied, "No, my

dear, I am *not;* and I don't think I shall die to-night, unless it be of starvation! Get up out of the bed, Mrs. Grimaldi, and see for some supper, for I am very hungry!"

He had at last found out the truth. The apothecary knew the couple, and, guessing their purpose, had prudently given Mr. Grimaldi a small parcel of magnesia.

John Raymond went into Madame Tussaud's wax-works in London. He was tired, and sat down without noticing a number placarded over his head that indicated he was occupying the seat of a wax figure removed for repairs. A crowd gathered around him. At first Raymond thought he was attracting attention as Colonel Sellers; then the truth flashed across his fun-loving brain. One of the ladies cried, "How life-like, to be sure! Who is it?"

Catalogues were hastily searched. Raymond put a glassy stare into his eyes and sat perfectly still. But the joke was two-edged. One of the ladies soon found the number, and read the description: "Tom Thug, the cruellest murderer ever hanged; cut the throats of a whole family of fourteen persons for the trifling sum of ten pounds eight shillings and sixpence."

"Well, I'll be hanged!" cried Raymond, jumping to his feet; "is it possible to make a charge in England without tacking on that miserable sum of sixpence! Here is the late Mr. Thomas Thug, charged with a wholesale assassination, and they had to slap on that sixpence! I believe Mr. Thug was swindled!"

The crowd screamed with laughter at the sudden and startling effect. One, more cool, said, "Oh, pshaw! that's an old game here. This little fellow is hired to do this. Madame Tussaud pays him one pound six shillings——"

"If you say sixpence," cried Raymond, "I'll make the total number of the murdered an even fifteen."

E. A. Sothern was famous for his practical jokes, and many of them were as tantalizing and as clever as any of Hook's. One day he went into an ironmonger's store in London, and, advancing to the counter, said, "Have you the second edition of Macaulay's History of England?"

The shopkeeper explained that he kept a hardware-shop.

"Well, it don't matter whether it's bound in calf or not," said the customer.

"But, sir, this is not a bookseller's."

"It don't matter how you put it up," said Sothern: "a piece of brown paper,—the sort of thing you would give your own mother."

"Sir," bawled the shopkeeper, "we—don't—keep—it! This is an ironmongering shop."

"Yes, the binding differs; but I'm not particular, so long as I have a fly-leaf, don't you know?"

The shopkeeper gathered himself up for a mighty effort.

"Sir," he shouted, "can't you see we keep no books? This is an ironmongery."

"Certainly," said Sothern, seating himself. "I'll wait for it."

Believing his customer was either hopelessly deaf or equally mad,

the man called another clerk from the end of the store, and explained that he could do nothing with the gentleman.

"What do you wish, sir?" cried the second man, advancing.

"I should like a small plain file about so long," said Sothern, quietly.

"Certainly, sir," replied the man, casting upon the bewildered No. 1 a glance of unmitigated disgust.

The Russian marshal Suvaroff was famous as a jester, and was fond of confusing the men under his command by asking them unexpected and absurd questions. But occasionally he met his match. Thus, one bitter January night, such as Russia only can produce, he rode up to a sentry and demanded,—

"How many stars are there in the sky?"

The soldier, not a whit disturbed, answered, coolly,—

"Wait a little and I'll tell you." And he deliberately commenced counting, "One, two, three," etc.

When he had reached one hundred, Suvaroff, who was half frozen, thought it high time to ride off, not, however, without inquiring the name of the ready reckoner. Next day the latter found himself promoted.

Antoine Galland, famous as the first translator of the "Arabian Nights," was the victim of a jest that was suggested by his own work.

It was a bitter cold night, shortly after the appearance of the first volume of his translation, when he was suddenly awakened by loud knocks at the street door. He got up, hastily threw his dressing-gown around him, and ran to the window. Through the darkness he could discern a crowd of people before his door. "Who is there?" he cried.

Several voices answered, "Is this Monsieur Galland's?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure," said Galland.

"Take notice," said one of the persons below, "that what we have got to say can only be said to himself."

"Then you may speak freely, for I am Antoine Galland. But pray hurry: the wind is blowing in my face in no very agreeable manner."

"Do you speak," said one of the crowd to his neighbor.

"Nay, speak yourself," was the answer.

"No, I must speak," said a third.

"Ah, gentlemen, you must let me have a word," interposed a fourth.

"For the love of heaven, gentlemen," cried Galland, his teeth chattering with cold, "make haste! I am freezing."

But the dispute recommenced below. Galland again cried out, "For the love of heaven, make haste, gentlemen! I am freezing."

At last all the young people who had disturbed the sleep of the Orientālist joined in one chorus: "Ah, Monsieur Galland, if you are not asleep, tell us one of those stories which you tell so well."

This was in allusion to the "Arabian Nights," in which every

chapter had begun, "My dear sister, if you are not asleep, tell us one of those stories which you tell so well."

Galland was sensible enough to keep his temper. He laughed, and, replying, "Gentlemen, *au revoir*," closed the window, and returned to bed. He profited, however, by the lesson, and published all his other volumes without this exordium.

A more unpleasant jest was played upon Voltaire in Prussia. He had seriously offended one of the pages of Frederick the Great by calling him a fool. Shortly afterwards the king undertook a journey, in which he was accompanied by Voltaire and another gentleman of the bedchamber. The page rode ahead with other members of the household to prepare for accommodations on the way. In the first carriage sat the king, in the second Voltaire and the other gentleman of the bedchamber. At a village where they were to stop for breakfast, the page had informed a number of peasants that in the second carriage was the king's favorite monkey dressed as a gentleman and seated by the side of an attendant, and that the monkey had the vicious habit of snapping at the by-standers whenever he was suffered to leave the coach. To prevent this, the page asked the peasants to attend the coach door, allow the gentleman on the left to descend, and immediately shut the door again. Should the monkey cut capers and try to get out, they need only give him a few raps on his knuckles. In due course the coaches arrived. The king alighted, and was followed by the gentleman in the second coach. Voltaire found the door slammed in his face. He shook his head and gesticulated, to no avail. He railed at them in French, but the peasants, understanding nothing of the language, thought it mere monkey chatter and laughed the louder, threatening him with their sticks.

At last the tumult reached the ears of the king. He sent down messengers, who released Voltaire from his unpleasant predicament and arrested some of the countrymen. But when Frederick learned the whole story he was so mightily tickled that he laughed away all Voltaire's shrieks for revenge, and pardoned the ingenious page.

The story sounds improbable, yet Voltaire's appearance was strikingly suggestive of a monkey, and may have deceived a crowd of ignorant peasants, just as the appearance of Dr. Walter Farquhar Hook deceived an intelligent little girl. Dr. Hook used to tell this story himself. In a company, he observed a little girl looking very earnestly up into his face. "Well, my dear, I don't think you've seen me before?" "Oh, yes, I have." "Why, where?" "I saw you the other day, climbing up a pole, and I gave you a bun."

An unpleasant and dangerous jest was common in Paris until quite recently, and even spread into this country. This consisted in offering explosive cigars, which appeared genuine to the acceptor, but contained a minute squib or cracker. When the cigar had been consumed to a certain point the squib exploded, the cigar flying to some distance from the mouth of the smoker. A gentleman once inadvertently bought some of these cigars, and in entire innocence offered one to his uncle, whose property he expected to inherit. Now, the old gentleman wore a set of artificial teeth. The horror of the nephew may be imagined

when he saw what appeared to be the entire jaw of his respected relative issue briskly from his mouth and fasten on the features of a high official personage who happened to be on the other side of the room. Explanations were useless. The property was all willed in charity.

This story recalls a freak of the eccentric Lord Panmure. He had invited his tenant Panlathie to meet two young noblemen at dinner at Brechin Castle, telling him to be sure and bring some money with him. As soon as the cloth was removed Lord Panmure cried out, "All hats in the fire, or twenty pounds on the table!" Four hats were at once in the fire. From one of the noblemen came, "All coats in the fire, or fifty pounds on the table!" Four coats instantly followed the hats. "All boots in the fire, or one hundred pounds on the table!" cried the next nobleman. Eight boots went off their owners' feet. Panlathie was equal to the emergency. "Two fore-teeth in the fire, or two hundred pounds on the table!" he cried, and, pulling the teeth out,—false ones, of course,—he cast them into the fire. The example was not followed: so Panlathie went home, hatless, coatless, and bootless, but with his pockets richer by six hundred pounds.

W. S. Walsh.

TWO PICTURES.

HERE stood the passionate eager dreaming boy!
Aglow with life, how should he speculate
Upon the chances of his coming fate,
Bewildered, then, by affluence of joy?
His hope and him what fortune could destroy?
The one harsh word he ever heard was "Wait!"—
For he would leap at once to man's estate,
And cast youth by, like a discarded toy.

Now see the man,—grown old before his day,—
Heart-sick, brain-weary, seeing nothing clear;
'Twixt him and boyhood stand in dread array
Ghosts of dead dreams,—pale shapes that mock and jeer,—
While dark and gaunt and vast, not far away,
Death beckons him, and whispers, "I am here."

*Philip Bourke Marston.**

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* The above is one of the blind poet's last poems,—there is reason to believe it the very last,—written at the end of the sad life that had mocked him with so many vain longings and unfulfilled desires.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

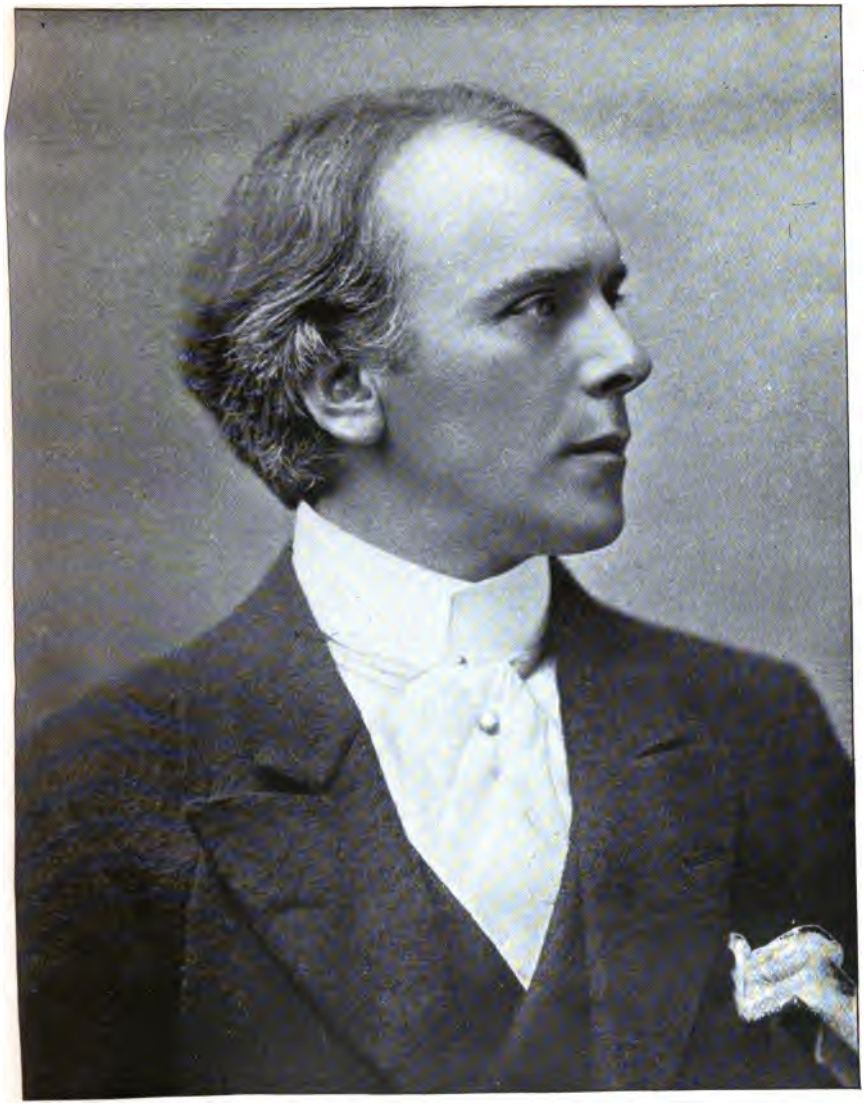
AN ACTOR'S ART.

THE art of acting, which is—or should be—the art of simulation, seems to have been much misunderstood of late in this respect, a condition of affairs brought about by various causes, but chiefly attributable to what is known as the starring system. Under present conditions it is possible for an actor to reach the height of his career by half a dozen successes, and the same character may pervade each play without exciting comment. Thus an actor whose talent and personality enable him graphically to depict a certain phase of character rapidly attains fame and fortune, while many a better, in the sense of a more versatile, artist dies unknown and unappreciated. The theatre-going public, and indeed the critics themselves, never stop to consider that many of our foremost actors have been seen only in plays written for them and especially adapted to their peculiar styles. Many of them are playing the same part in every play with only the thinnest veneering of fresh color. The individuality of the actor is never lost in the character he assumes to depict.

The tendency of the times to produce one-part actors is a natural one, no doubt. It has been maintained, not without reason, that it is a healthy one as well. Its one great advantage is that the right play and player are more apt to be brought together under the system. So long as it is possible, as now, for an actor to achieve fame by the delineation of a single character it may be taken for granted that he will do everything in his power to find the play and the part for which he is best adapted. The whole English-speaking world lies before an actor and a play in which he has achieved a pronounced success. There are other advantages to be cited in favor of the present system, but the question of its superiority to that of the stock-company days is neither new nor profitable to discuss, for, except in a very slight degree, there is no likelihood of any immediate change.

To the real artist, however, a system which engenders one-part actors is distasteful. What would be thought, for instance,—if such a thing were possible,—of a painter who could paint only one head, or of a musician who could perform but a single piece, however perfect the portrait or incomparable the *technique* of the musician? Yet it is much the same with an actor who plays only one part, or a series of parts so nearly resembling one another as properly to be considered as one. In many cases it is even worse, when acting is really unnecessary and the actor merely plays the part in his own character. Such an actor through pleasing personality and magnetism frequently attains high favor, but, seriously considered, his work is not art.

Reflecting upon these things, one feels really grateful to Edward S. Willard, an English actor who has played to American audiences for the last three seasons, for an earnest and conscientious effort on his part to do away with this objectionable condition, and thus elevate the dramatic art to the place which rightfully belongs to it beside its



Yours faithfully
Edward S. Willard

kindred arts. In Willard are found all the finer and more artistic instincts which distinguish the artist from the mere money-making adventurer. It is not enough, according to his theory, that an actor should successfully portray a character especially adapted to him, but he should adapt himself to his characters, however varied they may be. In the three most notable of the plays he has produced here, there is a wide range of difference in character. Cyrus Blenkarn in "The Middleman," Judah Llewellyn in "Judah," and Professor Goodwillie in "The Professor's Love-Story" are surely as widely different as men can be from one another. Yet it would be difficult to say to which part the actor is best adapted. Each of them stands out a distinct and clear-cut creation from which Edward S. Willard is still a being apart.

Mr. Willard's methods are exact and painstaking to a degree. It is a pleasant thought to the jaded theatre-goer, weary of slovenly presentations, that he is listening to an artist who is conscientious and careful of small things as well as great in his work. No detail, however slight, is neglected. It is worthy of note, for instance, that Mr. Willard's walk is different in every one of his creations.

Of the three plays mentioned above, the last is likely to achieve the greatest popularity, because it is far pleasanter in subject than either of the others. "The Professor's Love-Story," by J. M. Barrie, is a comedy having no great depth, but teeming throughout with delightful bits of human nature and fresh, pure humor. It is written with supreme disregard of existing stage traditions; there is not a situation nor a climax in it. Yet the whole story is told as eloquently as could be done by spoken words. Nothing could be more effective. In the series of stage pictures which it presents, in the incidents which follow one another as naturally as in a novel, in the fine character-painting and exquisite humor of the piece, the whole idea of the author is revealed, sketched as by a master-hand, from the rise to the fall of the curtain.

It is certain that no other actor could have made of Professor Goodwillie what Willard has, and it is difficult to say who shall deserve the most credit for the creation, author or actor. The author of "A Window in Thrums" was certainly fortunate in having his handiwork interpreted by one of such subtle skill and artistic perception as Willard possesses, for the written words, however meritorious, must be breathed into, given a soul, by the genius of the actor.

The plot of "The Professor's Love-Story" is simple, but unique. A middle-aged and abstracted professor of electricity falls in love with his private secretary, a young and pretty woman, without knowing it, and is treated for some real ailment by his physician, whom the symptoms baffle completely. Even when he is told the nature of his disease he fails to realize that he is in love with his own private secretary, and his awakening to this knowledge furnishes most of the incidents which go to form the play.

Throughout the piece not one delicate touch of the author's has been misconceived or neglected. The actor seems to be in thorough sympathy with the play itself, and there are a thousand and one fine

touches to the character of the Professor in which the author cannot have assisted. In the hands of Willard Professor Goodwillie is as real and as human as The Little Minister. There is a bit of pathos as real and touching as life itself, when the Professor, having been refused by Lucy White, his secretary, believes her to be in love with some one else.

"And I am not to know his name?" he asks. "But for sure he is young and good-looking, and he does not wear his hair long, and a shabby velvet jacket, as I do."

There is nothing in the lines themselves to lend them extraordinary beauty in cold type, but spoken by Willard, whose rich sympathetic voice gives full expression to the sadness and yearning they contain, they are very beautiful.

"Judah," by Henry Arthur Jones, is a curious work, very impressive, but decidedly unpleasant in its theme. Judah Llewellyn, a young Welsh clergyman, perjures himself in order to shield the woman he loves, who has been forced into the deception of posing as a spiritualist. The motive is strong, but the play is sombre in the extreme. In spite, however, of the unpleasant color which the theme imparts to the whole play, Mr. Willard as Judah Llewellyn never for a moment loses the sympathy of the audience.

"The Middleman," also by Henry Arthur Jones, has to do with the potter's art, and it is worthy of mention in evidence of Mr. Willard's care and thoroughness that he spent some weeks among the potters at Stoke-upon-Trent before he produced the play. He actually lived among them, and the fruit of his labor was that when the play was produced *The Pottery Gazette* said of his work that it was as if "some excitable and clever potter had become an actor, not that an actor had, for this piece only, become a potter."

Part of the plot is hinged upon the endeavor on the part of Cyrus Blenkarn, an old potter, to recover a lost secret in pottery, that of the manufacture of the Tatlow ware. Blenkarn has spent twenty years in the almost hopeless task of trying to rediscover the ancient process, during which he has made one discovery,—a "glaze." This is patented by Joseph Chandler, his employer, who grows rich from it, while Blenkarn, absorbed in his art, remains poor. His daughter Mary is betrayed and abandoned, as he believes, by Chandler's son, and Chandler refuses to allow his son to marry her, upon which Blenkarn prays for power to wreak vengeance on the heads of those who have so wronged him. His opportunity comes when at last he discovers the secret which had baffled him so long and which raises him to wealth. He buys Chandler's house, for the latter has been reduced to beggary through stock-gambling, but the spirit of revenge dies within him, and he finally forgives his old employer. The return of Chandler's son from Egypt with Mary, who is his honored wife, and not dead and dishonored as Blenkarn believed, forms a happy conclusion to the play.

No words can describe the fidelity of the actor to the character, an entirely new stage-figure, it must be remembered, with his fearful suspense, his disappointments, and his final triumph at the furnaces, his

dreadful prayer to God to give him the power to crush his enemies, and his final joy at the recovery of his daughter alive and honored.

Our stage will be the better for Willard. Such men as he do honor to any profession, and it is the lack of them that has brought disrespect upon the dramatic art. He is a man of striking and distinct personality. There is that about him which indicates a man of large ideas and firm purpose. He is self-confident and energetic, and the end of his career is not yet.

Alfred Stoddart.

THE WOOING OF THE WIND.

ROSE of the dusk, didst ever
Regard the sea's refrain?
That is no love that never
Returns with time again.

Because I am the saddest
Of things beneath the sun,
Because thou art the gladdest
That ever he looked on,—

Because no ways to wander
Allure me any more,
With white sea-dreams to ponder
All day beside thy door,—

Because there's not a rover
But wearies on a day,
And not a faithless lover
But sorrow doth repay,—

I rove the world of shadows,
A wraith of the blue rain,
And in the dawn's deep meadows
Return to thee again.

Bliss Carman.

A COLONIAL VISTA.

THAT regular development by which a nation, so soon as it has passed the rigor of its early struggles, turns towards the softer ways of art, finds a parallel in the tendency of historical study to reach after the facts of individual life and record the daily experiences of men and women,—their joys and sorrows, their recreations and gayeties, perhaps their household drudgeries and those petty annoyances which we of to-day (were we wholly honest) should admit to be more galling than the graver cares of existence. To the historian who, turning aside from the panorama of great events, beckons us to the delightful by-ways of every-day life in a past generation, we owe a king's ransom; and when Miss Wharton leads us through Colonial doorways * into the spacious and hospitable mansions of the eighteenth century, we follow her with a feeling of confidence in the competency of her guidance not unmingled with a sense of awe at being thus brought into touch with the leaders of American nationality and society. How close it brings us to Washington when we hear him telling about his cook who was "sometimes minded to cut a figure" by adding a beef-steak pie or a dish of crabs to the ordinary roast and greens! And what an inspiration dwells in the information—duly recorded in black and white—that once upon a time, when they had "a pretty little frisk" at General Greene's quarters, the Terpsichorean wife of that gentleman danced with His Excellency for upwards of three hours without sitting down! One is tempted to exult in the discovery that the heroes of a splendid past were human after all, and there is an instinctive feeling that it is so much better to be human than to be heroic.

But there were vanities, too; and how lucky for the moralist that these should be recorded; else had the plight of Othello been his, and we should have been bereft of the daily ration of ethics which we are accustomed to absorb with our matutinal coffee and rolls!

The detailed description which Miss Wharton gives of The Meschianza—that tinsel *fête* whose glamour is enhanced by reason of the stern, dark background of Valley Forge—is the most valuable contribution yet made to the literature of the subject. Just how the red-coated gentlemen of His Majesty's troops of the line must have felt when they were enacting the fooleries of the "Blended Rose" and the "Burning Mountain," we of a later time may permit ourselves to wonder; but, as the record of an incident which has become historic, the story is one of keen interest, especially in the side-lights thrown upon Major André and in the little touches of feminine character illuminating the personalities of Miss Peggy Shippen, the Misses Chew, Miss Auchmuty, Miss Becky Redman, and the rest. Haply there came a little twinge of conscience to these beautiful women who thus adorned a Tory function while the patriots were enduring the hardships of a bitter campaign; but we scarcely can blame them; the time was a rugged one, and young hearts, then as now, craved the exhilarations of the lighter side of life. Of this Miss Wharton's chapter on New York Balls and Receptions furnishes an adequate picture. To read how "Mrs. Washington stood with the Cabinet ladies around her, stately Mrs. Robert Morris by

* "Through Colonial Doorways." By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. J. B. Lippincott Company, 1893.

her side, herself the stateliest figure of the group," is to experience a sense of degeneracy. The reader inevitably fumbles at his side for his dress-sword and glances downward in a Quixotic search for the silk hose and silver shoe-buckles which he knows are not there, though he feels that they ought to be; and when, in another chapter, he is let into the secrets and inner workings of the Philadelphia Dancing Assemblies in the Revolutionary Period, a local pride is aroused not wholly consistent with the Quaker conservatism characterizing the town from that day unto this. Yet we need not blush for so venial a departure from traditional stoicism; for have we not before us a unique specimen of William Penn's love-making,—a veritable *billet doux* addressed to the fair Hannah Callowhill and couched in terms beneath which a moderately imaginative reader can fancy the embers of a quite respectable passion? Yes, this and more; for the writer who so gracefully opens Colonial doors has a knack of opening Colonial hearts as well, and now and again we catch the echo of a plaint worthy of the lips of Astrophel and the ears of Stella.

But the amatory pyrotechnics of the Proprietary pale before those of "Rev." Mr. Keach, who in a letter to his Dulcinea poetically hopes "that the Silver Stream of my Dearest affections and faithfull Love will be willingly received into the Mill-Pond of your tender Virgin Heart"! Truly such efflorescence needed a chronicler, though the present one has placed us under a still deeper obligation by her Essay on the American Philosophical Society,—at once the most serious and most brilliant chapter in her volume. It is pleasant to think of the Philosophical Society as a continuous organization dating from the proposal of Dr. Franklin issued in 1743, and yet more gratifying to find it traced back to the old Junto of 1727, a conclusion supported on the high authority of Bigelow and Sparks. It sets one's blood a-tingle to read the names recorded in these pages: Franklin, West, Priestley, Du Ponceau; Bishop White, Hopkinson, Wistar, Abercrombie; and so on through a list adorned by the names of Jefferson and Adams, illumined by those of Humboldt and his friend Bonpland, till the reader feels touched with the glories of a vanished generation; even as, in the narrative of the Wistar Parties, the mention of Thackeray, and his references to a certain "pig-tailed shade," induce "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

To say that Miss Wharton has filled a dainty volume with essays of sustained interest, is not enough; she has preserved a record of the every-day lives of many men and women of historic note, and given us more than a glimpse of the social activities of a by-gone day.

F. H. W.

WHEN DOCTORS DIFFER.

DOES the novelist take that pleasure in producing which others are expected to derive from his productions? Mr. Stevenson says that he does, that no other delight equals that of the free play of fancy, the exquisite joy of creating. The very lamest and dullest of his brethren, as he intimated some years ago, ought in this to find comfort for the woes of life, compensation for external failure. Their characters are real to them, if not to their readers. The tale

over which we yawn marches proudly and brilliantly to him who conceived it. He at least should enjoy his work, even if nobody else does.

But now comes Mr. Crawford, who is as far as possible from being lame or dull, and tells another tale. A cruel interviewer caught him in a too confiding mood, and asked him if his work did not tire him. He said it did, of course, just as any work tires a man. Now, I would not have owned that, nor would—but it is as well not to mention names; just as Napoleon III. never would admit that he was ill. But worse was to come. He went on to say that literature was pleasant to him only as it gave him a good living. "I write novels because it pays me to do so."

Oh, Mr. Crawford! You ought not to go and disenchant us in this way. You never yet wrote a dull or unsuccessful book, and you are growing every year in public esteem. We expect you to take pleasure in delighting us. But perhaps Mr. Crawford was merely having his little joke. We don't always say exactly what we mean. *F. M. B.*

MEN OF THE DAY.

THOMAS F. BAYARD, recently appointed Ambassador to England, and the first person to hold so high a diplomatic position since the early days of the Republic, is a semi-spare-built man, somewhat rounded at the shoulders, with a clean-cut, smooth-shaven face, large gray eyes, and rapidly-whitening hair, and has the finest set of teeth and the most winning smile in the diplomatic service. Indeed, his best portraits fail to convey an adequate notion of the grave charm and air of benignant distinction that mark his handsome face. His manner is of the court courtly, dignified and polished, yet graciously genial withal, and in this and other respects he is one of the few creditable specimens still remaining of the scholarly statesmen of the high-bred old school. He comes of a long line of distinguished ancestors. He was originally apprenticed to an apothecary and intended for a business life. After passing a short time in a large mercantile house, he began to study law in his father's office, and got himself called to the bar at Wilmington. This was in 1851. Two years later he was appointed United States District Attorney for Delaware, but resigned in 1854 and moved to Philadelphia, where he practised law for two years, subsequently returning to Wilmington. In 1869 he was elected to succeed his father in the United States Senate as Senator from Delaware, which had come to be regarded as a "pocket-borough" in the family. He speedily became a recognized leader in that body, and played a prominent part in many notable political movements. He inaugurated the investigation which resulted in the legislation by which importers were freed from spies and blackmailers, took an active part in the exposure of the mismanagement of the Commissioners of the District of Columbia, fought the battle of constitutional rights against the carpet-bag system in the South, and made the final and successful appeal to the people of the North to consider their own rights involved and interwoven with those of the South. He received fifteen votes for President in the Democratic

National Convention of 1872, and in the convention of 1876, after receiving thirty-one votes, he furnished the two necessary to nominate Samuel J. Tilden. When, after the election, the Returning-Board dispute threatened the peace of the country, he was made a member of the Conference Committee which prepared the bill creating the Electoral Commission. He subsequently served on the Commission, and insisted on keeping faith with the Republicans, in spite of the fact that he honestly believed that Tilden and not Hayes had been elected to the Presidency. He was twice re-elected to the Senate, but resigned in 1885 to become Secretary of State in President Cleveland's first Cabinet. His achievements as "Premier" are a matter of recent history. His appointment as Ambassador to England was received with universal approbation, for his popularity is not confined to his own party. He committed matrimony for the second time in 1889. He is not wealthy, but he is respected by all who know him, and he wears in his very lineaments the white flower of a blameless life.

Giuseppe Verdi, the great composer, is a spare-built man of nervous manner, with curly white hair and a pointed beard, and, though rising nine-and-seventy, is still vigorous, both mentally and physically. He leads the life of a pampered recluse. He has for years cut himself off entirely from the world, his only appearance among his fellow-men being on the occasion of the production of one of his new operas. He recently emerged from his seclusion to take part in the presentation of "Falstaff," which took the world of music by storm. He lives in solitary state at his castle near Busseto, which is situated in the midst of a wild and desolate landscape and surrounded by a triple row of lofty walls. His only companions are two enormous Pyrenean hounds, and his entire days are spent in his study, which is quite shut off from the rest of the castle, and from which he emerges only to eat and sleep. No one is admitted to his presence except those who come by special invitation, so that often a distinguished personage will make his way over to the guarded stronghold only to be met with the information that there is no admission. Four years since he celebrated the jubilee of his career as a composer, which began in 1839. It is interesting to note that his two most popular operas, "Trovatore" and "Traviata," were brought out in the same year,—1853. A fine dramatic gift and a love of showy, taking melodies lie at the root of his remarkable success. He has naturally been "decorated" beyond endurance. Thirty years ago he was a member of the Italian Parliament. He enjoys the further distinction of having refused a marquisate.

John W. Mackay is an athletic-built man, of business-like manner, with a strong face adorned by a cavalry moustache, and he is rising three-and-sixty. He was born in Dublin, and has never quite discarded his native brogue, although his residence in the United States covers a period of more than four decades. He early caught the gold fever and went Californiawards. Shortly afterwards the tide in his affairs came in, and, taking it at the flood, he was swept on to fortune. There is no actual proof that he is not the richest man in the world. He is largely and widely interested in banks and railways and mines and telegraphs. He divides his time between San Francisco and the Continent, and for so rich a man is quite popular, though he has lately paid one of the penalties which seem to attach to millions, by narrowly escaping assassination at the hands of a crank. His wife, who had her portrait undone by Meissonier, is

accounted the leader of the American colony in London, where she entertains royalty on a scale of undiluted splendor. His step-daughter was married some years since to an Italian prince with a short purse and a long pedigree.

F. C. Burnand, the noted English humorist, is a burly-looking, bright-eyed man of genial manner, with beetling Mephistophelean brows, a bristly moustache, and a pointed beard streaked with gray. He generally wears a broad grin, which is far more contagious than his jokes, which, like caviare, the London fog, and Rudyard Kipling's stories, are essentially an acquired taste. He is now eight-and-fifty. Having "done" Oxford and Cambridge, he was called to the bar, but instead of occupying himself with briefs he turned his attention to farce-writing, his earliest attempt in this direction being made in collaboration with Montagu Williams, the famous criminal lawyer. Then he drifted into comic journalism and made for himself a name, so that when in 1880 Tom Taylor joined the choir of Immortals he succeeded to the editorship of *Punch*, in which he proses weekly to an audience that is world-wide. As a dramatist he is best known as a writer of burlesques, his happiest efforts in this line being "Ixion" and "Black-Eyed Susan," which may be said to have inaugurated the era of "long runs." Among his travesties on the works of living novelists those on Ouida and Rhoda Broughton are perhaps the most popular. But his best-known work is, of course, "Happy Thoughts." He is an indefatigable worker, and the father of a long line of marriageable daughters.

M. Crofton.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

A Complete Pronouncing Gazetteer or Geographical Dictionary of the World. New Revised Edition, amplified by a series of Statistical Tables, etc., etc.

Miss Agnes Repplier opens one of her recent essays with the question put by Gautier to an ardent disciple who desired to learn his literary methods. "Do you read the Dictionary?" asked the artist in words. "It is the most fruitful and interesting of books." Venturing in the same field, we put the question to the student, "Do you read the Gazetteer? It is a well-spring of surprises." This great armful of two thousand eight hundred and ninety-four pages, with substantial covers in proportion, and unfailing symmetry of type and form, is at once a guide and a delight to those who, like Gautier, can find pleasure in the mere arrangement and associations of words or names. As an article of use its value has been fixed by a generation of reviewers and by the experience of public officials, journalists, librarians, statisticians, business-men, and private students in all parts of the world. It has become an essential to every one engaged in professions or in literary or mercantile pursuits throughout English-speaking lands, because it is without rivals, and more especially because it has been kept by its publishers, the J. B. Lippincott Company, in touch with all the constant changes which the altering centres of population produce. During the thirty or forty years of its life,—a long career for a book of its kind,—*Lippincott's Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World* has never been allowed to grow old; and this last edition, brought down to date and embodying the census returns of 1890 in a series of new statistical tables, which are of untold helpfulness in economizing research, is as new as the freshest novels on the counters.

And yet the Gazetteer is also, in Gautier's sense, "the most fruitful and interesting of books," if turned over by a discriminating hand. Think of some obscure village, or stream, or lake, your favorite haunt in fiction or history, and please your fancy by taking a journey to it through the by-paths of this huge guide-book. You "can in a moment travel thither" and learn the solid facts that, as in the case of Yvetot, "It has a tribunal of commerce, and manufactures of woollen;" or, nearer home, in the case of Mr. Hopkinson Smith's "Bronx River," you will discover that it "forms part of the boundary between Westchester and New York Counties," which may dissolve the rosy haze of fiction, but at least gives substance to the story.

In short, from all points of view *Lippincott's Gazetteer* is a work that the world could not do without. It is as necessary as the railroads and telegraph-lines which weave indissolubly together the one hundred and twenty-five thousand places recorded in its pages. It is a monument of patience, industry, and the widest-reaching intelligence.

Vagaries of Sanitary Science. By F. L. Dibble, M.D.

The healthy of this earth are so hemmed in by disease and death that it is little wonder they are driven to superstition as a refuge from ills they know not of. Books, newspapers, doctors, quacks, are united in a loud clamor of alarm which, by its very noise, is appalling; and even the stoutest-hearted and most wholesome being is excusable for turning to the readiest relief which offers. This, in

most cases, is the civic board of health or the committee on sanitation, and, like most public bodies, its voice is often the voice of collective ignorance. But it is a comfort to feel that the government is at the helm, and we too frequently acquiesce and are satisfied with its decrees.

But, in reality, a more unscientific manner of treating sanitary subjects than that adopted by the average board of health could hardly be conceived; and Dr. Dibble, after years of experience as a specialist in this field, has produced the present volume of nearly five hundred pages with a view to "calming the fears, quieting the panics, and restoring the composure of his fellow-citizens, whose minds have been continuously excited and kept at a painful tension by sanitary reformers concerning the dangers of air, water, soil, cemeteries, markets, and public and private improvements."

The author has endeavored as far as possible to refrain from the expression of mere opinion, and has made no effort to arrive at conclusions. He has simply brought together a great mass of facts which bear upon the subject and collated them in chapters on the ancient history of sanitation, the air, the water, soil, sewer-gas, cemeteries, public funerals, meat, milk, epidemics, boards of health, vital statistics, and the various contagious diseases which are ascribed to bad sanitary conditions. That most of the dangers said to lurk in these elements are but figments invented by the professional sanitarian he certainly brings most conclusive evidence to prove; and at this time, with cholera threatening at our door, such a book as *Vagaries of Sanitary Science*, which the Lippincotts have just published, must be of untold value in allaying public alarm and in fortifying the private reader with facts that explode empirical terrors.

A Modern Agrippa. Patience Barker: A Tale of Old Nantucket. By Caroline Earle White.

Since the appearance of Mrs. White's previous story, *Love in the Tropics*, she has contributed several excellent tales to *Harper's Magazine* which have met with so cordial a reception that she has been induced to make a new volume containing her recent work. This volume is called, from the titles of the two stories it contains, *A Modern Agrippa—Patience Barker*, and the Messrs. Lippincott have brought it out in an appropriate costume of brown cloth, with Agrippa's magic mirror done in silver and rubies upon the cover.

Novelettes of the unaffected and simple order here put forth by Mrs. White are rare indeed in this day of attenuated fiction or of wild romance. The delicately chosen words and balanced sentences of Jane Austen have long been out of fashion, if, indeed, fashion could ever achieve them, and it is a refreshment to the jaded literary palate to taste the fine flavor of these unhurried pages.

A Modern Agrippa tells, in direct narrative, a touching episode of love at cross-purposes between Edith Merton and Constance Fuller, Alfred Evelyn and Carroll Herbert. These four meet and form attachments which endanger the engagement of Edith and Alfred; but when fate at last threatens Constance with dishonor, her magic mirror gives warning and she flies away from temptation. *Patience Barker* is a tale of old Nantucket, quaintest of down-East islands, with a life all its own. This the authoress knows as a loyal native who has treasured up humorous traditions and pathetic memories and here woven them into an alluring tale which will appeal closely to the heart of any one who has ever trodden the island heather, or, with its deep human interest, absorb the attention of off-islanders who still have that boon in store. Strangers to

the town must always lose the final fragrance of Nantucket life. It is only within the old seafaring circle, now grown patrician, that the charm exists, and this to the full Mrs. White has succeeded in conveying to her pages.

Mental Life and Culture. Essays and Sketches, Educational and Literary. By Julia Duhring. Edited by her Brother, Louis A. Duhring, M.D.

When, some months ago, a book with the curious title *Amor in Society* appeared, there was a moment of hesitation, then an outburst of praise on both sides of the Atlantic. It was found by serious readers to be the "breath and finer spirit" of a beautiful, thoughtful character, and to carry with it a noble lesson in human sympathy and lofty ideals of thought and of duty. The author was Julia Duhring, but little was known of her life or personality, saving that one who spoke such inspiring words must be widely equipped in reading and in experience, and thus through her book she drew into communion with her many of similar aims who had not her gifts of direct expression.

Mental Life and Culture, just issued by the J. B. Lippincott Company, is from the same pen, but it has been brought together by another hand. Dr. Duhring, the editor, tells us that "the work of collecting the material for publication was only begun by the author just prior to the fatal illness." These few words convey the sad news of Miss Duhring's death, and, read in the light of so mournful a fact, the book takes on a pathetic interest which renders all the more vital its unhesitating utterance of truths about human existence. "The main desire of the author," says Dr. Duhring, "was ever to endeavor to help men and women to a better life through the medium of their moral sense." She bent her energies to teaching them to know themselves in their weakness as well as in their strength, and the latest fruits of her work lie harvested in this volume of short papers,—On Teaching, The Great Importance of the Primary School, Relations of Teacher and Pupil, A Child's Sensibilities, On Training Children, Be True to your Individuality, False Positions, Pleasure in Books, Dull People's Wit, Favorite Flowers, Women Wage-Earners, "Simplify the Life," and a score of others on questions of every-day moment to us all.

Major-General Anthony Wayne and the Pennsylvania Line in the Continental Army. By Charles J. Stillé.

Loyalty to State and love of country are the inspiring motives of Dr. Stillé in the production of this noble biography of "a most distinguished soldier of Pennsylvania." It is a cordial tonic in these times of half-hearted allegiance to Philadelphia and Pennsylvania to read the outspoken sentiments of patriotism which Dr. Stillé utters in his preface, and this prepares us for the almost faultless life of General Wayne which follows.

Wayne came of sterling English blood, and was a leader born, among his thrifty neighbors of Chester County. He was handsome, wealthy, fond of elegance in dress, and urbane in manners, but of an impetuous nature in strong contrast with his Quaker friends. Such a character, in so stirring a time as that of the Revolution, furnishes an ideal subject for biography, and Dr. Stillé, practised in historical work, and eminently equipped as a writer of vigorous and graceful English, has omitted no factor that could aid in bringing out the central figure or in emphasizing the picturesque accessories.

It needs wide acquaintance with many other departments of learning to furnish the background for a biography like this. Military tactics, historical

research in other tongues, a thorough knowledge of American history, insight into character, and an æsthetic trait with which to blend the various elements into an organic picture,—all of these qualities are essentials, and, in a marked degree, Dr. Stillé has brought them to this labor of love, to the end that its superiority over such biographical gossip as we have of late been deluged with is agreeably evident from the outset. *Major-General Anthony Wayne* is a concentrated picture of a man and a time pre-eminently worthy of the most careful record.

The publishers, J. B. Lippincott Company, have prepared the book in a substantial manner befitting its lasting value. The handsome dull-red binding, relieved with a fine gold impression, front and back, of the Stony Point medal, is an achievement in the elegance of book-making of which both author and publisher should feel proud. The frontispiece is a spirited portrait of General Wayne; and an excellent picture of the Wayne homestead also accompanies the text.

Little Miss Muffet. By Rosa Nouchette Carey.

If a breezy style, with incident treading on the heels of incident, and a bevy of well-bred but happy-go-lucky girls and boys, make up a good "book for young readers," then *Little Miss Muffet*, by Rosa Nouchette Carey, put forth by the Lippincotts, is an ideal story. Not a line flags from page one to page three hundred and twenty-eight, while pictures, text, and binding are as seductive as children's books should always be.

Little Miss Muffet,—"no one exactly knew how she came by the name,"—and Herr Spider, her guardian, Uncle Norbert, are jolly characters for readers in their 'teens,—especially Miss Muffet, who, though pretty well along in them herself, is fond of playing at boys' games and of galloping bareback through the village and quite shocking her more seemly girl playmates. Her fortunes are the subject of the book, and they will interest young and old alike.

Philadelphia and its Environs: A Guide to the City and its Surroundings.

A Columbian edition of so useful a guide-book as *Philadelphia and its Environs* is particularly appropriate at this time, when the Quaker City, with her storehouse of historic relics, is playing so conspicuous a part in the World's Columbian Exposition. Even with the Liberty Bell absent from the Cradle of Liberty, the city is still an objective point for patriotic travellers, and the Messrs. Lippincott have shown excellent judgment in reissuing this valuable side-pocket-companion. Maps, cuts, and text have been rigidly edited and brought up to date, and the book thus maintains its place as the only acceptable guide to Philadelphia and its surroundings.

In Verse Proportion. By Laura Bell.

Beginning with a pun, Miss Laura Bell's daintiest of little volumes ends with a joke, and all between is laughter and sunshine,—saving some bits of humor which go very close to tears; but these are only April showers. From the dedication—modest, but neatly turned—down to "Good-by, I'll see you later!" there is a flow of high spirits very rare in this serious day among the soulful makers of verse. Miss Bell sees the humor of it, where these see only the melancholy, and she makes life much better worth living by her raillery and wholesome chaff. The Lippincotts have furnished a gay costume for this light-hearted booklet.

CURRENT NOTES.

SOME valuable hints are given in the government report of its tests of baking powders, upon their keeping qualities. This is a most important matter to consumers. Many baking powders that show a high strength if tested when freshly mixed will, because made of inferior materials, or because not properly preserved, lose their strength very shortly, so that when they come to use they do not do their work.

A baking powder to be perfect must have the high strength and also the keeping quality by which its strength is preserved until required for use.

Housekeepers are importuned to buy these inferior baking powders, their makers claiming them to be as good as the Royal, which always stands for the best. They are claimed to show a high test, and they may when submitted fresh from the manufacturing houses. This high test, however, the investigation by the United States Agricultural Department shows, is at the sacrifice of the keeping quality. One particular sample which when tested within an hour after being mixed gave twelve and a half per cent. of gas, was found when tested a few days later to contain but eight and a half per cent., having lost a full third of its leavening power. Such powders as these should not be bought, no matter what the fresh test shows, or what the representations made for the purpose of selling them. Grocers may return them to their makers, and they do so in large quantities; but the consumer loses not only their cost, but the cost of other materials spoiled in the attempt to use them.

When samples of various baking powders have been purchased from the market and tested by the government chemists and others, the reports have revealed the facts not only that the Royal contains when fresh twenty-seven per cent. more leavening gas than any other powder, but that, when submitted to subsequent tests, while the Royal had retained its full strength the others had lost from sixteen to fifty per cent. of their original leavening power.

This most valuable property of self-preservation is possessed apparently by no baking powder but the Royal, and is due, the government chemist shows, to the perfectly pure cream of tartar used in it, to the method of its preparation, and the proper proportion of its ingredients.

A TREASURE'S MISHAP.—We were sitting in the drawing-room one night after dinner, when Bridget returned from a visit to her relations. She knocked at the drawing-room door, and entered, looking very perturbed and holding a handkerchief to her mouth. Removing the handkerchief, she disclosed the loss of one of her very large front teeth, and launched forth thus:

"Oh, ma'am! what will I do, what will I do? Shure I've bruk off me tooth, glory be to goodness! an' nobody'll speak to me wid a face like this, an' I won't be able to show me face to any one, bad luck to ut!"

"What's happened, Bridget? How did you do it?" asked my wife.

"Oh, shure an' it's me own fault entirely, for goin' ag'inst me mother's wishes and entherin' a Protestant shop! D'ye know Mr. Murphy the boot-maker? Shure an' it's his shop in Blank Street, an' he a Protestant, an' his wife a frind of mine, she bein' in service wid me before she was married; an' me mother said to me, 'Bridget,' says she, 'Murphy is a Protestant,' says she, 'an' don't you have any thruck wid him.' An' I was afther leavin' me uncle's house, an' I thought I'd come home by Blank Street just to pass the time o' day to Mrs. Murphy, an' I cot me foot in the door-step an' fell down in the shop an' swallowed me tooth, glory be to goodness! an' but for his bein' a Protestant it would niver have happened, an' shure I'll niver be able to show me face lookin' such a guy!"

All this was rattled off to an accompaniment of sobs, and one would have thought something very terrible had happened.

The next day my wife sent the girl off to a dentist, who replaced the lost tooth by a false one, and Bridget was herself again. A few days later, however, she once more put in an appearance in the drawing-room late in the evening, this time jubilant and shaking with laughter, though the false tooth was conspicuous by its absence.

"Shure I was pickin' a chicken-bone," she said, "an' I tuk out the tooth an' put it on the plate; an' afther I finished eatin' the bone I emptied the plate, bones an' tooth an' all, into the fire! Oh, glory be to goodness, an' it's a great laugh I'm havin'!"

She enjoyed the joke thoroughly, now that she knew how easily a dentist could restore her lost beauty.—*The Argosy.*

DUMAS AT WORK.—The "Englishman in Paris" relates that he one day called to see the elder Dumas, and inquired of the servant,—

"Is monsieur at home?"

"He is in his study, monsieur; monsieur can go in."

At that moment I heard a loud burst of laughter from the inner apartment, so I said I would wait till monsieur's visitors were gone.

"Monsieur has no visitors; he is working," replied the servant. "M. Dumas often laughs like that at his work."

It was true enough; the novelist was alone, or rather in company with one of his characters. He was simply roaring.

UNREASONABLE.—He.—"I own that there is one very unreasonable thing about me."

She.—"What is it?"

He.—"It is because I think there is no one in the world worthy of you that I want you to accept me."—*The Wasp.*

FINE HAIR

Is essential to perfect beauty. It is an adornment that may be preserved or secured by a little care, and the timely use of **Ayer's Hair Vigor.** If you have never tried this incomparable dressing, you don't know of what a valuable adjunct to your toilet-table you have been deprived, nor what a good friend you have neglected. Don't be without it another day. "I began to use **Ayer's** Hair Vigor," writes Mrs. A. Collins, of Dighton, Mass., "and now my hair is growing rapidly and is restored to its original color." "My hair was rapidly turning gray and falling out," says B. Onkrupa, 41 Meade ave., Cleveland, Ohio. "One bottle has remedied the trouble, and my hair is now of its former color and fullness."

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Sold by Druggists and Perfumers

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Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Has cured others, will cure you.

LOVER'S LACK OF SELF-CONFIDENCE.—There was, in spite of his harmless little vanities, a diffidence in Samuel Lover's manner which gives plausibility to a story I once heard of him.

It seems that in New York he was asked to take part in an amateur dramatic performance of a piece written by himself; it was a dramatized version of that most clever, original, and amusing volume, "The White Horse of the Peppers," and the character was full of Irish fun, such as one would have supposed the man who wrote it would have rollicked in delivering. Not so, however. When, after an elaborate make-up, he appeared in costume in the extemporized green-room, his aspect suggested the idea of a cat coming out of a shower-bath; his clothes hung listlessly upon his limbs, the feathers in his hat drooped like a weeping willow, his sword assumed the most inebriated attitudes, and his complexion was nearer a delicate ginger than any other hue. The rest of the company took pity on him, for Lover was a favorite wherever he might be; while one adjusted the component details of his dress, another added more rouge to his cheeks, and a third administered a cordial, all joining in encouraging him with words as they hustled him on to the stage at the call-boy's summons. Poor Lover contrived to get through the ordeal, and with better success than he expected, but the stage he vowed he would never tread again.

It is difficult to understand how this nervous diffidence could have taken possession of so popular an artiste, one also who ought to have felt so sure of his ability to please. I remember hearing him give on the platform recitals intermingled with songs, and certainly on those occasions there was no appearance of timidity, nor was there any reason for it.—"*Gossip of the Century.*"

FORTUNE-TELLING.—She.—"What is the science of palmistry I hear so much about?"

He.—"The art of telling fortunes by the hand."

She.—"Can you tell my fortune by my hand?"

He.—"No, but if I had your hand I could tell my own fortune."—*The Wasp.*

OH, WHAT A THING IS FAME!—Lover was a genius, and I believe it is not unusual for geniuses to be touchy, but if he was peppery, the provocation given, unless of a very aggravated nature, was, as a rule, soon forgiven.

I remember his telling me how, at a ball one night, in a crowded supper-room, happening to espy a friend, he attempted to carry on a conversation with him, notwithstanding the din. The subjects of the weather, the temperature of the room, and the character of the assembly having been exhausted, Lover asked him if he had seen his new song, naming the title of it.

"Oh, yes, to be sure," replied the other, thinking he had caught the name: "the 'Angel Swiss Boy,' and a capital song too, my dear fellow; you never did anything better."

Lover was disgusted. He repeated the title in a louder tone, but with no better effect, eliciting the reply, "Yes, yes, of course,—'The Ancient Sister:' isn't that what I said? Everybody's talking about it, and no wonder."

"'Ancient Sister' be ——!" exclaimed Lover, thoroughly exasperated: "'Ancient Sister,' indeed!" And, putting his mouth close to his friend's ear, he shouted, "The Angels' Whisper!"

"Eh! eh!" said the other, hurrying away to hide his confusion: "that's more like a *Devil's yell.*"—"*Gossip of the Century.*"

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WILL CURE

Sunburn,
Chafings,
Eruptions,
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Sore Feet,
Mosquito Bites,
Stings of Insects,
Inflammations,
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FAC-SIMILE OF BOTTLE WITH BUFF WRAPPER.

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Iron and Cinchona are the most powerful weapons employed in the art of curing; Iron is the principle of our blood, and forms its force and richness. Cinchona affords life to the organs and activity to their functions.

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MALARIA,
INDIGESTION,
FEVER and AGUE.
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LOSS of APPETITE.
POORNESS of BLOOD,
WASTING DISEASES,
and
RETARDED CONVALESCENCE.

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WALRUS-HUNTING EXCITING SPORT.—The front ice of the Smith Sound pack is the home of the walrus. Hundreds of these animals were disporting themselves in the silent hours of a sunlit midnight,—here a few gathered on tablets of floating ice, others leisurely paddling about with an abandon truly majestic. Their frolics immediately called to mind the gambols of pups and kittens. No animal, probably, save the Bengal tiger, offers the same amount of sport to the huntsman as does this king of the northern waters. Every attack resulting in a wounded animal can be safely relied upon for a counter-attack, which is prosecuted with an audacity no less remarkable than the energy with which it is sustained. A wounded walrus will not infrequently call for assistance to a number of its associates, and woe be then to the huntsman if, in the general struggle, one of the infuriated animals should place its tusks on the inner side of the little craft that has gone out to do battle.

The largest specimen secured by us measured, from the tip of the nose to the extended hind flippers, somewhat more than thirteen feet (to the extremity of the spinal column, eleven feet four inches); its weight was estimated to be between fifteen hundred and two thousand pounds, but not impossibly it was considerably more.—DR. ANGELO HEILPRIN, in *Scribner's Magazine.*

HERR NAGEL has succeeded in localizing the sense of taste of sea-anemones in their tentacles. A piece of sardine brought carefully to the tentacles of one of these animals was seized at once by the one touched, then by the others, and was swallowed. A piece of blotting-paper saturated with sea-water and applied in the same way was not seized; when soaked in the juice of fish, it was seized with the same energy as the piece of fish, but was often given up ultimately without being swallowed; soaked with sugar, it was accepted more daintily; but if saturated with quinine it was refused, the tentacles drawing back. On the outer surface of the body, and on the part between the tentacles and the mouth, quinine had no effect; nor did several other drugs of similar properties. Meat placed within or near the mouth of a widely open animal was not noticed; it was seized only when the tentacles were touched.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

A REQUEST FOR THE BABY.—"The cheek of some people is simply amazing," said the young mother. "What is the trouble now?" asked the caller. "That horrid newspaper-man who lives across the street sent over this morning to ask if he could borrow the baby for two or three hours, as he had to get up a 'Baby Ruth' poem for his paper and wanted to study the dialect."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

OLIVER CROMWELL was born in 1599, a scion of an ancient and knightly house, long seated in Huntingdon, on the lands of Hinchinbrook. The celebrated minister of Henry VIII., the "Hammer of the Monks" in priestly language, was one of his not remote kinsmen. The family was connected with the Hampdens, and St. Johns, and others of the best landed gentry; and more than once it had entertained sovereigns in their progresses through the eastern counties. Like Napoleon, Cromwell was thus a gentleman; and the accident of his birth in part explains the strong conservative and loyal instincts which were among his distinctive qualities, until Puritanism and an age of trouble made him the master-spirit of a great revolution.—*Temple Bar.*

SAPOLIO
SAPOLIO
How
SAPOLIO
does loosen the
dirt!!
But then, that's what it
is intended for.

AN OLD LOVE-LETTER.

The flying years, the silent years,
  Swept o'er this safely-hidden page,
Till Time, that deep-sunk mystery clears,
  Gives me the dateless heritage.

Where beat the heart, where burnt the brain,
  That all this pain and passion felt?
On leaves defaced by mould and stain
  The secret of a life is spelt.

Why rashly lift, why rudely rend,
  The softening veil that Death and Time,
Conspiring Life with Art to blend,
  Have hung between her soul and mine?

Enough to know, enough to feel
  That one immortal bliss endures;
The love these ardent words reveal
  May haply mirror mine—or yours.

MARGARET CROSBY, in *Scribner's Magazine.*

"I'LL just make a night of it," said the sun as he went down.—*Truth.*

CAUSE OF THE BURSTING OF PEAT-BOGS.—The curious phenomena of the swelling and bursting of peat-bogs have been studied by Herr Klinge. They generally occur after heavy rains, and are preceded by detonations and earth-vibrations. A muddy stream issues from them, of varying fluidity, rolling along lumps of peat. Then the mud hardens, and the bog sinks back, forming a funnel-shaped pool. The bogs studied by the author have been mostly on high ground, not in valleys. He believes that the eruptions are not caused either by excessive absorption of moisture or by gas-explosions,—the theories most readily suggested,—but by land-slips, collapses, etc., of ground under the bog, which permit water or liquid mud to enter. This breaks up the bog mechanically, mixes with it and fluidifies it, and produces the outburst at the surface. The limestone formations in Ireland, with their large caverns and masses of water, are naturally subject to these collapses, which, with the vibrations they induce, are more frequent in wet years. The heavy rains preceding the bog-eruptions are thus to be regarded as only an indirect cause of them. Herr Klinge supposes that similar eruptions occurred in past geological periods, the Carboniferous, for example, in some cases where fossil tree-stems are found in upright position.

NOT UP TO THE STANDARD.—"No, miss," said the school trustee of District No. 18, Cornstalk Township, shaking his head slowly, "I don't think you're quite the person we want for teacher in our school."

"May I ask in what particular I fail to meet your requirements?" inquired the young woman, timidly.

"I've been listening to your talk," rejoined the official, reluctantly, yet firmly, "and, if I must tell you the truth, you don't seem to have no idea of grammar."—*Chicago Chat.*

ONE-TENTH OF YOUR LIFE SHOULD BE SPENT IN EATING.—And most of us would assuredly devote the proper time to our meals to preserve health and prolong life if the meals were always suitable and appetizing and wholesome.

Few persons, save those who actually prepare our meals, know how much depends upon "shortening" and how much "fat" is necessary to secure palatable and wholesome food. "Fat" is the caloric of the human system. We cannot sustain life without "cooking fat." The large quantities of "fat" required in cooking are indispensable through the laws of our nature which are inexorable.

Butter is good fat to fry in or shorten, but it is always expensive, and the world cannot secure a sufficiency of butter for cooking. Lard has been our mainstay. All have appreciated the objections to lard,—its indigestibility, the characteristics of swine, the danger of uncleanness in slaughtering and rendering. It has all been easily imagined, if not described, but nobody offered anything to take the place, and everybody has swallowed their scruples along with their lardy food because there was no alternative.

At last, however, the sweet vegetable oil of the Cotton-Plant, grown on the plantation and ripened in the sunlight, and similar to the olive, has furnished the world with the new health-giving, pure cooking fat, COTTOLENE.

It is now six years since COTTOLENE first came into market in Chicago. It has grown steadily in public favor. It is now known and sold all over the United States, and is beginning to make its way into Europe. Prejudices have flown. Difficulties have vanished. Physicians endorse it. The cooks approve it. Housekeepers everywhere are adopting it. The verdict is unanimous in its favor.

COTTOLENE is better and cheaper than lard. COTTOLENE is more wholesome, more healthful, more digestible, easier to use, more economical. It is everything desirable. The manufacturers are extending their advertising to the ends of the earth, and the demand for it is increasing and extending more rapidly than the advertising.

There is one difficulty,—the usual companion of success,—the danger of imitations. Beware of these. See to it that your dealer procures and supplies you with the genuine COTTOLENE. There are already ten or twelve spurious imitations. Be careful. Look out for them. Use only COTTOLENE. If you want to know more about it, send three cents in stamps to the manufacturers for their newest and most popular Cook-Book. N. K. FAIRBANK & Co., Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Montreal, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco.

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AN ARTIST'S QUICK MAKE-UP.—The facility and rapidity with which Mr. Owens made up his face for the stage were marvellous. His preparations, including change of costume, required but a few moments; my early experience as his dresser was somewhat fraught with nervousness. As he would leisurely chat or read the evening newspaper, I could not refrain from saying, "Do you know how late it is? The first music has been called." "All right," he would reply, "I shall be ready," and he invariably was. I soon learned that there was no danger of a stage wait, whether the part chanced to be the merry one of Joshua Butterby, or poor old Caleb Plummer with his piteous, deeply-furrowed face, or the wizen visage of miserly old Spruggins. The latter, perhaps, altered Mr. Owens's appearance more than any part he played, and for *that* I have seen him make up his face in five minutes. He never liked to be entirely dressed until his cue was near, and often said, "I couldn't feel the character if I waited: the excitement inspires me."—*Memoirs of John E. Owens.*

SHE.—"So you bought a bicycle?"
He.—"Yes."
She.—"It has made you quite slim."
He.—"Yes, I have fallen off a good deal."—*The General Manager.*

JEWELLED HAIR-ORNAMENTS.—Hair-ornaments now are as fanciful, splendid, and dainty as in the days of Josephine. Gold acorns with diamond sprays, lilies of pearls with diamond-tipped stamens, birds' heads glistening with precious stones, jewelled coronets, and many other equally costly pieces, are worn at dinners, balls, and other evening entertainments. An exquisite ornament, which is quite new, represents two gracefully-curved gold antennæ each about three inches long. Upon the ends are pear-shaped diamonds. Two gold prongs, from which the antennæ spring, serve to fasten the ornament in the hair. A beautiful hair-pin shows a peacock's head and throat set against the fan-like tail. The head is encrusted with diamonds and the tail outlined with rows of small rubies, each row terminating in a large diamond. Other hair-pins are ornamented with enamelled gold and precious stones. A bullfinch's head set in diamonds, with ruby eyes and wings of colored enamel interspersed with small emeralds, is a very attractive hair-pin.—*Vogue.*

THE FERINE EYE.—One curious and seldom-noted effect of the contact of brutes with man is remarked by a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*, who speaks as follows of the tender and more receptive aspect of the ferine eye in domesticated or half-domesticated animals:

"Notice the contrast there is between the eye of the well-bred, well-trained hunter and that of the unbroken mustang; between that of the St. Bernard and that of the wolf or fox. The one lets us look below the surface; it is all softness and receptiveness, even though it may be fringed with lightning; but the other is hard and impenetrable,—a ball of smouldering and unconquerable fire. In the eye of the animal brought into subjection to man, and not yet yielding willingly to his dominion, there is a suggestion, if not an element, of insanity. It was into the eye of a captive European swallow which he held in his hand, under the eaves at Königsberg, that Kant was looking when he declared it was 'as if he were gazing into heaven;' and one is led to wonder what might be the result to the eye of the woodcock if he could be induced to leave his sequestered haunts and mix more intimately and more confidingly with mankind."

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FACE BLEACH.

FREE. In order that all may have an opportunity of trying the wonderful effect of her World-Renowned **Face Bleach, Mme. Ruppert** will present to all callers every day during this month a sample bottle free, or will send to ladies living in any part of the world, on receipt of 25 cents, cost of sending.

MME. A. RUPPERT says, "I appreciate the fact that there are thousands and thousands of ladies in the United States that would like to try my World-Renowned FACE BLEACH, but have been kept from doing so on account of the price, which is $2.00 per bottle, or 3 bottles taken together, $5.00. In order that all of these may have an opportunity, I will give to every caller, absolutely free, during this month, a sample bottle, and in order to supply those living outside of the city or in any part of the world, I will send it to them safely packed, plain wrapper, all charges prepaid, on receipt of 25 cents, either silver or stamps."

This grand undertaking will cost MME. RUPPERT many thousands of dollars, but she does it in order to prove to all that her World-Renowned FACE BLEACH is the most wonderful preparation in the world for clearing and purifying the skin, and does as she recommends it. In every case of freckles, pimples, moth, sallowness, black-heads, acne, eczema, oiliness or roughness, or any discoloration or disease of the skin, and wrinkles (not caused by facial expression) it removes absolutely. It does not cover up, as cosmetics do, but is a cure. The price of this wonderful FACE BLEACH is $2.00 per single bottle, or three bottles, usually required in severe cases, $5.00. Sent to any part of the world in plain wrappers, safely packed. To give all a chance to test its wonderful merit, MME. A. RUPPERT will, as stated above, give free to all callers every day during this month a sample bottle free, or send it to those at a distance on receipt of 25 cents, cost of sending. Be sure that all her preparations bear the photograph and signature of MME. A. RUPPERT in full. All others are fraudulent. MME. A. RUPPERT'S well-known book, "How to be Beautiful," of which more than three million copies are now in circulation, will be sent on receipt of 6 cents in postage. Address all communications or call on

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AND ALL LARGE CITIES IN THE UNITED STATES.

WEALTH FROM THE SEA.—Scientific journals in England speak approvingly of a new method of manufacturing caustic soda, chlorine, and other chemical products directly from sea-water with the aid of electricity. There is an immense saving of time, labor, and material in the process.

It is readily seen that man gets a fresh grasp on the hoarded treasures of nature through such a discovery.

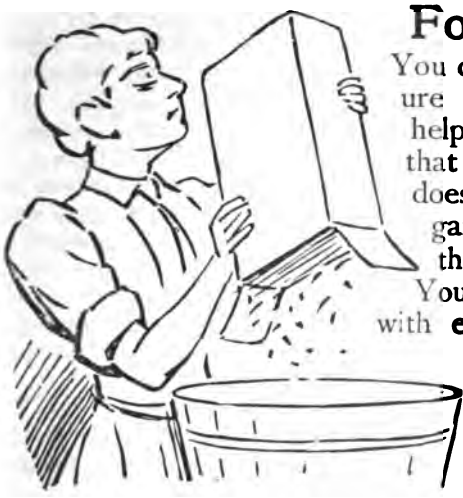
Perhaps the most interesting suggestion made in connection with this new method of manufacturing chemicals is that of *Science Gossip* to the effect that electricity may yet enable us so to purify sea-water as to fit it for drinking-purposes.

One of the greatest terrors that confront the shipwrecked would be banished by such a discovery, provided that the electrical apparatus could be made portable enough to be taken off in a boat.

A LITTLE girl sat listening to her father as he read aloud from a newspaper the long string of deaths, including those of the Duke of Clarence and Cardinals Manning and Simeoni, and when he was through she quietly observed, "Papa, it must have been a great day in heaven."

A QUEER BUT DELIGHTFUL TOWN.—Brussels is a showy, geometrically built city, with endless straight avenues, cubic perspectives, and well-ordered suburbs; a young and laughing capital vulgarized by its imitation of every other capital, and which an immoderate love of stucco has led to the imitation of Paris in particular; a modernized town laid out by rule, scraped clean with pumice-stone, deprived of all the bric-à-brac of its antiquities, rebuilt without any of its primitive originality; a town which has sprung forth from the vitals of its ancient quarters with ready-made squares, symmetrical thoroughfares, straight streets, stucco and bastard-stucco buildings, five-storied houses, all the usual topographical peculiarities of Europeanism; a town which has laid aside its ancient robes, crumbled to dust its antique plaster-work, pulverized its venerable relics, cleaned out its sewers, aerified its sinks, desquamated its ulcers, to make itself like other towns; a town of palaces, barracks, academies, and official buildings, in which is concentrated all the machinery of government, and which is the very heart of the body politic; a town which, with its sparse population altogether insufficient to people its wide thoroughfares, and with its somewhat paralyzing condition of well-being, its ostentatious luxury and wealth, calls up a vision of another La Haye, a purring, self-satisfied, quiet, satiated, much-envied place; a town which has retained its bourgeois character with all its pomp, a matter-of-fact, homelike, punctilious city; a town inhabited by men of simple manners and moderate intellectual power, combined with a weakness for trivial amusements and military pomp and show; yet, with it all, still remaining a very paradise to those who like to lead an easy, careless life.—*Harper's Weekly.*

RECOGNIZING HIS OWN.—Voltaire was one day reading a tragedy of his own which contained many verses borrowed from other authors. Whenever one of these bits came from his lips, Piron, the poet, made a bow, with great seriousness. "Why are you doing that?" Voltaire exclaimed at length, with extreme irritation. "Keep on, monsieur," said Piron; "don't mind me. It is merely my habit to salute my acquaintances."—*The Argonaut.*



Foolish Woman!

You can't spare the time to measure your **Pearline**? Well, that helps us, but it's lucky for you that an overdose of **Pearline** does no harm. It's only extravagance. Beware of a dose of the imitations.

You can get just as good work with **enough Pearline** as with **too much.** Use it as it ought to be used, and don't waste it, and you can't think that it's expensive. To get the best results from **Pearline**, use it just as directed. You'll save more of everything than with anything else. If your grocer sends you an imitation, **return it, please.** 388 JAMES PYLE, New York.

WE sell life insurance,—this is our business; we've been at it forty-five years, and know much of its possibilities and limitations. This isn't strange.

We sell life insurance at cost, *at exact cost*, strange as it may seem until the wherefore and the why are known.

The reason is that we sell it to *ourselves*, and ourselves includes all who are now members of THE PENN MUTUAL LIFE or who may become such; that is, we are chartered, equipped, conducted for this very purpose and no other. We have been successful,—extremely so when measured by just standards,—as will be freely admitted by our competitors.

Exact cost excludes the idea of profit to any one except the insured, or his family; and there isn't a mill of profit to any one else. Expenses there are. Salaries are paid officers and clerks and doctors, and occasionally fees to lawyers for investigation of titles, etc., with taxes to the State, etc. Agents are paid commissions. All these expenses are kept at a minimum by a board of trustees chosen from policy-holders. There is therefore unity, no diversity of interest,—each being interested for all all the time, because of his individual interest.

The proof of these things rests largely in the knowledge of the insured, and in the statement of results under different plans and conditions of insurance carried through a series of years.

Thus, an Ordinary Life Policy for $5000 has been carried through forty-five years at an average cost of $8.51 per year per thousand; the paid-up insurance would now be $4060, the cash reserve is something in excess of $3400.

A Ten-Payment Life Policy for $10,000 cost in gross premiums $4294. Surplus has been applied to increase the insurance, which now amounts to $14,648, and is yearly increasing.

A Fifteen-Year Endowment Policy for $5000 which has matured and been paid cost but $3811.25, thus returning a large profit on the investment in addition to the insurance throughout the period.

A variety of illustrations, including a concise explanation of the principles of insurance, may be had for the asking. Address

THE PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
921–3–5 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE SPERM WHALE AS A FIGHTER.—Approaching a whale at all times is like going into battle, notwithstanding the abandon of the fishermen. Have no fear that the right whale will swallow you; he could not do so even if he were so disposed, as his gullet is only large enough to admit a good-sized herring. The sperm-whale could swallow a man if he desired to do so; but he is no more inclined to swallow a man, particularly with his clothes on, than you would be to swallow a small bird with its feathers. But he will crush you in his ponderous jaws, if he is a fighting bull, and eject you in detail. He will also chew up and spit out pieces of the demolished boat, break up the wooden utensils floating upon the water, and fight every piece of wood until more than seven baskets of fragments may be taken up; and, having tired himself out in this way, he will lay off, angrily slapping the water with his fins, and challenge some other boats, or perhaps, in rare cases, attack the vessel.—JAMES TEMPLE BROWN, in *The Century*.

THE LOSS ON GOLD IN TRANSIT.—"A remarkable example of the loss of gold by reason of abrasion came to the notice of the Chicago customs officials the other day," says the *Boston Globe*. "George W. Sheldon & Co. sent fifteen thousand dollars in gold to the collector to pay duties. The sum was in equal amounts, made up of five-dollar, ten-dollar, and twenty-dollar pieces. The teller found that the coin footed up all right taken at its face value, and it was sent over to the Sub-Treasury. Soon word came back to the collector that the fifteen thousand dollars in gold was nineteen hundred and thirty-five dollars short weight, and the deficit would have to be made up before a receipt would be issued. Examination proved that the coin had been abraded to that extent, —nearly thirteen per cent."

BIG TREES.—The big tree is surpassed in size only by the eucalyptus of Australia, while the redwood may claim the honor of being the third largest tree in the world. The largest known redwood is three hundred and sixty-six feet in height and twenty feet in diameter. The big tree attains a greater diameter, but does not reach a proportionately greater height. Thus, there are big trees recorded as having a diameter of forty-one feet, but we have seen none mentioned as being over four hundred feet in height.

The height of the largest known eucalyptus-tree is stated to be four hundred and seventy feet, but the diameter is only twenty-seven feet. So, while taller than the largest big tree, if their proportions are the same, the California tree has about twice the bulk of the one which grows in Australia.—*St. Nicholas*.

CARLYLE'S ANTICIPATION.—These women of genius, sir, are the very d—l, when you take them on a wrong tack. I know very well that I myself—if ever I marry, which seems possible at best—am to have one of them for my helpmate; and I expect nothing but that our life will be the most turbulent, incongruous thing on earth,—a mixture of honey and wormwood, the sweetest and the bitterest,—or, as it were, at one time the clearest and sunshiny weather in nature, then whirlwinds and sleet and frost; the thunder and lightning and furious storms—all mingled together into the same season—and the sunshine always in the *smallest* quantity! Judge how you would have relished this: and sing with a cheerful heart *E'en let the bonny lass gang!*—From "*Unpublished Letters of Carlyle*," in *Scribner's Magazine*.

"We are advertised by our loving friends."

A Mellin's Food Girl.

OLGA K. IHLSENG, CARTHAGE, MO.

Give the Baby Mellin's Food

if you wish your infant to be well nourished, healthy, bright and active, and to grow up happy, robust and vigorous.

OUR BOOK FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF MOTHERS,

"The Care and Feeding of Infants,"

will be mailed free to any address on request.

The Doliber-Goodale Co., Boston, Mass.

A NATURAL SUSPICION.—The idea of being questioned by a woman lawyer was a huge joke to the large burly Irishman, until she began to question him on personal matters, when, assuming a suspicious air, he remarked, "I don't know yer intentions, mum; but I'm a married man."—*The Argonaut.*

THE INTERIOR OF THE EARTH.—A very large part of the educated public believes that the earth is a molten globe superficially enveloped by a chilled crust, and a magazine article in support of such a theory has recently attracted much attention. Very many of the natural philosophers consider it most probable that the rocks at and near the surface of the globe would expand in melting. If the earth were thus constituted, a time would come when the solid crust would crack from its own weight, or from some moderate internal disturbance; and then block after block of the crust, region after region of the world we know and love so well, would plunge slowly and heavily to meet the rising, molten flood, while whirlwinds of scalding steam would shroud perishing humanity.

Aside from ignoble fears, there seems scarcely any topic better suited to excite a legitimate intellectual interest among men than this most fundamental question concerning that little planet, our world. Is it a molten globe with a pellicle of cool dry land, or is it really *terra firma*, a solid earth?

The public may accept the theory of *Terra Firma* in peace, as all the arguments which have not been shown to be inconclusive or false indicate that the earth presents a resistance to deformation about as great as if it were a solid steel ball, and that it actually is solid to, or nearly to, the centre. The permanent deformations to which it has been subjected near the surface are enormous, and their amount is seldom appreciated by astronomers or physicists; but these deformations have been produced for the most part by the "flow of solids," and there is no known incompatibility between such distortions and the theory of a solid earth.—GEORGE F. BECKER, in *The North American Review.*

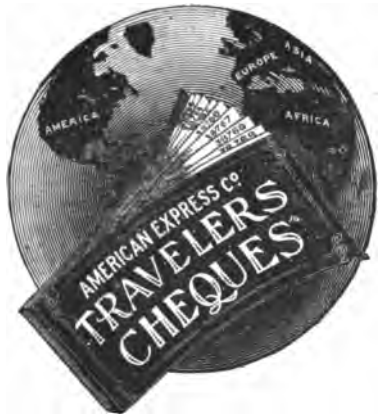
WHERE THEY ORIGINATED.—An English correspondent of the *Boston Herald* has found in a "Dictionary of the Isle of Wight Dialect" a number of words which English writers usually class as American provincialisms. Among them are "cute" and "piert," found also in one of George Eliot's novels; "backed up," "call," in the same sense of reason of necessity; "chipper," "darn," as a mild oath; "fall" for autumn; "galluses," "heft," "hunk," "jaw," meaning to scold; "jiffey," "get out of kilter," "rare," in the sense of underdone; "thick," for intimate; "gumption," "tan," meaning to thrash; "spells" of weather, "put to rights," etc.

FRANKNESS WITH A VENGEANCE.—Some ladies never, never can understand that a man of letters should sometimes be left alone in his den. Byron himself says that, however much in love he might be at any moment, he always felt, even when with the fair, a hankering to be back in his untidy library. There is a story of Lady Byron's entering the den and asking, "Do I disturb you, Byron?" "Yes,—damnably," answered Childe Harold, in an intelligible, if not a pardonable, irritation.

THERE is always room at the top, but it is ably defended against the encroachments of would-be possessors by the occupants of adjoining space.—F. VAN DORN, in *Kate Field's Washington.*

You Need Funds

When Traveling in Europe.



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Rates and Further Particulars can be obtained from any Agent of the American Express Company, also at the principal Offices of the Company, 65 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, and 78 MONROE STREET, CHICAGO.

GUYOT SUSPENDERS.—Among the most attractive exhibits in the French section of the World's Columbian Exposition will be the magnificent display of Genuine Guyot Suspenders.

They are certainly the most natural, healthful, and also popular appendage at present known to the masculine community for trousers. They are not only the most durable, but they are the lightest, the easiest of adjustment, and the only hygienic suspender now made.

There are many imitations, but they always lack the qualities of the Genuine, and, in order to be certain of getting the Genuine, a label has been placed upon every pair of Genuine Guyots, so that the buyer can be sure of what he is purchasing.

It is gradually becoming more and more customary for every gentleman to have each pair of trousers supplied with a pair of Genuine Guyot Suspenders, so as to avoid loss of time in changing the suspenders when changing the trousers.

They tell a story of a drowned man who was fished out of the East River a short time ago. There was nothing on his body by which to identify him, but he wore a pair of Genuine Guyot Suspenders, by which it was rightly judged at the coroner's inquest that he moved in the higher walks of life.

It is also said that many ladies who wish to keep their husbands constantly in good humor keep a good supply of Guyots always on hand.

Over one million pair of Genuine Guyots were sold last year.

THE NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY, of Boston, Massachusetts, stands deservedly at the head of American schools of musical training. During the lifetime of its founder, Dr. Tourjée, it had already won the confidence and support of the American people, and since his death the acceptance of the directorship by the scholarly musician Mr. Carl Faelten has given the institution an impetus and standing second to none in this country.

A careful investigation will quickly convince any one that nothing is left undone for the highest intellectual improvement of its pupils; that the moral influences thrown around them are far-reaching and in every way beneficial, and that the Conservatory is evidently no place for the lazy or frivolous. But to those who desire the highest attainment and are willing to devote the necessary amount of study and investigation, aided by minds of exceptional ability, this Conservatory offers inducements and privileges heretofore unattainable in America.

In its well-appointed home reside nearly four hundred lady students. The advantage of living and taking all studies (no matter whether music, elocution, art, or languages) under one roof is of immense importance to the student.

This advantage is accentuated by the fact that the home-life in this institution is replete with comforts and safeguards. The management is of the best, and has gained the repeated endorsement of such people as Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Mrs. Joseph Cook, Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, Dr. Philip S. Moxom, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Dr. A. J. Gordon, and hosts of others of national reputation.

For calendar, giving full information, address FRANK W. HALE, General Manager, Franklin Square, Boston, Massachusetts.

HIGHWAYMAN.—"Your money or your life!" Lawyer.—"Here's all I have." Highwayman.—"All right. Now get out." Lawyer (taking him by the button-hole).—"Wait a minute, friend. Don't you want to engage counsel to defend you in case you should be arrested for this affair?"

QUICKLY MARRIED.—It is probable that no other important ceremony has been performed in so great a variety of ways as the marriage service. Every country and every sect has its own particular form, not to mention the widely differing formulas employed by civilians authorized to marry couples.

A well-known justice of the peace in a Western State when embarrassed is apt to stammer badly; he therefore prudently carries a copy of the marriage service, so that he may always have it on hand in case of emergency.

On one occasion, however, he was unexpectedly called upon while spending the day in a town some distance from his home. Adjusting his spectacles, he felt first in one pocket and then in another for his invaluable little book.

His search was in vain, and at last, with beads of perspiration standing out on his forehead, he exclaimed,—

"No—m-matter! I hereb-by de-declare you m-man and wi-wife, accordin' to the m-memorandum left in m-my other t-trousers p-pocket!"

It is doubtful whether the bride and groom considered this much of a ceremony, but they made the best of it.—*Youth's Companion.*

ROSA BONHEUR'S house at Fontainebleau is alive with pets of all kinds,—dogs and sheep, even horses and goats, creatures famous for beauty or pedigree, remarkable for variety of species, or simply faithful companions and friends.

Dobbins' Electric Soap

Is for sale everywhere, and has been ever since 1867. Acknowledged by all to be the BEST FAMILY SOAP IN THE WORLD. We ask every woman using it to save the Outside Wrappers and send them to us. We will mail her, postpaid, the following Beautiful Presents, gratis: For two complete Outside Wrappers and Ten Cents in money or stamps, any volume of the "Surprise Series" of 25 cent novels, about 200 pages. Catalogue on back of wrappers. For twenty complete Outside Wrappers, without any cash accompanying, any volume of the "Surprise Series" novels. For twenty-five complete Outside Wrappers, any one of the following most beautiful panel pictures ever published, all charming studies of little girls, by the most celebrated foreign artists, made exclusively for us: "La Petite," by Throman; "Les Intimes," by Thompson; "Two Sisters," by Sagin; "Little Fisher Maiden," by G. B. Wilson; "Little Charmer," by Springer; "May Day," by Havenith; "Heartsease," by Springer. For sixty complete Outside Wrappers, a Worcester's Pocket Dictionary, 298 pages.

The whole wrapper must be sent. We will not send anything for a part of a wrapper cut out and mailed us. Of course no wrapper can be used for two presents. Twenty wrappers, or over, should be securely done up like newspapers, with ends open, and address of sender in upper left-hand corner of envelope. Postage on wrappers thus done up is 2 cents for 20 or 25 wrappers, and 6 cents for 60 wrappers. Mail at same time postal telling us what present you desire.

DOBBINS SOAP MANUFACTURING CO.,
119 South Fourth St., Philadelphia.

CURIOUS ANIMAL SUPERSTITIONS OF THE PUEBLO.—The cougar, puma, or "mountain-lion"—*mo-keit-cha*, in the Quéres tongue—is to the Pueblo the head of animate creation. In this curious mythology each of the six like groups of divinities, "the Trues," which dwell respectively at the six cardinal points, includes a group of deified dumb animals. They are Trues also, and are as carefully ranked as the higher spirits, or even more definitely. The beasts of prey, of course, stand highest; and of them, and of all animals, the puma is Ka-béy-de, commander-in-chief. Under him there are minor officials: the buffalo is captain of the ruminants; the eagle, of birds; the crotalus, of reptiles. There are even several other animal gods of the hunt,—the bear, the wolf, the coyote,—but he is easily supreme. The hunter carries always a tiny stone image of this most potent patron, and invokes it with strange incantations at every turn of the chase.—C. F. LUMMIS, in *Scribner's Magazine.*

ANTICIPATING WHAT SHE WOULD SAY.—Tom Anjery, a student, applied to the professor for permission to be absent:

"I should like to be excused this afternoon, as I want to take my sister out driving."

The old professor, who is no fool, looked at the young man over the top of his spectacles, and said, slowly,—

"Want to take your sister out driving, do you? Is she any relation to you?"—*Boston Globe.*

HAD TO DIE BY THE HAND OF THE SHAH.—The responsibilities that rest upon a *chef* of the royal *cuisine* can hardly be understood by the people of a democratic nation like America. He must not only be perfectly informed regarding all national dishes, but equally well posted as to those of every country. A thorough knowledge of the etiquette of all nations is essential, that offence may not be given through ignorance, as was once the case when the Shah of Persia visited Germany.

The Persian monarch, deciding on chicken for dinner, ordered it. Presently another summons came from the royal apartments, and live chickens were ordered immediately brought to him. In much surprise that his imperial highness should desire fowls carried to his elegantly-furnished apartments, the most luxurious in the castle, and exceedingly curious as to the purpose for which they were wanted, a servant took him the feathered bipeds, noisily remonstrating as is their custom. Not yet satisfied, the Shah demanded a sharp knife. Was he a monster of cruelty who proposed to torture the helpless creatures? However, neither inquiries nor remonstrances can be directed to royalty, so a knife was produced, when, to the astonishment of the waiting servant, he proceeded at once to scientifically butcher, *à la* Persian style, the poor fowls, by cutting off their heads. Of course blood spattered and flowed, carpet and costly furniture were ruined, and even more astonished the servant withdrew with headless chickens in hand, questioning if butchering was an amusement with which the Shah beguiled time that might otherwise hang heavily upon his hands.

It was learned later that in Persia chickens are regarded in a measure as sacred birds, and when killed for the imperial table the deed is often performed by no less revered a hand than that of the Shah or a person commissioned by him.—GEORGE BUSSE, in *Home and Country.*

The Jackson Sanatorium,

DANSVILLE, LIVINGSTON COUNTY, NEW YORK.

ESTABLISHED 1858.

A DELIGHTFUL home for those seeking health, rest, or recreation. Under the personal care of experienced physicians.

Elegant modern *fire-proof* main building and twelve cottages, complete in all appliances for health and comfort. Extensive apartments for treatment arranged for individual privacy. Skilled attendants. All forms of baths; Electricity, Massage, Swedish Movements, etc. Delsarte System of Physical Culture. Frequent Lectures, and Lessons on Health Topics.

Especial provision for rest and quiet, also for recreation, amusement, and regular out-door life.

Culinary Department under supervision of Mrs. Emma P. Ewing, Superintendent of the Chautauqua Cooking School.

Hillside location in Woodland Park, overlooking extended views of the famous Genesee Valley region, unsurpassed for health and beauty. Charming walks and drives. Lakes, glens, and waterfalls in immediate vicinity. Clear, dry atmosphere, free from fogs and malaria. Pure spring water from rocky heights. Perfect drainage and sewerage.

Steam heat, open fires, electric bells, safety elevator, telegraph, telephone, etc.

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Mention this Magazine. **J. ARTHUR JACKSON, Secretary, Dansville, New York.**

Once, Everybody had to have This

Cooking Evolution

Has kept pace with civilization.

The Wonderful

'NEW PROCESS,'

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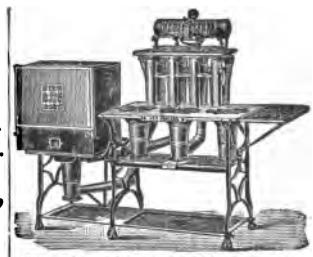


Now, Everybody should have This.

Is the highest product of the stove-makers skill. It is a stove that lights like gas; does not smoke or smell; is absolutely safe under all circumstances; will save its price in cost of operation every month; built by the rule of strength and simplicity—will not get out of order. A stove that has simplified cooking in all its branches. Ask your stove dealer for it, or send for catalogue giving full particulars *Free.*

THE STANDARD LIGHTING CO., 216 Perkins Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

YOUNG MOTHERS should early learn the necessity of keeping on hand a supply of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk for nursing babies as well as for general cooking. It has stood the test for thirty years. Your grocer and druggist sell it.

PILGRIMS ON DUTY.—There is a great deal in *looking* wise, even if you don't feel so. Talk always of your "dones," and leave out the "undones."

Most of us have heard of the apocryphal American who "does Europe" in a fortnight! I cannot say that I have actually met that gentleman, but I have met pilgrims, both English and American, who will tell you grandly that they have "done"—say Rome, in two days, nay, in one day!—all the antiquities, of *course*, and the museums; and then comes a string of names of churches and galleries, until you gasp for breath! You go away and lean against something to recover your breath, and your gravity, but the pilgrimage is an accomplished fact. They have a right to stick the cockle-shell in their cap, so to speak, and go home saying, "Oh, yes, we have done Rome, or Italy, or Egypt, *thoroughly;* missed nothing!"

If one could take an impression of one of these pilgrims' brains by "Kodak," one would get some queer results in chaos, rather like the game of family-post,—the Raphael frescos transferring themselves to Karnak, and the Sphinx hiding in the Catacombs, whilst pictures, statuary, and shrines of "cult" executed a Bacchanalian dance on a gigantic scale all round.

But results do not alter facts; and in these busy days people are generally content to *see* your tree of knowledge; they have no time to climb its branches to look for the fruit of wisdom.—ADAMS MARTIN, in *The Idler*.

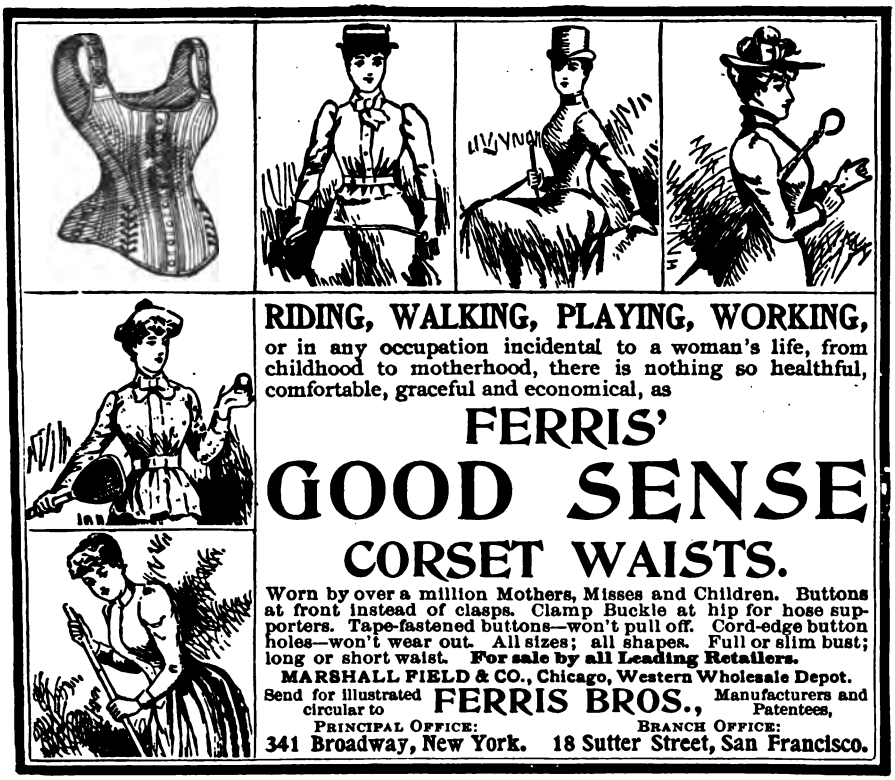
SNAILS' TEETH.—The common snail sets forth to ravage our gardens equipped with one hundred and fifty rows of stout serrated teeth. The whole palate contains about twenty-one thousand teeth, while a full-grown slug has over twenty-six thousand of these silicious spikes.—*The Eclectic Magazine.*

THE HOME OF THE GRAN QUIVÍRA MYTH.—Where a whaleback ridge noses the uncanny valley, stands out a strange ashen bulk that brings us back to earth. Wan and weird as it is, it bespeaks the one-time presence of man, for Nature has no such squarenesses.

I do not believe that the whole world can show elsewhere, nor that a Doré could dream into canvas, a ghostliness so *à propos*. Stand upon the higher ridges to the east, and it is all spread before you, a wraith in pallid stone,—the absolute ghost of a city. Its ashen hues which seem to hover above the dead grass, foiled by the sombre blotches of the junipers; its indeterminate gray hints, outspoken at last in the huge, vague shape that looms in its centre; its strange, dim outlines rimmed with a flat, round world of silence—but why try to tell that which has no telling? Who shall wreak expression of that spectral city?

This was the pueblo of Tabirá, infinitely better known in this day of grace and putative light as the "Gran Quivíra."—C. F. LUMMIS, in *Scribner's Magazine.*

MODERN NECROMANCY.—Among the possible, if not probable, phenomena of electricity is the transmission of photographs, pictures, or lectures. Prof. Jaques, in lecturing before the German Technical Society of Boston, last autumn, described some experiments that convey an idea of necromancy. Writings on a card were photographed, and transmitted from the negative, reproduced in fac-simile by an electric current. Of this strange phenomenon not much is known at this time, but should such a means of reproduction be practicable, a letter could be sent thousands of miles in as many seconds.—*Industry.*



Carl L. Jensen's

CRYSTAL PEPSIN TABLETS are nature's only cure for dyspepsia and indigestion. They prevent dulness after eating, and induce a refreshed feeling of renewed energy. Delivered by mail to any post-office in the United States on receipt of fifty cents in stamps. Samples mailed free. Address the CARL L. JENSEN COMPANY, 400 N. Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa. For sale at all druggists'.

IMPERIAL GRANUM is used with the happiest effect in cases where no other food can be retained, and we confidently recommend it in all such cases. —*The Methodist, New York.*

IMPERIAL GRANUM.—We have recommended it in many cases, and have found it to assimilate and nourish when nothing else could be retained.— *Christian at Work, New York.*

STAMPS AS WALL-PAPER.—In a certain old-fashioned house in London there is a room about twelve feet square that is entirely papered with postage-stamps. It is estimated by Mr. Palmer, the largest stamp-dealer in the world, that those stamps would be worth five million dollars but for the unfortunate circumstance that not one of them is genuine. Mr. Palmer extracted these forgeries from collections that he has bought from time to time, and, as a rule, the people from whom he bought them did not know that they were forgeries. But no forged stamp can pass as genuine when it falls under the scrutiny of the expert Palmer. This crazy patchwork shows a specimen of every known stamp in the world. The *Pall Mall Budget*, of London, says that there are seventy thousand stamps on the walls of the room, and it took almost thirty years to collect them. "To make wall-paper out of them kept four pairs of hands busy for three months. They are pasted upon canvas, so that in order to remove the stamps it will not be necessary to remove the building. Paste, not gum, has been used, as gum discolors stamps. Having been fastened to the canvas, the stamps were treated to a coat of shellac, and were then varnished."

FOND PARENT.—"How dare you match pennies? Don't you know that gambling is a crime?"

Bobby.—"What is gambling, pop?"

Fond Parent.—"Indulging in a game of chance."

Bobby.—"Not guilty, pop. I have a penny with two heads."—*Truth.*

THE New York *Tribune* says that a letter was received at the Topeka post-office addressed to George W. Eightquarts, Esq., and was duly delivered to the proper party, Mr. George W. Peck.

A NOISY TOAD.—Perhaps the most remarkable case of vocal power in an animal is that related by a recent traveller in the highlands of Borneo. He was informed by natives that they had heard a tiger roaring in the neighborhood. Such news is always startling to a stranger in the jungles of the East, and hardly less so to the natives.

An investigation was accordingly set on foot, which resulted in the discovery that the alarming roars had been emitted by a toad! This toad of Borneo, however, was by no means an ordinary member of the family. It measured no less than fourteen and one-half inches round the body.

A LITTLE TOO TRYING.—The late William Young Sellar, whose books on the Latin poets are so widely known and so much valued, was professor at the University of Edinburgh.

He was much beloved by his pupils, and had generally an exemplary patience with dulness and stupidity. We are told, however, that one day the perverse impenetrability of a blockhead was so intolerable that the professor at last cried out,—

"Sir, in translating that passage you have made more mistakes than the words admit of."—*Youth's Companion.*

EDWIN.—"Will your mother consent, do you think?"

Angelina.—"Yes: I can fix that. I'll get papa to oppose it."—*The Wasp.*

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WELLESLEY LIBRARY

A CORRECTION.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

I wish to say that I use and recommend one and only one baking powder, and that is Cleveland's.

Years ago I did use others and spoke favorably of them at the time. In preparing the new edition of "Common Sense in the Household," however, I thought it best to substitute baking powder in the recipes instead of cream-of-tartar and soda, and made a careful investigation of the baking powder question.

Finding Cleveland's Baking Powder to be really the best, I recommended it in "Common Sense in the Household," and now use it exclusively.

April 5, 1893. Maria Parloa

A USEFUL NEWSPAPER.—Mr. G. A. Sala describes a curious paper formerly published in the Deccan. It was lithographed every morning on a square of white cotton cloth. After having perused it the subscribers employed it as a pocket-handkerchief. Then they sent it to the local washerwoman, who returned it, a clean square of white cotton, to the publisher, who lithographed and issued the same sheets again and again.

THE POST-OFFICE IN INDIA.—A traveller in India tells an interesting fact concerning the post-office in that far-off country. The fact that a letter may be dropped into a post-office box on a street-lamp has convinced the natives, who never saw that sort of thing before, that there is something supernatural about it,—the more ignorant portion of the inhabitants even going so far as to worship the pillar-boxes on the streets. In one case a man put his letter into the box, and called out the directions in a loud voice for the information of the spirit which he thought resided in it, beseeching him to favor the sender with a prompt delivery, and, if it suited his, the spirit's, will, to vouchsafe to him a speedy answer. Another native, on approaching the letter-box, meekly took off his shoes, performed his devotions before and after posting the letter, then, laying a few copper coins as an offering before the pillar, walked away with the same reverential demeanor as he had come.—*Harper's Young People.*

MAKING HIM HAPPY.—Tailor.—"I am glad you called in, sir. I called the other day when you were out."

Travers.—"Yes. I heard that you called, so I thought I would come in and order another suit."

A CITY'S GROWTH.—By absorption of its suburbs, which had hitherto existed as independent villages, Berlin has grown in little more than a quarter of a century from five hundred thousand to one million seven hundred thousand inhabitants, and after a further extension of its boundaries, a measure now imminent, it will count fully two million.

But Berlin has not only during one generation accomplished the task of doubling its population; it has also solved the much more difficult problem of transforming itself from a big but externally quite modest city into one of the most beautiful and magnificent cities of the world.—FRIEDRICH SPIELHAGEN, in *The Cosmopolitan.*

HER WEAKNESS.—Clara.—"How did you like the colors in Mrs. Van Wyke's new tea-gown?"

Maude.—"Weren't they a trifle weak?"

Clara.—"Yes. She got it to match her tea."—*Texas Siftings.*

A GODLY JURY.—In Brome's "Travels over England" an account is given of a curious jury return at Rye. The author remarks that by the Christian names then in fashion could be discovered the superstitious vanity of the puritanical precisions of the age. The following is a list of the jurors: Accepted Trevor of Norsham, Redeemed Compton of Battel, Faint-Not Hewet of Heathfield, Make Peace Heaton of Hare, God Reward Smart of Tiseshurst, Stand-Fast-on-High Stringer of Crowhurst, Earth Adams of Warbleton, Called Lower of the same, Kill-Sin Pimple of Witham, Return Spelman of Watling, Be Faithful Joiner of Britling, Fly Debate Roberts of the same, Fight-the-Good-Fight-of-Faith White of Emer, More Fruit Fowler of East Hodley, Hope for Bending of the same, Graceful Harding of Lewes, Weep-Not Billing of the same, Meek Brewer of Okeham. Surely a godly jury, and one more likely to err on the side of justice than mercy.—*Titbits.*

THE fastest swimmer among fishes is the dolphin. Its speed varies from thirty to forty miles an hour, and it can swim around and around a vessel sailing at a high rate of speed.

"The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year,"
When from domestic scenes a man
Will quickly disappear;
For lo! around his humble home
Housecleaning waxeth rife,
And brooms, and mops and kindred things
Absorb his wedded wife;
But he'll return at eventide
And sweetly smile we trust,
If in her work his busy spouse
Will use Fairbank's GOLD DUST.

GOLD DUST WASHING POWDER

Makes radical change in a household by making work easier, shorter and less expensive. Try it in yours. Sold everywhere.
4 lbs. for 25 cents.
Made only by N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., CHICAGO,
St. Louis, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Montreal.

PROVIDENT LIFE AND TRUST CO.

of Philadelphia.

Safe Investments. Low Rate of Mortality. Low Expense Rate.

Unsurpassed in everything which makes Life Insurance reliable and moderate in cost.

Has never in its entire history contested a death loss.

A PRICE FOR ORNAMENT.—When the Florentines determined to complete the bronze gates of their baptistery, they invited the sculptors of Italy to submit competitive designs. The umpires awarded the prize to Lorenzo di Cino Ghiberti, who was forty-nine years accomplishing the work, and received for it during that time thirty thousand seven hundred and ninety-eight golden florins.

COLONEL ROBERT G. INGERSOLL was approached by a Scotchman, at the close of a lecture on Robert Burns, who said, "Colonel, the title of your lecture should be the epitaph on your tombstone." "How is that?" asked the orator. "Robert burns," replied the Scot.—*The Argonaut.*

THE POLYNESIAN TABU.—A *tabu*, or *kapu*, was a command, law, or order; and the word, which was used in a variety of ways, means, "Obey or die." Everything belonging to the priests or pertaining to the temples was sacred, or tabu, and nothing so designated could be interfered with. A chief or priest of high degree had tabu rights, just as a lord or earl in olden times had privileges not common to those of inferior rank. There were religious tabus and perpetual tabus inherent in certain high families. It was a violation of the tabu for any one who did not possess tabu rights to cross the shadow of a king, to stand in his presence, or to approach him except upon the knees. The meat of the turtle, squid, and certain birds could not be eaten by the common people.

Upon women fell with heavy and galling effect the operations of this politico-religious institution. Down to the year 1819 no woman in the Hawaiian group could enter the eating-apartment of a man, look at a temple, eat bananas or cocoanuts, or the flesh of swine and certain fish, or eat anything whatever in the presence of men. In every family there was a separate eating-apartment for the females, and the tabu compelling women to eat apart applied to the whole sex, from the queen to the handmaid. Death was the penalty for a violation of any tabu; in the case of young children who disregarded the law an eye was sometimes torn out.—E. ELLSWORTH CAREY, in *The Californian Illustrated Magazine.*

A GREAT CANAL.—A very important matter has been brought to notice by the deep-waterway convention held in Washington this year,—that of connecting the lakes with the Atlantic Ocean. Lewis M. Haupt, who perhaps more than any other engineer in this country has studied this canal matter, gave his estimate, roughly made, that the cost of such a canal will be seventy-five millions of dollars. This, while it seems a vast amount, would only be as much as the pension list amounts to in six months; but we fear the estimate is much too small. There is now before Congress a bill, reported upon favorably, authorizing the Secretary of War to have surveys and estimates made.—*Industry.*

RECEIPTS OF LECTURERS.—"There is a great deal of money in lecturing," says *The Argonaut.* "Bill Nye gets one hundred dollars a night, and his lecture-receipts amount to more than twenty thousand dollars a year. James Whitcomb Riley talks to such purpose that the words which fall from his lips are worth as much as the pearls which dropped from the mouth of the good little girl in the old fairy-tale. Eugene Field has doubled his income since he has taken to reading his poems, and George Kennan has made in the neighborhood of one hundred thousand dollars out of his talks about Siberia."

STATED IT EXACTLY.—Farmer.—"Where's that tramp?"
Wife.—"He hurried away when I called you."
Farmer.—"Clean gone, eh?"
Wife.—"No; extremely dirty."—*Judge.*

A GREAT SHOPPING CENTRE.

No one who visits the World's Fair this year can consider his tour to the West complete unless a trip to St. Louis is included in it. No city in the Union offers so many or so varied attractions to the tourist, and it has long been the practice of Europeans visiting America to spend a few days at St. Louis in order to examine its enormous manufacturing concerns, to ride in its remarkably comfortable electric street-cars, and to partake generally of the hospitality which the people of St. Louis delight to extend to strangers and visitors from all parts of the world. It is most important in making arrangements for a trip to the World's Fair to include St. Louis in it, and to secure transportation either going to or returning *via* St. Louis. The great metropolis of the West and Southwest is noted for being the best railroad centre in the country, and so many

"THE HOME OF THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION."

great trunk-lines have direct communication with it that there is no difficulty whatever in making arrangements to go to the Columbian Exposition *via* St. Louis.

Residents in the East or in Europe who make this arrangement and spend a week in St. Louis during their World's Fair trip will be astonished at the indications of prosperity and the great activity which abound in that city. They will also be surprised to find that as a shopping centre St. Louis compares favorably with the great cities of the East, and, indeed, of Europe. Whatever their intentions may be, it is certain that they will not leave the city empty-handed. They will realize—as hundreds of thousands have done before them—that the heavy stocks kept by the St. Louis merchants, the reasonable prices charged for goods, and the collection of the latest styles from all the fashion-creating centres combine in affording opportunities for profitable investment which cannot be overlooked.

St. Louis caters to the trade of such a large number of States and such a vast concourse of humanity that it has for years recognized the necessity of creating and living up to a very high ideal of a shopping centre. Since the opening of the Exposition Building nine years ago, and the holding of a successful Exposition in it every year since, the excellence already attained in the way of displays has been more than maintained, and the friendly rivalry among the great retail establishments has become so strong that there are now quite a series of Expositions in St. Louis store-fronts. Indeed, the openings of the large establishments are noted for being almost what may be termed society events, so strong is the attraction offered in the way of choice assortments of all the most fashionable articles that can be obtained for the season just opening. Impartial visitors describe these openings and the store-window displays of St. Louis as equal to the grandest achievements of establishments on the most fashionable thoroughfares of New York, London, and Paris.

As already mentioned, St. Louis caters to the trade of an enormous territory, all the States in the West and Southwest, as well as in the South, regarding it as their commercial metropolis. Its merchants are fortunate in possessing every possible facility for securing supplies at a minimum expense. St. Louis is a United States port of entry, and receives from the Old World the newest goods in every line, in bonded cars or barges, direct from the manufacturers or exporters. Its magnificent railroad connections also keep it in close sympathy with the great manufacturing establishments of the East, and so large are the orders of the professional buyers for the St. Louis houses that they secure from all the best possible terms, and goods at prices which enable them to compete with the retail establishments of any city in the Union.

In an immense number of lines it is not necessary to go out of the city for manufactured goods of the highest possible grade. The last government census of manufactures showed that the output more than doubled itself during the eighties, and semi-official returns up to the end of 1892 indicate that the growth since the census was taken has been even more extraordinary than during the few years which preceded the work of the enumerators.

Every one has heard of Western pluck and energy, and every one who desires to see how these traits can be combined with culture and refinement can do so this summer by visiting St. Louis during what may be termed the World's Fair period. The visitor will find in the down-town section of the city eight-, ten-, twelve-, and fourteen-story office and business buildings rearing their heads at almost every corner, while in the resident sections he will find elegant homes in course of erection, new subdivisions being opened up, parks kept in the highest state of cultivation and adornment, some of the best driveways and smoothest sidewalks in America, and a thousand and one other indications that material prosperity has not caused the St. Louisian to overlook the fact that the accumulation of wealth is not the only object of life.

The Autumnal Festivities Association, the only body of its kind in the United States, is specially charged with the duty of providing attractions and accommodations for visitors. The street-illuminations of St. Louis are world-renowned, its Exposition is an attraction which brings tens of thousands of people to the city every fall, its Fair is the grandest survival of the great old-time fairs our ancestors enjoyed so much, and its attractions generally are so numerous and varied that every one who visits the city takes home the most pleasant of recollections and impressions.

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